THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

trated Weekly
1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 3, 1914

5c. THE COPY

WAR AND BUSINESS—By Will Payne

Boiling Water for 24 hours

For *twenty-four hours* hot water was allowed to run *continuously* upon this board varnished with Valspar. Then the board was submitted to a similar test with *cold* water, for one week.

At the end of that time the finish was as perfect as at the beginning—without even a suspicion of whiteness—because the finish was Valspar, the *absolutely waterproof* varnish.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Do you realize what this test means to you? It means—

—that your leaky radiators, your wet boots, the inbeat of rain through your windows, and other ordinary household accidents cannot injure your Valsparred floors, furniture or woodwork.

—that your Valsparred floors and wainscoting can be washed with soap and water as one would wash tile. It does away with the necessity for unsanitary oils.

—that the cleanliness of your home is thereby greatly increased at no extra expense.

—that in your kitchens and bathrooms varnished with Valspar there will be *no* danger from splashed water.

—that on your piazzas and doors, and all places exposed to the elements, Valspar offers complete resistance to rain and storm and retains its brightness indefinitely.

—that Valspar protects your furniture from dampness, from liquids and hot dishes, and scratches in ordinary use. Furniture manufacturers, recognizing Valspar's exceptional qualities, are putting out furniture bearing a little label, "Finished with Valspar," furniture that you can get if you ask for it, with dull or polished finish.

Specify Valspar the next time you have any varnishing done.

And ask your dealer about our guarantee, "Your money back if not satisfied."

VALENTINE & COMPANY
458 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World
ESTABLISHED 1832

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON TRADE VALENTINES VARNISH MARK TORONTO PARIS AMSTERDAM

Special Offer

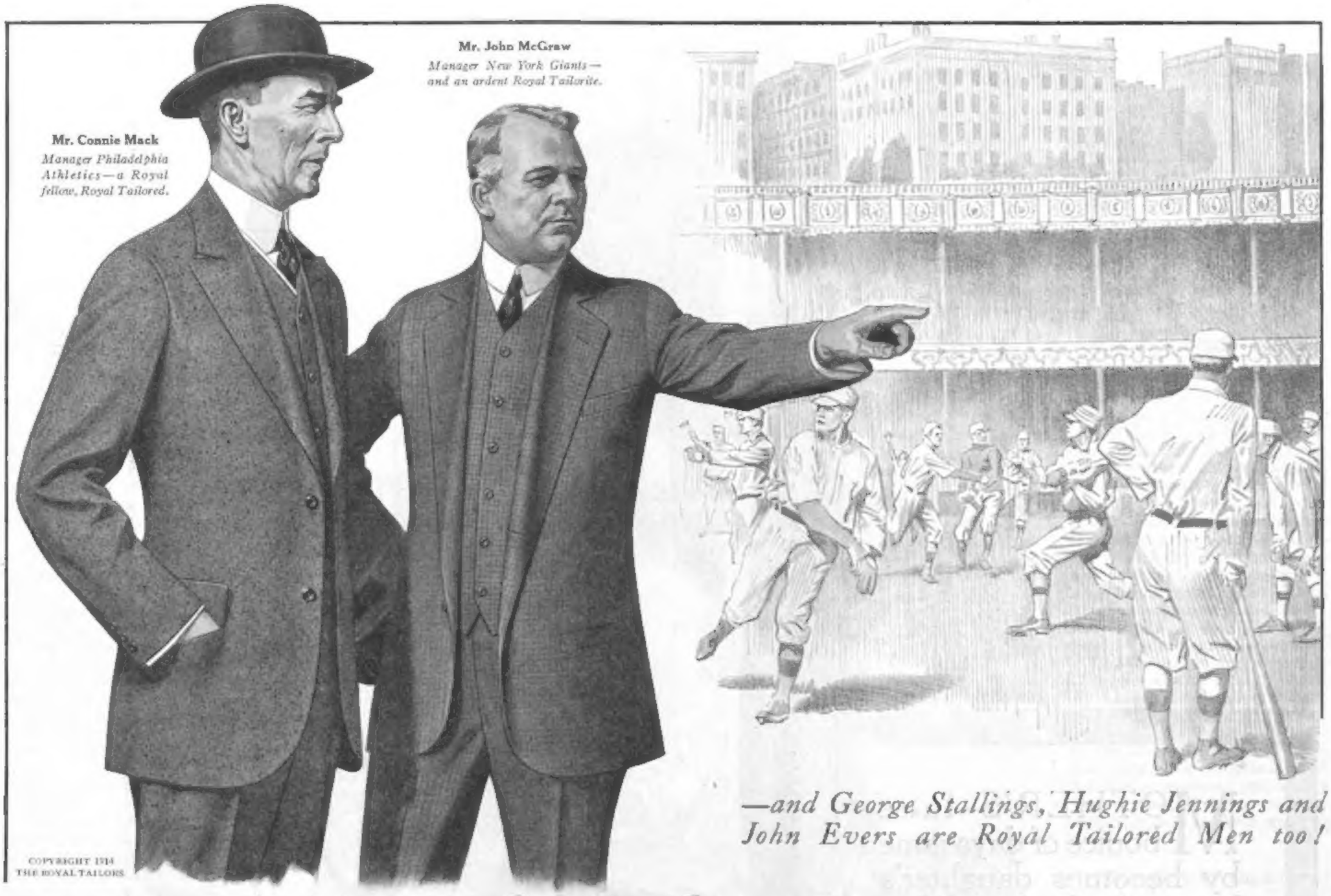
We'll send you enough varnish for a table or chair

Upon receipt of your name and address, with ten cents to cover cost of mailing and package, we will send you a ¼-pint can of Valspar.

This can contains sufficient Valspar to cover with two coats any ordinary article of household use, such as a medium-size table, chair, kitchen drain-board, etc.

Use this Valspar on the article which gets the *hardest service in your home*, use it where ordinary varnish would not last a week. Subject this Valsparred article to any amount of water for any length of time. Wash it with soap and water. You might even *pour boiling water on it.* Notice, too, that it won't scratch white. We want you to satisfy yourself that Valspar is absolutely waterproof and as nearly wearproof as possible.

Send for this trial can before you forget it.



—and George Stallings, Hughie Jennings and John Evers are Royal Tailored Men too!

-as a matter of good management

"Get that Royal Tailored Look!"

When John McGraw returned from his world-tour last Spring, he brought home an exquisite silk-linen suiting secured in China.

From all of the custom clothes-makers in New York, Mr. McGraw selected The Royal Tailors to cut and draft that treasured fabric into a made-to-measure suit.

For *you* would feel as he felt—that only the finest custom tailor-skill was worthy of a textile so tenderly carried across two continents.

There are half a thousand "treasured fabrics" for Fall on display at your local Royal dealer's store.

The latest in woolens and worsteds from the best looms in the world.

And you can have your pick of them, tailored into a Fall *made to measure* suit or overcoat at $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35. The dealer takes your measures—and he is an *approved* Royal expert.

The Royal Tailors

Chicago New York

Joseph Nelson
President

Royal Overcoat Week— October 3rd to October 10th Inc.

MOTHER'S lace bodice of days gone by becomes daughter's lace tunic of today. It has survived the years and is as charming now as ever because the rare, old handwork never has been washed with anything but Ivory Soap.

Ivory washes safely the finest, sheerest materials because, in its way, it is just as delicate and pure as they. It contains nothing coarse, nothing harsh, nothing inferior; no impurities, no substitutes, no makeshifts.

Copyright 1914 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Ivory Soap is genuine, through and through; it is pure, high grade soap—nothing else—and therefore entirely harmless to any lace or other delicate fabric that is not injured by water.

IVORY SOAP . . . .

. . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1914 Number 14

WAR AND BUSINESS

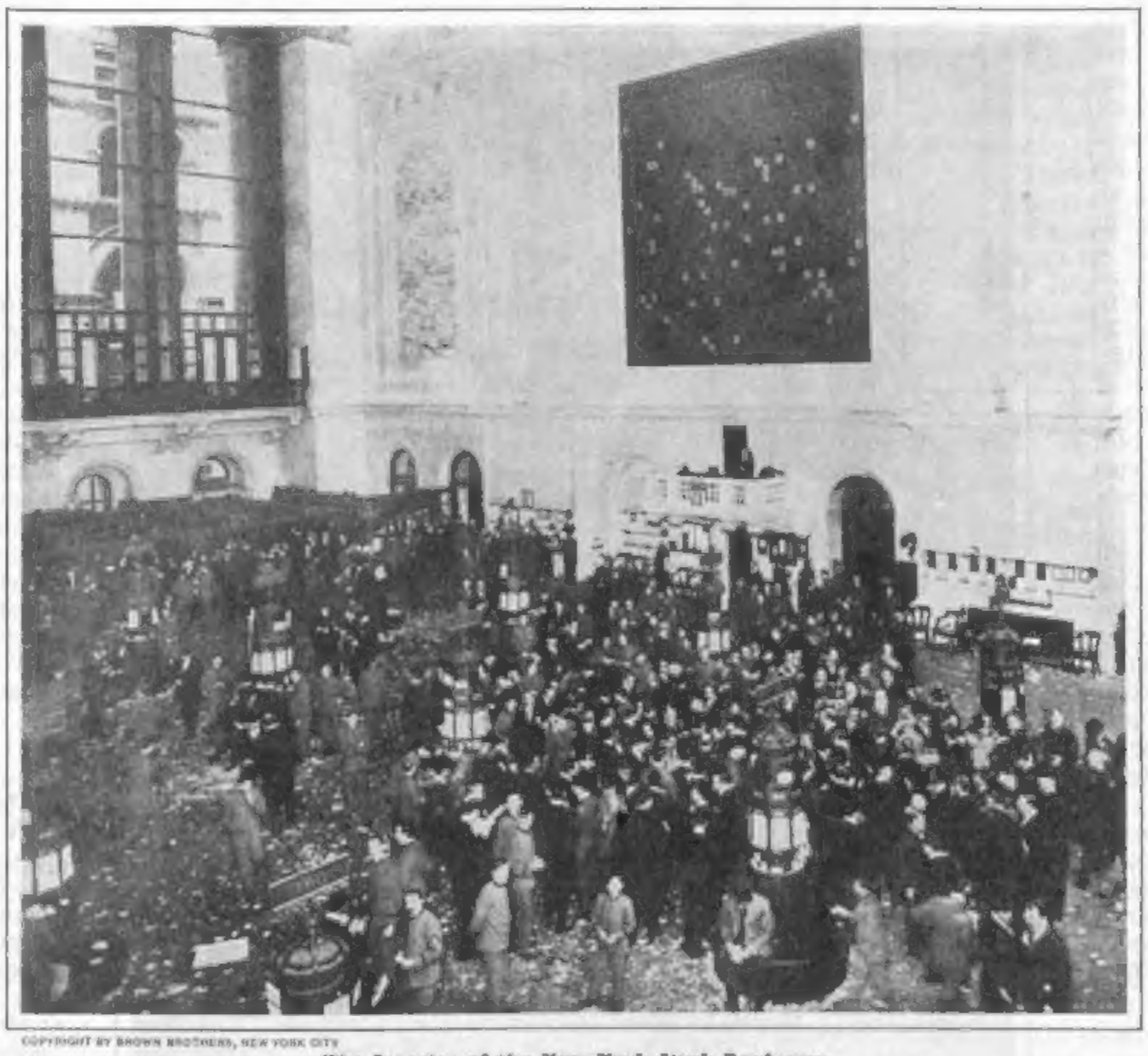
By WILL PAYNE

AT THE beginning of the last week in July the civilized world was going about its business as usual. By the end of the week, in Europe, all the vast machinery of credit and exchange by which that business is carried on had gone to smash.

No physical thing had then been touched, not a dollar's worth of tangible property demolished; yet the destruction wrought overnight by this collapse of credit and exchange was so huge that months or years will elapse before it is even approximately measured. You might visualize it by imagining a dozen San Franciscos going contentedly to bed on a given night, waking up to earthquake and fire, and, two days later, looking out over smoldering ruins.

For years Europe had been talking of a big war, voting armaments for it, drawing up military plans about it; but when war actually came there was no more effectual preparation against it, on the business side, than though armed conflict of the nations were a thing never before heard of. At the first touch of war banking, credit and exchange systems, which had been carefully devised and developed through many years, broke down quite as though some utterly unforeseen disaster had befallen them.

And, in fact, this war is a new experience for mankind. There has been plenty of fighting. The twenty-year cycle of Napoleonic wars, which ended a century ago, involved as many nations and about as great a geographical area as does the present war; but the enormous structure of modern trade and finance crisscrossing over national boundaries was only beginning then.



COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Interior of the New York Stock Exchange

This little incident—one among thousands just like it—illustrates what happened: An American banker's wife and children were in Switzerland. The banker read in his newspaper that Austria—on Thursday, July twenty-third—presented an ultimatum to Servia, demanding certain actions in view of the assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent by a Servian. The newspaper suggested that war might follow. But Austria and Servia seemed a long way off. On Saturday the twenty-fifth he read that Servia's reply was deemed unsatisfactory and the Austrian minister had left Belgrade. That looked decidedly warlike, but there was hopeful talk of mediation. On Tuesday the twenty-eighth he read that Austria had declared war and all European stock markets were badly demoralized; in fact there was heavy selling of American securities in New York by foreign holders.

Naturally the banker thought seriously of his wife and children. War might spread, travel be impeded, some banks fail. So he went the length of cabling his wife that she should take her letter of credit to the bank and draw out a considerable sum in gold to hold against a possible emergency.

Hard Lessons in Finance for Americans

MRS. BANKER got the cable and smiled over it. Like most well-to-do American women she considered gold useful for ornamental purposes, but a nuisance otherwise. All her life she had been used to getting what she needed by a piece of paper. Things she wanted in a store or in a hotel were charged to her. Otherwise she used a check, a letter of credit—at most a bank note; but always a piece of paper. That pleasant system had always worked as well in Europe as in the United States. To cumber herself with a weight of gold coins seemed as needless as to carry round a bag of iron bolts against the possible need of one to repair the automobile.

Nevertheless, as a matter of wifely duty she proposed to follow her husband's advice—at the first convenient opportunity. As for that particular day, she had planned an interesting motor trip, and she set out gayly with the children and a woman relative.

About noon they stopped at an inn for luncheon. Mrs. Banker laid down a fifty-franc bank note to pay the bill, and it was politely but firmly handed back to her. No piece of paper whatsoever, she was informed, could discharge a bill at that inn. Nothing would be accepted but hard coin. By emptying its own pockets and the chauffeur's the party managed to scrape up enough coin to settle the score; and Mrs. Banker—much impressed then by war's possibilities—ordered a hasty return to the city. She reached the bank with her letter of credit just before closing time; but she might as well have brought a day-before-yesterday's newspaper. The bank would not advance a single goldpiece.

That illustrates what happened. All paper—whether a bond, a bank bill, a check, a promissory note, a book entry—is simply a token of credit; and credit, for the time being, had disappeared from the European world. The effect on a world that does an enormous business by means of credit tokens was amazing. Nobody, in fact, had been prepared for it.

The Day of Gloom

IN THE United States the first violent effect of the war was the closing of the New York Stock Exchange. It is clear now that this step was inevitable; yet so little were people prepared for war—so little were the effects of war on modern business conditions really understood in advance—that ten minutes before the Exchange closed many persons of ordinarily good judgment believed it would remain open.

The day after Austria declared war on Servia—that is, on Wednesday, July twenty-ninth—the Paris and Berlin stock exchanges virtually shut up shop. Among the big financial centers, that left only London and New York as free markets in which securities could be sold on a large scale. The headlong effort everywhere was to convert paper into gold and far-off credits into credits at home. A Dutch house, for example, could not convert its French and German securities into money, because those markets were closed; so it was doubly anxious to convert its English and American securities into money. As the Paris and Berlin markets closed, selling in London and New York naturally increased. The hardest pressure was on London, because more securities that are held on the Continent are listed there. London really withstood the shock only one day. Though the Exchange nominally remained open on the thirtieth, traders, by a kind of mutual understanding, refused to do business.

Thus on Thursday, July thirtieth, New York was the only big market in the world in which securities could be converted into money. And for that one day New York was quite proud of the fact—rather vaunting itself as the only free security market in the world. Right up to the close of business on July thirtieth comparatively few people understood what the situation meant.

Friday morning, however, they were brought to a painful realization of it. The day in London and Paris begins five hours earlier than in New York; and long before New York doors were open for business cablegrams came pouring into houses with foreign connections ordering sales of American stocks and bonds. Being unable to convert its British, French, German, Russian, Italian and Belgian securities into money the world was digging up whatever American stocks and bonds it had and throwing them on the market. These foreign orders seldom named a price. They said, "Sell at the market"; in other words, "Take your paper stuff and give us gold for it at any price."

The most conservative estimate puts the amount of American securities held in Europe at four billion dollars. If the Stock Exchange remained open we should have to face the possibility of buying immediately, say, a billion dollars of foreign-held securities and paying for them, not in credits, but in gold. We could not possibly do it, and frankly acknowledged the fact by closing the Exchange. With no market to sell in, foreigners would have to hold our paper whether they wanted to or not.

You may have heard somebody mention that this is the richest country in the world. So it is; yet its total fund that is practicably available for the purchase of foreign-held securities under conditions of July thirty-first is really very small.

Ever since 1912 there has been a pretty steady selling of foreign-held American securities. Meantime, it is true, some large issues of American securities have been placed abroad; but, on the whole, we have probably bought more securities from Europe during the last two years than we have sold to her, which would create a net balance against us.

At the same time our foreign trade has taken an unusual course. In the seven months ending with July our sales of merchandise abroad exceeded our purchases of foreign goods by only sixty million dollars, against an excess of three hundred and eight million dollars in the like period of 1913. For interest and dividends on American securities held abroad, for freight and insurance on ocean shipments in foreign vessels and for tourists' expenses we owe Europe regularly about five hundred million dollars a year. In other words, unless our exports of merchandise exceed our imports by from forty to fifty million dollars a month we are going into debt over there. Evidently in the first seven months of this year we were going into debt. In the seven months we exported eighty-three million dollars of gold—above imports of the metal—in part settlement of the debt.

Under those conditions it was clear that whatever foreign-held stocks and bonds we bought would have to be paid for in gold. There was no balance to our credit over there against which they could be charged. True, later on we would be shipping great amounts of foodstuffs, some cotton and other goods, and in ordinary times we could get a credit there against the anticipated shipments; but these are most extraordinary times. Europe would grant us no credits now. Her whole object in selling our securities was to get money, not credit; so whatever stocks and bonds we bought now would have to be paid for in gold.

The United States Treasury holds over a thousand million dollars in gold against which its certificates—the crisp yellowbacks, with which I trust every reader is abundantly acquainted—are outstanding. It has in addition about a quarter of a billion dollars of gold not covered by certificates and there is about six hundred million dollars of gold coin outside the Treasury. Those three items constitute the country's gold stock, which is certainly ample for all practical purposes.

However, so far as this gold, whether coin or certificates, is in actual circulation—that is, in people's pockets and desks—it is not available for export. If a man wished to ship gold it would not be practicable for him to stand on a street corner and ask each passer-by to exchange his gold certificates or gold coin for bank notes. The shipper, of course, would go to a bank for his gold or for legal-tender notes, which he could exchange for gold at the United States Treasury. In short, only the gold held by banks is available for export; and the moment gold certificates, gold coins, or the United States Treasury notes known as legal tender or greenbacks get into a bank they become part of the bank's cash reserve, which forms the basis of bank credits.

Why We Don't Pay Gold

SUPPOSE a city bank starts with a million dollars of gold. A merchant borrows a hundred thousand dollars from it. But he does not want gold; he wants a deposit credit on the bank's books against which he can draw checks. Thus, as a result of that first transaction the bank will have a hundred thousand dollars of loans and a hundred thousand dollars of deposits. The merchant draws checks against his deposit, but some of the people to whom he gives checks will deposit them in the bank. Other depositors will come in. Other customers will get loans, the proceeds being placed to their credit as deposits.

Thus in time the bank will build up four million dollars of deposits and the same amount of loans, while the million dollars of gold has remained practically untouched in its vaults. But if it gets more than four million dollars of deposits it must increase its gold stock, for the law requires it to hold one dollar of actual cash—gold or legal tender—for every four dollars of deposits.

On the other hand, if the bank is compelled to give up some of its gold it must reduce its loans—which always involves reducing its deposits too—until it gets back to the ratio of one dollar in cash to four dollars of deposits.

Outside of central reserve cities eight or ten dollars of bank credits are built up on each dollar of actual cash reserve. To export gold, then, is equivalent to exporting bank reserve, and on every dollar of bank reserve several dollars of bank credits rest; so, though there is nearly two thousand million dollars of gold in the country, a sudden exportation of only ten per cent of that amount when other conditions were not favorable might well cause a contraction of bank loans and much business embarrassment.

Practically all the gold for export comes out of the reserves of New York City banks, for it is there that the exporting is done. If a merchant in Omaha, for example, wished to ship gold to London he would get a bank credit in New York and draw the gold there. In two weeks, ending August eighth, New York City banks lost eighty million dollars of cash—mostly gold exports, shipments to Canada and withdrawals of currency by interior banks—which brought their cash reserves far below the legal requirement. So they marked interest rates up to eight per cent in order to curtail loans as far as possible and get back to the prescribed proportion between cash on hand and deposit liabilities.

It is not difficult to see, then, that buying several hundred million dollars of foreign-held securities within a few days and paying gold for them would have been practically out of the question. The solution was to close the Stock Exchange—in other words, to shut up the market in order to prevent foreigners from selling our securities.

There was further reason for that step: National banks in reserve cities have a billion and a quarter dollars of loans secured by stocks, bonds and other collateral. Probably the state banks in the same cities have an equal amount of loans of the same character. The security behind a great part of these loans consists of stocks and bonds that are dealt in on the stock exchanges. Usually the banks will lend about eighty per cent of the market price of a standard railroad stock and a greater proportion of the going price of a bond. Sound custom requires a certain margin between the market value of the security and the amount loaned on it. If stocks fell ten per cent in price the banks having loans on stocks would require the borrowers to put up additional security. If borrowers failed to comply the banks, in the case of demand loans, would feel obliged to sell the collateral.

COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Wheat Pit of the New York Produce Exchange

Under such a condition of alarm and confusion as obtained on July thirty-first hardly anybody wanted to buy stocks, but a great many people—especially foreign holders—wanted to sell. The inevitable consequence would have been a great decline in the price of stocks and bonds. Then the banks, with hundreds of millions of dollars loaned on stock-exchange securities, would have called for additional margins and dumped pledged stocks and bonds on a market already glutted with sellers and poorly supported by buyers. And the further stocks fell the more the banks would have called for margins and closed out loans by selling the collateral.

It is entirely conceivable, if the situation had been left to work itself to its logical conclusion, that good railroad stocks might have been offered two for a nickel before the buying power of the country really rallied and made itself effectively felt.

With the stock exchanges closed, listed securities are literally priceless. The only indication of their market value is found in the quotations made on July thirtieth. Banks that have loans on stocks and bonds accept those quotations as the measure of market value until new quotations are made. This means that there will be practically no calling for more margins and closing out of loans until the exchanges open and new quotations appear. To prevent slaughter of values through calling of loans the stock exchanges of Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, where there was little danger of foreign selling, promptly followed New York's example and shut up shop. The thousand million dollars and more of bank loans on listed securities are virtually locked up and buried, not to be resurrected until conditions warrant the opening of the exchanges.

The first effect of the closing of the exchanges is to prevent selling of listed securities and to lock up the bank loans on those securities. In regard to such loans the banks are much in the position of a man holding a mortgage on a farm that for the time being is absolutely unsalable. All he can do is to sit down and wait.

A second effect, of course, is to prevent or greatly curtail any marketing of new securities. Thus, during the month of August only twelve million dollars in new stocks and bonds were issued by all the railroads, street railroads, gas, electric-light, power, heating, mining, and like large corporate concerns in the country. Last April the total was two hundred and fifty-four million dollars; even in July it was ninety-three millions. And of the twelve millions issued in August only six millions represented new capital, the remainder being mere refunding—changing of one security for another—or other arrangements that did not involve new capital.

For all practical purposes this is complete stagnation. It means that no corporation in the country large enough to be seen across a state line is calling in new capital for extensions, improvements, and so on. That this almost complete embargo on extension and improvement will continue while the stock exchanges are closed is quite probable. And inquiry in New York and Chicago shows surprisingly little of that investment buying of securities which forms the channel between private accumulations of capital and the extension of our industrial plants.

New Loans Not Wanted

NORMALLY, even when there is hardly any speculative trade in securities, a great number of persons whose incomes exceed their expenses are continually buying bonds and stocks to put away in their safety-deposit boxes; but a huge proportion of the bonds and stocks such people habitually buy are listed on some stock exchange. If it is a steam-railroad bond it will be listed on the New York Exchange. If it is a local trolley, gas, electric-light or manufacturing bond it will be listed on the Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago or other exchange. Brokers who handle such bonds are almost always exchange members. They are permitted to sell listed bonds over the counter at prices fixed on July thirtieth; but in view of the astonishing developments since then investors seem very generally inclined to hold off. Even in regard to municipal bonds the same disposition appears. It is probable, therefore, that legitimate investments in bonds and stocks will be much curtailed until the exchanges open.

Some reasons for that appear at once: Banks are not encouraging new loans; so a bond is not as available for credit as it was in July. More than that, if you can show a man that a bond is selling at par in an open market he knows at once that par is the price he must pay for it. There can be no dispute, for example, about the price of a given grade of wheat in Chicago at a given moment. It is selling in the open market at such and such figures; but when there is no open market, how is the buyer to know that he cannot get it cheaper?

This cutting down of legitimate investment is the most serious consequence of closing the exchanges. Another consequence is this: Some six hundred million dollars of loans on securities by national banks in reserve cities are payable on demand. These loans constitute what the banks call their secondary reserves. To meet the demands of their depositors, they have, first, so much cash in their vaults or to their credit in other banks; second, they have these call loans. In ordinary times they can realize on them at once by simply selling the pledged stocks or bonds on the exchange in case the borrower does not respond to a

(Concluded on Page 28)

ENGLAND WAKES UP

The Germans Were on the Road to Paris

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"IT IS a desperate affair," an Englishman said to me—"a desperate affair we are engaged in! A lot of us will be killed and a whole lot more of us ruined. I am too old to be killed, unless somebody pots me, but as a result of this war I shall be ruined; in fact, I am practically ruined already. But we must go through with it—we must go through with it!"

And I have heard fifty other Englishmen say about the same thing; but not until the war had been in progress for three weeks or so. When war was declared England responded instantly and accustomed herself to the rules and regulations laid down; but England did not realize the entire gravity of the situation. The British felt secure. They know they have the greatest navy in the world, but they did not think the German ships would remain in Kiel and behind other forts, and not come out to fight. The British knew they had a small but reasonably effective army which they could send over to France, and that France was mobilizing several million men; but they did not anticipate that Germany would rush a million or more men, armed and equipped to the last gaiter button, through Belgium—which was what Germany did do.

They submitted to the press censorship, the policy of secrecy; and they read complacently stories of outpost affairs and little skirmishes that were magnified to "Great Belgian Victory!" and "Brilliant French Success!" by the papers and the press bureaus. They thought all was well. London, save for the presence of soldiers and the knowledge, not generally distributed, that those soldiers were being hurried to the Continent, was normal.

There had been a flurry. There was a financial disarrangement, but that had been composed. Prices were not much higher. On the coast there were rigid curfew regulations and constant patrolling; but it was so fixed in the mind of the average Londoner and the average provincial that Germany would be beaten—was being beaten, in fact—that he went back to his work and his golf, his cricket and his football, his vegetable marrow and his Brussels sprouts, and his roast mutton, and concluded that after a month or two of possible discomfort the whole thing would be out and over, and that there might be another penny in the pound added to the taxation.

The Long Roll of the Dead

LONDON newspaper venders are forbidden to rush through the streets shouting "Wuxtra! Wuxtra!" For the most part they stand along the curbs at stated places. To supply the deficiency of the bawling of their wares, as our newsboys bawl their wares, the English news venders have what they call contents bills. These are sheets of red or yellow or green paper on which the most sensational item of the day is epitomized in big black type. To all intents and purposes these bulletins are first headlines for what the newspaper makers call scare heads. The newsmen hold out these bulletins, and the writers of them strive to make them sufficiently alluring to help the sale of the papers.

For more than three weeks there had been a succession of these contents bills that retailed in screaming type various successes of the arms of the Allies, told of German atrocities, of heroic Belgian defenses and German repulses and French advances—and all that sort of stuff. To let the bulletins tell it, the progress of the war on the Continent was one grand, sweet song for the Allies. Russia was near Berlin. France was retaking Alsace and Lorraine. Belgium was holding the Germans in check. The plans of the invaders were at sixes and sevens, and all was progressing favorably.

Then, at three o'clock on the afternoon of August twenty-fifth—three weeks after England's actual declaration of war—the newsmen came up the street with red contents bills, and the Londoners looked at them and saw, yelling at them in the biggest possible type:

TWO THOUSAND BRITISH CASUALTIES—OFFICIAL!

On the day before there had been a dispatch saying that a few English soldiers, including an earl, had been wounded; but that was nothing. Of course, as the Londoners and the provincials viewed it, a few men, more or less, must be hurt in an enterprise of this kind. That was to be expected.

The news that two thousand British soldiers had been wounded, perhaps killed—casualties is an all-embracing word—fell on London like a bomb dropped from the sky. It shocked, surprised and stunned. London and England began to realize that this war was not so easy as had been supposed—began to realize, I say; because, as this is written, London and England are not yet fully awake to what is happening over in France.

Some of the people are; and the newspapers, though not trying to be alarmists, are pounding at the people that this war is a real war; not a pleasure excursion or a shooting expedition, but a war that may last one year, two years or five years, and on the outcome of which the very national life of the British Empire depends—a war that must result in a redrawing of the map of Europe—a war that spells ruin, death, economic disaster, and that threatens dynasties.

They began to wake up. Two thousand British casualties! Why, it was only a day or two before that they had known that the British troops had been sent to the Continent! Some of them were aware that military movements were on. They had noticed that neighbors, relatives and friends had left; but few knew where they had gone. So effectual was the secrecy of the British movement of troops across the Channel that I doubt whether a hundred thousand people—or fifty thousand—out of the seven or eight millions in London knew that for weeks British troops had been going to the Continent, some of them even before war was declared.

But there it was: "Two Thousand British Casualties!" Of course the newspapers in London had known what was happening, but the censorship had forbidden them to tell. And some outsiders knew. But the great mass of the English people were in dense ignorance until a few days before the first great clash; and they had been fed on exaggerated stuff that made them think the war was going on greatly to the honor and increment of the arms of the Allies.

Lord Kitchener Appears in the House

SOON after the war began a press bureau was established for the ostensible purpose of giving out the official news. The newspapers and the correspondents were placed under a most rigorous censorship. The correspondents in the field were not permitted to send in anything that was important. The press bureau devoted itself to feeding out scraps of information that indicated all was well. Outpost engagements were elaborated into brilliant French and Belgian successes. The check at Liège—which, in fact, was possible only because the Germans did not at first bring up their siege artillery, but tried out their lighter guns, and because General Lehman, the Belgian commander, was a real soldier who knew his forts—was blown up to disproportionate size and consequence. Skirmishes were elaborated into battles.

Then, of a sudden, on the afternoon of August twenty-fifth came the stunning blow that two thousand Englishmen had been killed or wounded; that the French and the British had abandoned their original positions and had fallen back to the French frontier; and that, with the exception of the country about Antwerp, the Germans were in almost undisputed possession of Belgium and had cleared the road to Paris to that extent.

Lord Kitchener made his first appearance in the House of Commons as a member of the ministry and spoke gravely of the situation. He said the war was to be long and bloody, and that it would tax to the utmost the resources of England, both in men and in treasure. There was a renewed effort for recruits. The newspapers hinted at conscription. I quote from the London Telegraph of the morning of August twenty-sixth:

The supreme need of the Allies is greater numbers, and there is but one quarter from which this additional strength can be drawn. That is the population of this country.

(Continued on Page 29)

They Did Not Anticipate That Germany Would Rush a Million or More Men Through Belgium

"MIGRAINE, No. 3"

By Lee Foster Hartman

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Off to Starboard Lay the Tramp, Rust-Marked and Storm-Beaten

HE HAD quite escaped my notice during the first days out from New York; then at luncheon one noon a plaintive, high-pitched voice at a near-by table caught my ear, and I looked across. He was mildly reproaching the steward for having brought him a curry of some sort. I gathered from his words that he abominated curry sauce above all things, that he couldn't possibly eat curry sauce, and had already bespoken the steward's vigilance to avert from his plate the least vestige of curry sauce; which, when one considered the very English bill-of-fare on that West Indian liner, and the many unfamiliar dishes in which the seemingly ubiquitous curry lurked, was for the steward a task requiring no small circumspection.

It was a very gently phrased rebuke, almost childlike in its entreaty. The steward, with an apologetic word, whisked away the offending dish, and the speaker's eyes, lifting furtively about him for an instant, caught my stare. They were a palish blue and of a timid, inquiring air, and they looked out from behind neat, large, rimless spectacles. There was something vaguely scholarly about him. I put him down as a college professor of some sort making a holiday trip to Barbados, and in the sequel it proved that I was not altogether wrong.

It was after luncheon—the luncheon of the rejected curry—when Jarvis and I had repaired, ahead of the others, to the smoke-room for coffee. He entered, and looked uncertainly about at the deserted tables, fingering an unlighted cigar. I pushed the match tray toward him and he caught sight of it with a little start, as if recalled to his purpose from some mind-wandering process. As he held the lighted match to his cigar, his blue eyes, aslant through the big, rimless glasses, rested upon mine. It was seemingly a gaze without recognition or recollection, but abruptly he spoke:

"Don't they serve a very great deal of curry on this boat?"

It was a veritable inquiry, put in the same mild, childlike voice I had heard in the dining saloon. There was no note of condemnation in his tone. Only a plaintive emphasis in the words revealed that, in his candid inquiry as to the place occupied by curry sauce in the ship's cuisine, his own palate was disagreeably affected.

Jarvis answered with a speedy and emphatic "Yes!" and launched out in fierce disparagement of the ship's bill-of-fare. The little fellow—he scarcely overtopped us as he stood alongside the table where we sat—listened attentively, blinking through his glasses. He seemed to derive from my companion's tirade some reënforcement against inner doubts, as if uncertain of his own judgment until thus confirmed by independent testimony.

"It seemed to me—you see I am quite inexperienced in these matters—that their use of curry must be, well, excessive."

The establishment of this truth among us seemed for him a bond of mutual understanding. We grew acquainted.

He was abroad for the first time—a curator of entomology in some obscure museum in the West, the managing board of which—it must have been in some moment of monstrous farce—had dispatched him, single-handed, on a quest for certain butterflies of a rare species. He was bound for the upper reaches of the Maccaribo, one of the two known habitats of these butterflies, the other, he told us, being in Borneo. As the audacity of the undertaking grew upon me I could only sit in speechless wonder at the little fellow's matter-of-fact rehearsal of his program. The upper reaches of the Maccaribo! It was miles beyond the last outpost that a presumptuous civilization dared venture into, that obscure, uncharted morass, reeking with fever and choked with a rank, monstrous jungle growth that seemed coeval with Creation itself. Two years before, skirting that pestilential region in a hopeless rubber survey, I had crawled—literally crawled—through a portion of the Maccaribo jungle, and I could imaginatively fill in the staggering details which the curator seemed wholly to ignore as he briefly sketched his itinerary. Something of my own thought was instantly on Jarvis' lips, and he blurted it out in his hearty, straightforward way: Didn't he know that it was one of the densest, deadliest stretches of jungle in the world?—Oh, yes, he presumed so, but he planned to accomplish the greater portion of the journey by ascending the river by canoe, and with nothing but the lightest equipment. He would take only a single guide.

He Was Abroad for the First Time

Jarvis' "Humph!" was emphatic. He, too, had had his experience of the Maccaribo, a dark sluggish stream winding upon itself interminably as it wormed and sloughed its way through the heart of that dank tropical forest, its heavy, mephitic surface a-swarm with myriads of insects and steaming with vapors in a perennial twilight gloom.

The curator nodded comprehendingly. Yes, he knew about the insects. Very annoying, no doubt. He would take the usual precautions against them. It was not the insects that troubled him. You see, he knew all about insects, he diffidently pointed out; he was an entomologist.

His chief concern, we presently learned, was the prospect of sleeping out-of-doors at night. Jarvis' jaw dropped in complete astonishment, and he glanced sidewise at me to see if I was sharing to the fullest the rich comedy offered us. He was susceptible to colds, the curator went on to explain, and very easily got chilled. He was fortified with blankets against the sheer drops in temperature of the tropic nights, but camping out—"camping out" was the way he phrased it!—was for him an almost untried experience, and he didn't expect altogether to relish it.

And then he began to talk about butterflies. The soul of the man stood suddenly revealed. The garb of his physical insufficiency and weak incompetence fell away, baring to our astonished vision the devotee, aflame with a deep love for and profound knowledge of his calling. Magically he led us into a strange new world where the air was iridescently, glitteringly alive with butterflies. It was as if he had caught up a fold of Nature's robe and held it close to our incredulous eyes that we might see the glitter of its web spangled with butterflies. I, who had never looked twice at a butterfly, found myself hanging intent upon every word of that entomological *excursus*, rapt in the contagious ardor of the spell he had so simply and yet so magically evoked. His physical littleness, his frail insignificance that went to mark the years of close-housed study and sedentary toil, became as a mere thin, translucent shell through which the man's soul glowed lambent and eternal. When at length I glanced covertly at Jarvis it was only to note that he was sitting hunched forward, no longer conscious of my presence, his pipe hanging loosely from his lips, his whole burly body and mind absorbed in the speaker, his face reflecting a new and profound respect.

After an hour he left us—broke off abruptly in his talk, smiled faintly, murmured something about hoping he hadn't bored us, and went out on deck, leaving Jarvis and me to readjust ourselves slowly to the world of empty coffee cups and littered ash trays before us.

It was Jarvis who rensserted himself first. He banged the table with his powerful fist. By Jove, the little fellow was a wonder, and no mistake! After all, it was something to have an enthusiasm, a love, a passion like that. One felt something injected into life that made it worth putting up with after all. What a wrenching away of cramped perspectives and unveiling of undreamed-of things he had given us! The tingle of it was still in our veins. Then with a sudden frown he leaned across the table:

"It's a crime to let him go—alone, no experience of the tropics—into that jungle. He'll never come out."

"But he's bound to go," I asserted flatly. I saw the whole enterprise as a sort of unwitting martyrdom, against which argument would be futile. "We couldn't stop him. We could talk ourselves blue in the face ——"

"That's the deuce of it," put in Jarvis. "All that we've lived and fought through, dinned into his ears down to the least detail, wouldn't turn him back, wouldn't divert him for a moment from the vision of some red-spotted butterfly fluttering somewhere in the depths of that infernal place. If only we could talk jungle as he talks butterflies ——"

Jarvis broke off despairingly, and I nodded agreement. We realized our utter inadequacy for the task of swerving from his life purpose this disciple, whose transfiguration, so to speak, we had just witnessed.

I weakly advanced that a zeal like that might bring a man out of the mess it led him into. Jarvis impatiently

shook his head. He was staring fixedly out at the deep blue of the Caribbean, ruffling under the soft insistence of the northeast trade. Presently I felt his powerful grasp upon my arm.

"We've got until we reach Port of Spain," he announced slowly—"just four days to prime him with everything we know about the Maccaribo."

His name was Agnew, we discovered from his passport, spread out for inspection on one of the little green-baize-covered tables in the smoking room, where during the following days the three of us were repeatedly assembled. He hadn't the least suspicion of what we were really up to. I sometimes wonder what he must have thought of us—utter strangers to him; occupations, tastes, past life, nothing in common—abruptly taking him in hand and inducting him into all the minutiæ of jungle craft that could possibly be transmitted by word of mouth. And without so much as a "With your leave," or a "Perhaps you'd be interested," by way of introduction, Jarvis fairly overwhelmed him with suggestions, cautions, advice of all sorts—weakly strung upon a thin thread of personal reminiscence; to all of which the curator patiently listened, blinking his pale blue eyes behind those large, immaculate lenses, now and then shifting one leg over the other and venturing a vague question out of his bewildered, appalled attention. We were like two private tutors frantically laboring to cram a backward student for an examination on the very eve of the ordeal. And not once could we discern that our shots carried home, that we had stirred in the little fellow's mind as much as a ripple of concern over this grave business into which he was plunging headlong.

"You two have certainly been through a lot of this sort of thing," he would blandly remark, and lean back, smiling and serene. Then he would add: "And you seem none the worse for it." He couldn't see in Jarvis a man of powerful physique, yet aged before his time and broken by the tropics, or recognize my fever saturated and shaken frame for what it was. He was vouching us what he deemed a pleasant compliment, wholly unconscious of its shrieking irony. The thought that he might not stand it himself never once entered his mind, seemingly couldn't enter it.

"Of course it won't do to frighten him; we've got to go slow," Jarvis had cautioned me before we attempted the first of that series of "conferences" which were to open his eyes to the menace of the Maccaribo; but it became speedily apparent that he couldn't be frightened. There was no breaking down the childlike assurance with which he was going about that quest. It was the ambition of years now about to be achieved—the capture of that rare butterfly lacking in his museum and in most of the museums of the world. To him the thing was simplicity itself, a matter chiefly of a butterfly net, a guide, a canoe—and, to be sure, the unpleasing prospect of camping out at nights. Our years of jungle life might just as well have been lived on the moon; they failed utterly to give pause to his lifelong dream of butterfly questing up the Maccaribo.

"I shall have to write a monograph of this trip after my return. But of course ——" He paused and smiled. Jarvis had just given him a sobering but not unusual bit of jungle misadventure. "But of course it will be very dull compared to that."

He was tapping a pencil idly across his knuckles. Under his hands lay some papers he had been showing us—an antiquated map of the lower Maccaribo, mythical, preposterous, which he had picked up at some time or other and had carefully preserved. And he was armed with a letter to a thieving Portuguese trader on the coast, who would look after completing his equipment and give him directions on the spot.

We inquired as to his equipment. Unfortunately it was stored in the hold, but we went over his inventory of it, Jarvis continually interrupting, criticizing, suggesting, until, completely stalled by the futility of the whole undertaking, he would push aside the papers and lean back to contemplate in a long, solemn stare the hazy blue of the Dutch Islands that now loomed off to port. Then abruptly, a fresh match to his pipe, a vigorous shake of his burly shoulders, Jarvis would again bend doggedly to his task: "And mind you, here's another thing you want to remember: No matter what happens, don't ever try to . . . ."

And the cramming process would be resumed.

We did our utmost for him in the four fleeting days before the purple contours of Trinidad lifted out of the morning haze and gold. Tardily awake, we were scarcely out of our bunks when we heard the propeller stop. The silence fell strange and sharp upon our ears, attuned for days to the steady, unremitting throb of the ship's engines. It was as if the creature's great heart had suddenly ceased to beat, and now floated in a deathlike repose, interrupted by the sharp staccato of scurrying feet on the deck above our heads. We proceeded to dress hastily, at the same time packing our bags in pell-mell fashion in the hope of catching the first tender to shore.

There came a hurried knocking at the stateroom door, and when I opened it there stood the little curator, togged out in shore clothes—he had been up and dressed, I imagined, since five o'clock—his blue eyes actually a-glitter behind the large spectacles. He had just met with a rare bit of good fortune. He had learned from the company's agent, who had come aboard, that there was a tramp steamer in port bound eastward that would call near the mouth of the Maccaribo. She was sailing in an hour, but the agent said he could get passage on her if he was sharp about it. There might not be another vessel in a month. His baggage had already been tumbled over the side into a small boat that was waiting to take him across. He hesitated. There was one thing more. Could he impose upon us? His medicine case was buried in the depths of his baggage. Did we have anything of the kind handy—something for headache? He was occasionally subject to headache, and the stir, the excitement of the morning had set his temples raging.

Out of the confusion of our half-packed bags Jarvis brought forth a rubber-covered case, which opened, then unfolded again, revealing innumerable little tubes filled with tablets of various sizes and colors. It was a new and elaborate affair, which Jarvis himself had designed, to hold not only our ordinary medical necessities, but various chemical reagents, which he was never without, on the chance that some day a bit of mining prospecting might be in order.

"Here's the very thing for you," he announced, his eye searching along the rows of tubes. "A bit feverish, too, perhaps?"

The curator didn't know. Maybe he did have a little temperature. . . . It was awfully kind of us. . . . Sorry that he had only two minutes. The boat was waiting.

"Here you are—Migraine, No. 3." Jarvis snatched out a tube and poured a number of tablets into the curator's hand. "It will make short work of your headache—good for fever in a pinch. Two every half hour, or four if it's bad."

He thanked us again, in his nervous haste mingling his expressions of gratitude with something to the effect that he couldn't swallow tablets without water. He would wait till he boarded the freighter. . . . Hoped we'd meet again. If we ever got out to Wishawaka we must be sure to look him up. He would show us the museum. . . . Sorry the boat was waiting. . . . Good-by!

He was gone; but we had still a last glimpse of him when a few minutes later we came up on deck. Off to starboard lay the tramp, a hull of dingy maroon, rust-marked and storm-beaten, topped by a disreputable stack painted with yellow stripes. We could see a small boat alongside her forward quarter where a ladder dangled, and the curator in the very act of making his ridiculous, scrambling ascent. Gaining the deck at last, he waited, head cocked over the rail, to watch the hoisting up of his baggage; and then he disappeared.

The long, thin arms of the tramp's derricks continued to rise and fall with stolid regularity in the business of hoisting on board endless bags of cocoa beans. They soared abruptly upward, swung for a moment in mid-air, and then, to the noisy accompaniment of steam winches, descended, vanished into the cavernous depths of the hatchways. We lingered by the rail, our blank gaze somehow held by the irksome monotony of the familiar scene. The slings of cargo spun dizzily aloft, sharply exhibited to our eyes, then began their downward plunge into a long, uncertain oblivion in the ship's hold. It flashed upon me as a sort of queer allegory of the little curator himself. He had shot up out of nowhere to the complete dazzlement of our astonished vision for a few brief days, and as suddenly had vanished, plunged into that dark, dubious tropic adventure.

The Santa Croce, which was to take us on to Paramaribo, had been held overnight for the tardy arrival of the liner from New York. We were aboard her early in the afternoon, and speedily at sea again. I dropped at once into my bunk and fell asleep, quite fagged out by the strenuous couple of hours ashore, into which we had jammed the accomplishment of a multitude of small affairs. It was almost dark when the noise of Jarvis' coming into the stateroom aroused me. I began vaguely to realize that the wind had freshened and that the vessel was pitching in a choppy head sea. Jarvis abruptly switched the electric light into my blinking eyes. It brought me wide awake with a disagreeable jerk. I was aware of a cramped, sluggish feeling from having slept too long in the stifling, close-shut room, and I felt sickish all over.

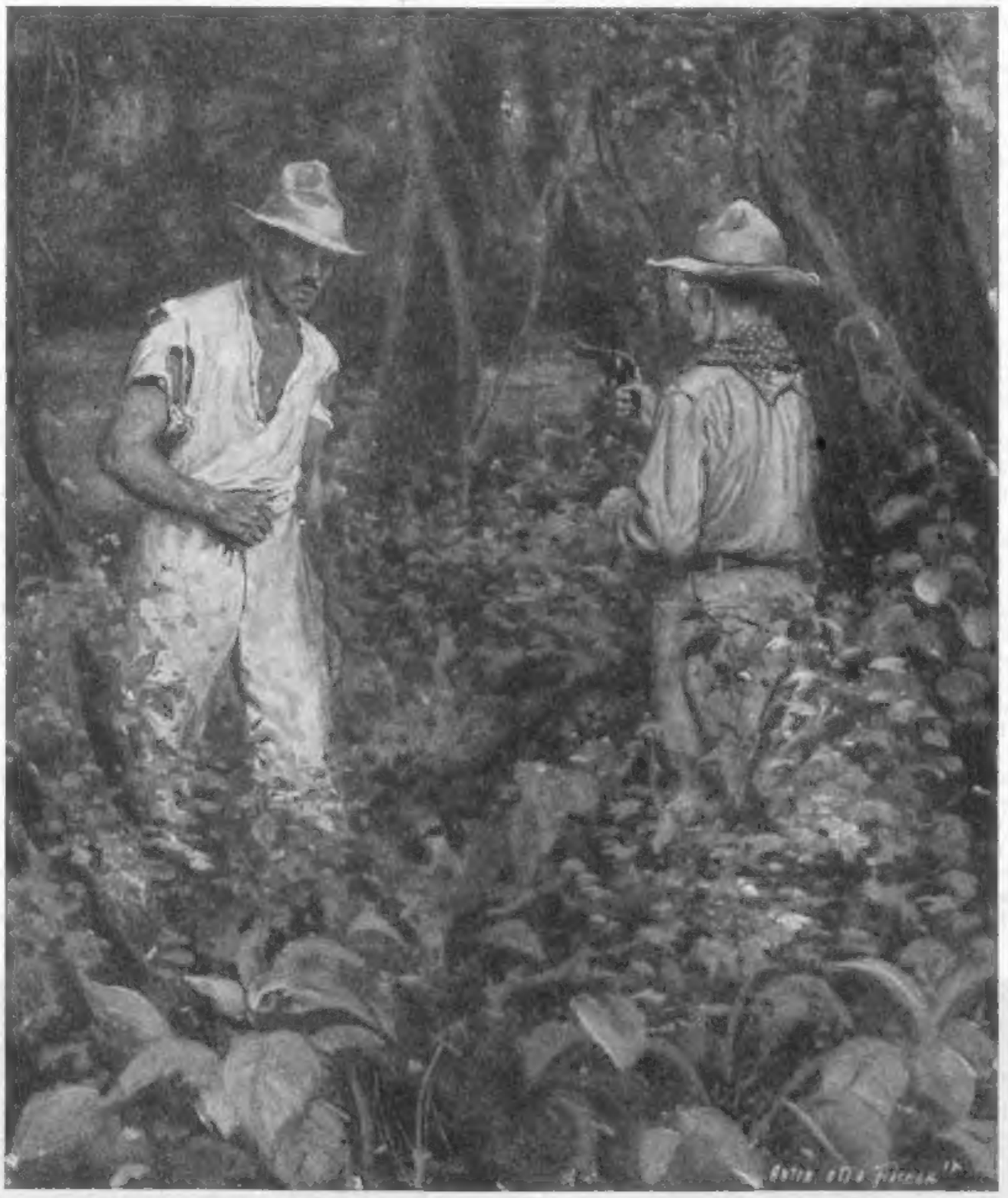
Turning on the pillow, I dismally regarded the chipper briskness with which Jarvis set about dressing for dinner, diving pell-mell into his bags, tumbling their contents over. The medicine case came uppermost and suggestively caught my eye.

"I think I'll have a go at that new-fangled drug store," I announced languidly.

He paused to regard me with an appraising, sidelong glance.

"What's wrong with you?"

I shrugged my shoulders by way of answer, and he tossed me the case with a cheerful injunction to help myself. Sitting on the edge of the berth, I opened it. Neat rows of



"All His Repressed Animosity and Smoldering Hate Were Aflame in His Evil Face"

tubes glistened under the electric light; the tablets in their diversity of color—white, pink, yellow, dark brown—held my eye in a sort of childish fascination. A single bottle, partially divested of its contents, marred the pristine completeness of the case. It was in the top row, and below it I read the words "Migraine, No. 3" to correspond with the label on the bottle itself. It was an affair of compact arrangement and extraordinary perfection, ingeniously watertight, to forestall a wetting such as had spelled disaster to Jarvis' chemical outfit the year before. I was presently aware that another row of labels ran along the top of the case, and I frowned uneasily at the sinister line of chemical reagents in such close proximity to the drugs. The latter, I now perceived, were in the lower tier, and the labels were affixed, not below, but above the corresponding row of bottles. The words "Migraine, No. 3" indicated the bottle below it, in the lower row, but it was the bottle above that Jarvis had opened. Had I got the thing twisted? I paused, frowning. The bottle below, unopened, intact, bore the label "Migraine, No. 3" upon it. The bottle above then—which Jarvis had opened —— My eyes searched the label. "Hyoscine!"

"Jarvis!" I called weakly.

Something in my tone caused him abruptly to wheel about.

"Did you—had you opened any of the other bottles?" I stammered, clutching at the one hope that formulated itself in my dazed thoughts.

"What are you driving at?" He paused, dumfounded at my expression, then all of a sudden seemed to grasp intuitively what my agonized mind was laboring to express. He snatched the case sharply from my hands. "You're not trying to tell me ——" His words died out. In a sort of dumb trance I sat watching him, his feet planted wide apart against the pitching of the vessel, his eyes hawklike upon the label of the half-emptied bottle which confronted him with its abbreviated, diabolical lettering.

"I—gave him—that!" He turned on me as if for denial of the hideous truth.

"For headache," I added helplessly.

The floor of the stateroom lifted to the accompaniment of creaking, straining woodwork, and fell away. A swish of spray smote like a lash across the glass of the porthole and scudded past into the gloom.

The obtuseness of my reply was lost upon us both. Suddenly he caught up his coat and jerked it on. "If only he hasn't taken it!" The words were uttered in a sort of gasp as he made for the door.

"Where are you going?" I interposed.

"Send a wireless!" he flung back at me. "Get word to him instantly, if it isn't already too late."

"But Jarvis!" He turned at the door, impatient at my interruption. "That tramp didn't carry wireless."

His grip of the stateroom door knob relaxed and his hand fell limply. A sudden plunge of the vessel sent him staggering a step or two toward me. He balanced himself unsteadily. "No wireless. Of course. Of course." It was like the muttering of a drunken man. Then he lifted his head, his features so drawn that I almost quailed before the look he leveled at me. "But the—the poison in his pocket—for headache. And no one to tell him."

He turned, half pitching toward the porthole, clutching the screws to steady himself, and looked out on the darkness of wild sky and flying spray. His back was toward me, but the silent, spasmodic lifting of his broad shoulders was more expressive than words. He peered out into the thick gloom as if his eyes might somehow pierce the miles of turbulent sea that separated us from that tramp steamer which tossed somewhere, a mere speck like ourselves in an immeasurable expanse of water, beyond all human communication and recall. I could understand how his headstrong, indomitable will sought to grapple with that utterly hopeless situation.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Out there somewhere," he nodded darkly at the tempestuous night; "and we can't reach him, warn him."

My grip tightened on his arm and I ruthlessly voiced what I felt to be the truth: "Too late now, I'm sure."

"You think he's—taken them?"

I nodded. "Hours ago."

"Of course, then, it's all over," he said simply. But he continued to peer out to sea.

After a while I drew him up on deck, and for two hours we paced its dipping, swaying length, breasting the wind and occasional showers of spray that flung past us. Arm and arm we strode, staggered, slipped along that deserted deck that stretched damp and glistening under the glow of the electric lights, the rail of the ship showing a band of white bars against the great heaving blackness. Back and forth we stalked interminably, like animals in a cage, Jarvis always half a step in the lead, his big shoulders bent to the blast, his jaw set and his hand gripping my arm till it ached. I could imagine his mind struggling in a dark welter of grief and despair like the vessel laboring in that black immensity of sky and sea. There was no word spoken, except once when Jarvis brought up suddenly by the rail, and I ventured a forlorn, uncomforting thought:

"The jungle would have done for him. . . . Same result in the long run. . . . Worse too . . . fever . . . starvation."

He denied my words with an impatient shake of his head. The wind tore away his answer, but I caught fragments of it:

"You don't understand. . . . All the difference in the world. . . . Cheated of his goal this way. . . . Perish, perhaps. . . . But he would have had a chance for his butterflies."

In the morning a smiling sea greeted us in a garb of marvelous blue flecked with sunshine where the trade wind fretted it. Flawless days followed, intolerable in their blank, perfect serenity. Jarvis kept aloof in his chair, which he had shifted to a secluded corner of the hurricane deck. There he sat for hours at a time, silent, withdrawn, brooding, like a wounded beast that had slunk away into its lair to suffer alone. When I attempted to invade his retreat he hardly noticed me, and my efforts to draw him out of the utter gloom into which he was plunged were wholly futile. A grim despondency hung about him, a spirit of abject despair filling the shadowy space where he sat behind the second officer's cabin. He seemed unconscious of the passing of time, except as it brought us nearer to port where we might get some news from that tramp steamer, some echo of the tragedy, perhaps, in the chance gossip of the water front. I could see that he was torn by a fierce desire to confront the actual fact of that inevitable sequence of events, and lay the ghost of the doubt that tortured him while still he clung to it.

But we could learn nothing at Demerara, and again at Paramaribo all inquiry was in vain, although we consumed a week in exhausting every possible means of getting intelligence from that tramp steamer. We could not even locate her. She might have been a phantom ship coasting along those shores, beyond the reach of our scattered, insistent cablegrams. And at last reluctantly we plunged inland to our destination in the heart of the rubber country.

II

IT WAS a dreary business of four months in the interior, but we were free of it at last and our faces turned northward again. A Dutch coasting vessel set us down in Port of Spain. At one stride we were back in civilization, abruptly immersed in the luxuries of a modern hotel, where we reveled in tiled shower baths and jubilantly put on dinner coats, experiencing an odd sensation of strangeness in the feel of those long-disused garments.

Evening had fallen when we descended to the big, brightly lighted veranda where the dining tables were placed in the open air. Waiters were passing up and down between long aisles of white linen set with crystal and silver, glistening under bluish electric arcs. Above our heads lifted tall, somnolent palms, dim and shadowy against the soft Trinidad night; a fugitive fragrance stole from the tropical garden below the veranda rail. Beyond stretched the vast level of the savanna under a deep starry sky, cupped about by majestic hills.

The tables were thronged, for it was the height of the tourist season. The whole scene, with its stir and movement and color, had for Jarvis and myself an animation and brilliancy almost unreal. Even the silent palms and exotic odors from the garden failed to link themselves with the solitudes in which we had so long been immersed.

A waiter approached. Jarvis took up the menu and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. "Worth getting back to, isn't it?" he shot across at me. He began to ponder the array of delicacies which the menu offered.

The confused hum of voices about us and the sharp rattle of dishes had ebbed for a moment when a thin, insistent voice arose somewhere near by:

"But, waiter, remember, if it's got curry sauce ——"

Jarvis spun round in a flash. Instantly we were both on our feet. A chair overturned and fell clattering. We stared across the veranda at a table where sat the little curator of entomology. He turned from his colloquy with the waiter as we swooped down upon him, a look of pleased astonishment leaping to his eyes behind the familiar, big, rimless spectacles. Before he could get to his feet Jarvis had frantically crushed his hand in his own big fist.

The curator was voluble at once: This was a surprise indeed. Hadn't dreamed of setting eyes on us again in this latitude. He had arrived a week ago and was still waiting for a vessel home. Strange that he hadn't seen us round the hotel before.

I put in that we had arrived only that afternoon. Jarvis, his face patchy with color, never uttered a syllable. He stared and stared at the curator as if he could not credit the plain testimony of his eyes.

Well, it was a lucky chance, the curator went on, that he should have fallen in with us again. He was delighted to see us. Had we dined yet? If not, wouldn't we give him the pleasure of sharing his table?

A waiter brought up chairs, while the curator, a little flurried in his pleasure, explained that he had got as far as the entrée himself but would wait for us to catch up with him. He tendered us the menu card. What would we have?

"Champagne!"

(Continued on Page 41)

"We Shoved Forward by Mere Inches, Hacking, Slashing, Pushing in an Insufferable Heat and Humidity"

A Débutante's Confession to Margaretta Tuttle

IF MY father had been a woman he would have been called graceful. As it was, he was called distinguished. He was not very tall or very handsome, or very anything; but, even as a little girl, I noticed that women liked to talk to him and to be with him. I was too young to remember any of the details of my mother's death save its suddenness and my father's horror; but, years after, I heard the Colonel say that it was one of those needless tragedies which swung the balance against alcohol, and I learned that my mother was drowned after a dinner on a famous yacht. In landing, one of the men in the party reached out to take her hand just as she gave the boat a little push with her foot. The man did not have a firm hold of her hand and she fell between the boat and the dock.

For a long time after that my father used to take me with him almost everywhere he went. I admired him extravagantly, though I never seemed to know him very well, and I was a little afraid of his quietness and his rarely ruffled manner. The first time I ever saw him really disturbed was the day he took me with him to the races. I was only thirteen at the time. He was joining a party of old friends of my mother's; and when they stopped for him I was on the veranda, and the pretty lady in white called out:

"Bring the little lady with you, Blair."

Father hesitated; and then she spoke to me:

"You'd like to go, kiddie, wouldn't you?"

Of course I wanted to go; it was great fun. They talked to me just as though I were grown up, and the pretty lady in white petted me; and they all agreed that I was going to be like my mother.

A Little Sport

THE Colonel's brother put two dollars on a horse for me and the horse won. I was never so excited in my life. Father had gone away—the men all went across to the grand stand between the races. We were sitting on the upstairs veranda of the clubhouse; and when the Colonel's brother came back and handed me five dollars I laughed so hard that the Colonel, who is not like his brother, looked at me queerly and said:

"She is like her mother! She laughs like her."

Then the Colonel's brother asked me whether I did not want to put the five dollars on the next race; but the Colonel said I was too young for that kind of thing. The pretty lady laughed at him.

"Oh, let her alone!" she said. "Her father doesn't mind and she's having a good time."

So the Colonel's brother went away to the grand stand with my five dollars and the pretty lady made a place for me at the railing. The Colonel lent me his glasses and told me when the horses were really off, and held me by the arm when I got up on my chair to see. My horse came straight to the front and before I realized what I was doing I was calling out like all the rest of them: "Come on! Come on!" But the race was so close I could not make out which horse won.

"He came in second, little lady," said the Colonel; but I could not believe it until he pointed out the numbers that were being run up on a big board.

Then somebody called the Colonel and he helped me down from my chair and went away; and I just sat down and wondered what was the matter with me. Everything was all wrong; and, try as I would, I could not keep the tears out of my eyes.

My Gown Was a Beauty and Everything Went Well

The pretty lady gave me a glass of something all bubbly and biting, and said:

"Poor kiddie! Drink a sip of this and you'll feel better. We all know how it is."

I was frightfully thirsty after all my yelling, and so I took quite a drink from the pretty lady's glass. The glass did not seem to hold much. When I apologized for taking it all she said:

"Your father won't like it; but never mind—he isn't here."

I asked her what her name was and she answered:

"My name is Cara. Can you remember that?" The others laughed at her, but she did not seem to mind; she went right on talking to me: "Maybe Jack played your horse for place."

I had to have this explained to me and she did it. My spirits rose quite a bit, and they all laughed at me and said I was a born gambler; and when I asked whether I might have something more to drink, for I was still as thirsty as could be, one of the men gave me another glass of what they were drinking and said:

"She's as game a sport as any of you older ones."

It was not a very good drink—at least it did not seem so to me then, though later I grew to like champagne better than all the other wines. After the second glass the pretty lady took my glass away and said.

"That's enough, kiddie." And she looked at the man who had given it to me and said in a low voice: "She may be like her mother in other ways."

The men nodded and all the party watched me a moment until I felt uncomfortable and asked where father was.

"The Colonel will bring him back in a little while," said the pretty lady. "He's gone after him. There they come now."

Father's Code

I JUMPED up to see whether the Colonel's brother had played my horse for place—and something happened to me. I stumbled and hit my head on the table; and all I remember was my father saying in a strange voice:

"Did you let that baby drink wine, Cara?"

I was dizzy when I opened my eyes in the dressing room, and after that there was no more fun. The pretty lady turned her back on father and the rest all looked solemn; and I heard the Colonel say to father:

"It's no place to bring a child, Blair; and you know it. You cannot blame the others."

"I take her with me wherever I go," father answered. "It's good for her—good for any girl who has to grow up without a mother."

"You'd better stay away yourself, then."

Father never took me to the races again; and that day, when we got home, he said:

"Louise, I want you to remember that champagne is tricky stuff. You can never foretell what effect it will have on you. I want you to promise me that you will never drink it unless you are among your own people or in your own house."

In our own house, however, as I grew up, there was always wine and usually somebody drinking it. Indeed, there were all kinds of drinks; and I used to get father's friends to tell me what they were and to let me taste them, so that I might learn their names. I got quite proud of my knowledge and I used to display it at school, where most of the girls did not know Asmannshäuser from claret.

One Easter vacation I took six of the girls to the club, to the ladies' luncheon room, and told them I would give them an egg lemonade instead of tea; and then I ordered six gin fizzes. The girls were crazy about them; but they all got so foolish I had to ask the Colonel's brother, who was the only man at the club I knew at the time, to help me take them home.

The girls were as funny as they could be, and the Colonel's brother thought it was a pretty good joke. Driving home in the auto he was almost as funny as they were, but he spoiled it all by telling his brother; and the Colonel was so furious that he made it impossible for any young girl to get anything to drink in the club. I hated this, because when you were tired from shopping or wanted to have a good time the club was such a nice place to go for a cocktail or a highball. You did not even have to pay for it.

I told the Colonel he was a selfish prig; that he drank all he wanted, but would not let anybody else drink. He looked at me in that queer way he has and said:

"If I thought my drinking made it any easier for you to drink I would stop it."

And he did stop drinking right then. He was always that kind of man. He was years younger than father, but father was fond of him. He had taken part in the Cuban War, but he was no longer in the army; he was a lawyer. It was he who said to me he supposed I would not want to go away to school now that I was growing old enough to be a real hostess for my father. And when I thought it over it did seem to me that, after all father's devotion to me, it would not be just right to go away for several years when we had such good schools at home, and when there seemed to be so many of our women friends who were anxious to take my place in the big house that had been mother's. So I went to the most fashionable day school in town and came home every night. I had intended to go to college, but all father's friends—his women friends—urged him to let me make my début with the other girls.

The Colonel, I recall, was much disappointed. He told father I was the kind of girl who needed a college education, and when father said that would take me away from home the Colonel answered that we had a perfectly good state university in our own town. Father just laughed at that idea and gave me a stunning coming-out ball.

The house looked lovely and I was presented by a cousin of father's, who not only knew everybody at home but had been presented at court in London. My gown was a beauty and everything went well—that is, it did the first part of the evening. Everybody drank my health so often that later on they got pretty noisy, and Harrison Bloomer caught me in the library after the cotillion and kissed me. He had had too much to drink and I was perfectly furious; but he only laughed at me and told me I had had a little too much to drink myself, and that it made me go to a man's head.

"Why Won't You See Me, Kiddie?"

Dining Without a Chaperon

NEXT morning he sent me some wonderful little white flowers, quite different from the masses of roses he had sent for my ball. With them was just one line: "Snowdrops that plead for pardon." I knew it was somebody's poetry, but I did not know whose; and I could not ask father, because he would have wanted to know what it all meant.

The pretty lady who had been at the races, so many years before, had since been married and then divorced; and she had lately become quite a friend of mine, though she was much older than I. When she dropped in for luncheon that day to talk over the ball with me I told her about Harrison Bloomer; but she said no débutante's ball was perfect for the débutante if it did not hold some love-making, and that it was lucky to be kissed at your coming-out party. I was still angry, however.

"I don't call that love-making," I answered.

"Well, of course, Harry did have too much to drink; but you'll have to excuse him. You looked delicious, with your wide eyes and your blond hair. We all had more to drink than we really needed. It was quite a party!"

Father came into the room then so I said nothing else; but I wondered whether Cara was not a little less particular about kisses than I.

After father had gone she came upstairs and looked at all my new frocks, and then we went downtown to our new hotel for tea. I wore a mauve-and-white suit and the snowdrops—if they were snowdrops—because they were the only little white flowers I had. While we were at tea Harrison Bloomer came in, and Cara laughed when he just stood still, looking from my face to the flowers in my belt.

Cara was having a highball instead of tea and she invited Harrison to have one also; and they ordered one for me. Harrison seemed to have very little to say; he just sat and looked at me while Cara talked of the dance. And when we were ready to go he said he would drive us home.

He drove Cara home first. She was in a hurry, because she was going to a dinner that night. Then, after we had left Cara, he asked me whether it would not be fun to run off to dinner at the Eagle's Nest, a place where they have chicken dinners and dancing, about ten miles out of town.

Father was dining at the club that night, so I did not have to be home; but I was still angry with Harrison and I hesitated. A man cannot atone with a box of snowdrops and an invitation to dinner for behaving as Harrison had.

"You're a débutante now," he urged. "You can do these things. We'll dine and dance, and come home early."

Chaperonage in our Middle Western town is not so severe as it is in the East, but I did not wholly like the idea of dining alone with Harrison Bloomer, and I said so.

"Let's make up a party," I concluded.

"Oh, you'll have so many parties," he answered, and his voice got all soft and pleasant, as it can when he wants to be persuasive; "but you won't have many tête-à-têtes. Come on! Nobody you know will be there; and if there is it won't matter."

So I went. To this day I do not think I should have gone if I had not had that highball at the hotel; but I don't know. Harrison Bloomer was one of the best-looking men in town and was considered a big catch. I did not mind being seen with him the day after my début. One of the duties of a débutante is to be popular, or to seem so even if she is not really so; and, of course, I could not go on being angry with him for something he did when he had too much to drink.

Besides, at first, it was loads of fun. He is a fascinating talker. He never takes his eyes off you; and he will begin by telling you about the sunlight on the Bay of Naples and end by comparing it to your hair or your eyes. He has been everywhere and seen everything.

After a while, however, I began to be a bit worried over the way he talked. Besides, he was mixing his drinks, and I had had enough of him when he was not quite sober. I had danced late the night before and I was tired, so I had a cocktail myself; but when I saw how he was drinking I stopped—at least I stopped at dinner. After dinner, when we began to dance, I got thirsty and had a little more, but not much.

There was nobody I knew there; so, of course, I danced each dance with Harrison. After the fourth dance he began to tell me that he was more in love with me than he ever expected to be with any girl, and he kept this up until I was simply bored to death.

"Oh, do stop all that wine-talk of love!" I said. "We are dancing, not love-making."

"I can do both," he answered, and he looked so strange I thought I had better take him home; but he would not go.

Finally I sat down and refused to dance any more, and when he said he would get another girl to dance with him I told him if he did not take me home at once I would telephone for father. So we started home, and I do not know yet where he drove. He just kept on driving, and every time I said I must get home he would say we were going home.

A girl is certainly foolish to let an unreliable man drive her in a machine that needs careful handling. On the outskirts of the town something went wrong with the car, and Harrison either could not or would not do anything to it.

By that time I realized I ought not to have come at all, but that did not help things any and it was then after twelve o'clock. I waited just long enough to see that Harrison was not taking any trouble about fixing the car, and then I got out and began to walk home. There was nothing else for Harrison to do but to walk with me. I would not go back to the car; indeed, nothing could have made me get into it again. Harrison kept up a running fire of reproach at every step.

"I wish you'd be still!" I finally said. "You've had too much to drink."

"Not much more than you have had—only it makes you cross, dear heart, while it makes me jolly."

"When I get home, father ——"

He laughed.

"Your father's at the club, at a dinner to celebrate the announcement of his engagement to Cara; and when he gets home he'll not be in any condition to criticize anybody else—or I don't know your father."

I was so dumfounded I could not answer.

"Yes," he continued; "they're not telling you just yet, but that's straight. I had it from Cara herself. That's why you don't have to go to school any more. Cara thinks you'd better have a chance to get married off and out of the way before she begins to run your house."

I did not wait to hear anything else. We were five squares from home, and I broke into a run and ran all the rest of the way. I was frantic with dismay. My whole future to be arranged like this!—not by father, but by a woman I hardly knew. Myself merely a thing to be married off, so that I should not be hanging round a house another woman wanted for herself!

I have always been somewhat of an amateur athlete and I was a good runner, so I got ahead of Harrison. I could hear him pounding along behind and I was glad I could outdistance him; it seemed the only way I was able to. When I reached my door I had no key, and I had to ring and ring, for it was so late the maids were all asleep at the top of the house. And so Harrison caught up with me. He jerked my hand away from the doorbell.

"You're the first girl who ever ran away from me! You're the only girl who can run away from me! What about your marrying me and letting Cara have this house? I can give you as good a one; besides, I'm crazy about you—have been ever since last night."

With this he dragged me toward him and I lost the little self-control I had left. I raised my free hand and gave him such a blow in the face that he fell back from me with a cry. Then he sprang at me; but at that moment a car drove to our curb and the Colonel got out, leading father.

At the foot of the steps the Colonel saw me—the moment after he had left the car—and he put father down on the steps and rushed up on the porch. It was the strangest thing that he did to Harrison Bloomer. It was too quick for me to see, but Harrison fell with a thud on the sidewalk; and the Colonel gathered up father almost in the same minute. Father was ill the next day and would not see anybody. Cara called me on the telephone twice, but I refused to talk to her and said I would not see her if she came to the house. And that night the papers announced father's engagement. They were taken up to father's room for him to read, but he did not send for me or seem to want to talk to me.

The Morning After

I FELT worse than I had ever felt in all my life. There seemed to be nothing left—nothing for me to do or say; no place for me to go. I could not go out, when the whole town was discussing father's engagement and wondering how I was going to take it, especially as I did not seem to be taking it very well. I ate my dinner alone, such dinner as I ate; and then, after the maids had left the dining room, I unlocked father's best wine and drank it until I did not care whom he married. The next day father was all right again, save that instead of my having a grievance he had one. He told me I had gone to sleep in the dining room and that the maids had had to put me to bed, and that the neighbors were gossiping about the way I had run down the street the night before and the fight on the doorstep. He positively forbade me to touch his wine again.

I had a racking headache, the only thing that could have lessened my heartache. If you have a hard-enough bodily pain it will, so long as it lasts, drive away any mental pain; but between the two pains I had no control of my tongue left. I told father that my way of drinking was less conspicuous than his, and that if people were disposed to gossip they would find more to talk about in the way he had come home that night than the way I had.

Father did not answer me for a moment. I had never spoken that way to him before and it certainly was pretty bad. Then he said after a while:

"That is the reason I am giving up all my freedom. I am going to be married so that you will have an older woman to direct your way of living. You will have to stop drinking, Louise. No girl who drinks can count on herself."

"The woman you are planning to marry," I replied bitterly, "won't have much chance at reforming me, since she hopes to get me out of the way before she marries you. And if you are marrying her merely to stop my drinking you have not made a good selection, for she herself drinks all the time."

"This is absolutely unpardonable of you, Louise!" said father.

"Why not of her?" I asked. "Though it is hard to pardon a woman who marries because she likes a larger house better than the tiny apartment her small alimony procures her—a woman whose first husband could not live with her because she was too interested in other men!"

My father looked profoundly shocked.

"Louise!" he exclaimed. "How far has this foolish life carried you that you, a girl of nineteen, can even think such things—let alone say them?"

"They are true!" I hurried on. "Even a girl of nineteen can see these things. It apparently takes a man of forty-five to be blind to them. I have seen Cara with men. I have seen her with Harrison Bloomer. It was he who told me she wanted me to leave school so that I could get married and not be in her way. They are pretty good friends those two; but perhaps, since they have between them arranged a marriage for me, you do not mind."

Father made no answer, and at that moment Cara called me on the library telephone. Father listened to my answers.

"Why won't you see me, kiddie?" Cara asked in the voice she used when she wanted something very badly—a voice curiously like Harrison Bloomer's when he had had something to drink and felt what he called jolly.

"Oh, there are reasons!" I answered. "Father will tell them to you; or, if he will not, Harrison Bloomer will. Indeed, by this time, almost anybody in town can tell you."

When I hung up the receiver I saw that father was as angry as he could be, though he was perfectly polite when he said: "It is a pity you take my engagement that way. You'll have to be civil to Cara and you might as well make up your mind to it. She comes first."

"When are you to be married?"

"In six months."

"Well, then, I have that much time, at any rate."

The very word débutante includes visions of light-hearted pleasure, of dances and dinners and teas, of riding lessons and beaus and parties; but it is not all so rosy as it seems—there is a good deal of work in it and a good deal of disappointment. For some silly reason or other you have to create an air of popularity, of never-ceasing engagements, of endless invitations. If you are not always on the go you have to seem to be, and both these things are exhausting.

You go to a luncheon at one o'clock, with some bridge afterward, at four you go to a reception or two; then you hurry home to dress for a dinner dance. You eat all kinds of foolish food; you get dead-tired, and you drink foolish drinks to carry you through or because other people are drinking them. You dance until one or two in the morning; and, even if you do stay in bed late the next day, you get up tired.

When you do get up there are notes to answer, invitations to arrange, calls to make, fittings at the dressmaker's interminable fittings, for all these engagements require quantities of clothes, since the frock you wear to a luncheon will not do for a dinner; nor will an afternoon tea dress be proper for a theater party.

All these things and many more began to crowd my days, leaving me little leisure to think or even to grieve. At night I was too tired to do anything but wonder how I could stand it even a month longer. In the daytime I covered my uncertainty by the vivacity that is demanded of girls whose main mission is to be decorative, and whose whole object in life is to secure a husband who can afford such decoration. Father and I were scarcely on speaking terms, and that in itself was heartbreaking; for we had been friends of a sort, though not very close ones.

Sometimes I drank wine at luncheon when I was worried over father; and I usually had a highball at tea, and at the dinner parties the customary cocktail and several wines they seemed to help me through the day. But I had to get these things to drink outside my home, because father saw to it that I could not get anything to drink there.

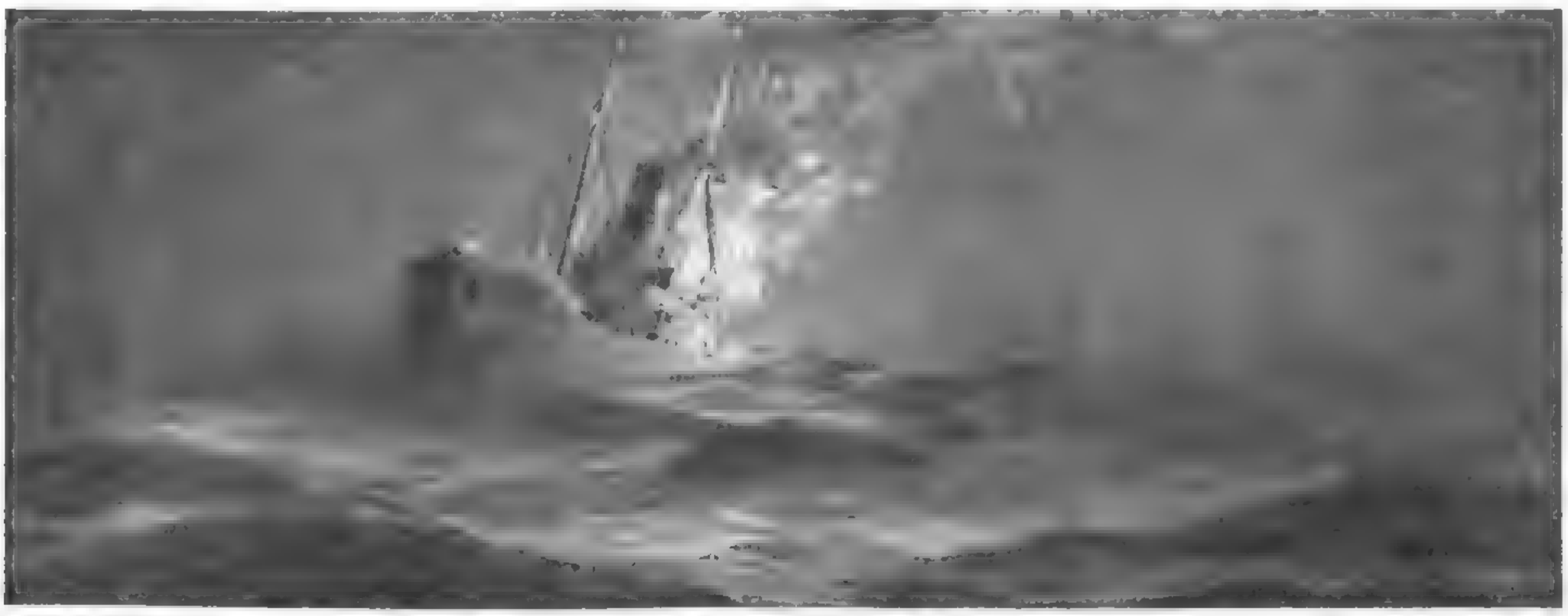
Behind my back most of my set were buzzing about the breaking of my friendship with Cara, for it put my hostesses to all kinds of trouble. I would not go where Cara was invited and everybody wondered how on earth the situation could be mended.

Cara herself was not idle. All kinds of rumors about me began to be circulated—that I was exactly like my mother, which seemed to mean that I could not be kept away from alcohol; that I sucked lumps of sugar soaked in perfume; that when I had had a little too much I was ungovernable; that at all times my father had the greatest difficulty in keeping me within bounds. Even the story of my meeting a proposal of marriage with a blow leaked out. I suppose Harrison Bloomer defended himself to Cara with it, and Cara thought it was too good to keep.

To my face, however, all these people who were so busy slandering me said:

"Isn't she popular? What a wonderful season she is having! So young a girl and such poise! The men are all crazy about her!" (Continued on Page 48)

TORRY THE MAN MAKER



Away Behind Them the Mary Helen, a Gigantic, Twisted Spout of Flame, Slowly Slipped Into the Sea

By Maryland Allen

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SHE was the only girl in a family of five boys—the youngest. Now by all tradition she should have been tenderly protected, most abominably spoiled. But this was not so. Being thrust at an early age into a position of responsibility she knew the hard flat of Fortune's hand, the rough side of her tongue. She was six years old when her mother eloped with the chauffeur, and her father, who was a connoisseur in the lovely art of female dancing, retired to Europe on the same steamer with Mademoiselle Kalnova, who had nightly enchanted the fickle New York public with her exquisite representations.

The Mallorys were rich and prominent. This most ordinary and innocent of coincidences, coming on the back of Mrs. Mallory's little escapade, fanned to a red glare the dry tinder of the reporters' imaginations.

Never mind all that. The five Mallory boys and little Ettare were left most miserably alone. It was a case where "somebody ought to do something." And, as it often happens, though there was plenty of money, no one came forward. The burden of responsibility so blithely cast aside by the husband and wife lay where it had fallen. The Mallory boys, being men children, certainly needed looking after. Followed a most unhappy interval of waiting. Then six-year-old Ettare concluded it her part to undertake this duty and—the deed was done.

After a period of years, the passage of which supplied the Mallory servants with conversation for the balance of their lives, the passive friends and indifferent relatives thought: "Something ought to be done about education, you know." They were startled in their half-hearted activity by a hair-raising demonstration of the horrid fact that the boys had already educated their sister, and that she, in her turn, was doing something for them much after the fashion of a dog chasing a runaway wagon. At least the friends and relatives thought so. They retired to a safe distance and virtuously awaited the inevitable finish.

Torry was eighteen—her brothers never called her Ettare. They never did anything they were not positively forced into. Well, then, Torry was eighteen, Dallas twenty, Norman twenty-two, Lawrence twenty-four, Thomas twenty-six and MacShane twenty-seven. The boys were all at MacDowell University, which fine and sterling mark God save! For two years Tom and Shane had been attempting to graduate with the assistance of tutors, who regularly resigned their positions and were as regularly pitchforked back into place by Torry's furious importunity and a material increase in salary. Dal, Norman and Larry, two years behind in college, a century ahead of all but their brothers in idleness and rapacious devilment, and still advancing with swift strides, brought matters to a head and relieved MacDowell by administering to their tutors a thorough coat of feathers and tar and sending them down Ripple River in a canoe on a Sunday afternoon.

The Dean, upon the advice of Tom's tutor, sent for Torry. He had never seen her. He was hardly prepared for her when she arrived. The Dean, you see, knew a good deal of Mallory history, and usually a family that breeds such men as the Mallory brothers breeds helpless, prayerful, weeping women. He prepared himself to meet Torry as he would have prepared for the traditional mother of this worthless, terrifying, unruly brood.

The Dean, wondering on what train she would arrive, heard an automobile honk on the drive outside his window. A quick, firm footstep crossed the hall. There was a single hard knock. The study door flew open and he was confronted by a tall, broad-shouldered young woman, who carried in her gauntleted hand a cap and goggles which it was plain, from the tempestuous appearance of her red-brown hair, she had just snatched from her head. She stared at the Dean with hot, determined gray eyes set wide apart beneath menacing black brows. There was nothing

calm in her whole face; her very lips were stormy. She was the embodiment of furious, resolute action. She looked something more than eighteen years of age.

"The Dean?" said she. Her voice was contralto and held the same rich, mahogany tints as her tumbled mass of hair. "Ettare Mallory," she said with the superb, unconscious simplicity of a queen.

Then without waiting: "What have the infernal wretches been doing now?" she demanded. "You wrote me a letter, but you didn't say a thing."

The Dean of MacDowell was no coward. It was not fear that sent him suddenly slumping down in his chair, much as if his backbone had unexpectedly turned to water. His secretary, on the other hand, sat up. He left off making a transcript of the Dean's notes for his next lecture on The Use of Clams in the Flint Age, and regarded Torry attentively. Ignatius Blount was a young penitentiary warden who in entering upon his new work had made what he termed "only a very slight change in my surroundings."

"If you'll just speak up loud," said Torry, unbuttoning her loose dust cloak.

The Dean made silent acknowledgment that the Mallorys were people of really marvelous physique.

"If you'll just bawl it out in American," said Torry, "I'll see what can be done. By James!" she said resolutely; "I'll do something." And she looked at the Dean, who gasped twice like a hooked fish.

"Madam," said he, "your ——" It flashed in his mind to say: "Your attendant demons." His secretary murmured something.

"Your brothers," said the Dean, "cannot remain at MacDowell."

"The devil!" ejaculated Torry.

"It is my most painful duty ——" faltered the Dean.

"To kick 'em out?" finished Torry.

The Dean bowed dumbly. The situation required an enormous amount of dignity.

"Yes, but what's to do next?" burst out Torry, and she wrung her hat and goggles hard between her strong, slim hands. "That's exactly what I want to know—what's to do next?"

"The head of the family ——" began the Dean most unhappily.

"I am the head of the family," shot back Torry. "Say what you have to say right now."

A discreet tapping sounded at the door. It was opened the next instant by a maid, who murmured indistinctly. The Dean arose with alacrity.

"Immediately," said he. He had not heard a word the maid had said. He was in the habit of bullying his wife because the wretched girl mumbled so.

"Excuse me a moment." He circled carefully about Torry where she stood like a beleaguered garrison in the center of the room, and vanished through the door.

The girl drew off her heavy leather gauntlets and ran her fingers through her tumbled hair. She turned and swept Ignatius Blount with her stormy stare.

"He's no good," said she, and the fierce determination in her gray eyes was shot through by a fiercer contempt. It almost seemed she had seen through the Dean's courteous evasion.

The secretary ignored the challenge. "I have seen plenty like your brothers," said he.

"Where?" cried Torry. She had enormous pride, but she was intensely individual. She had found it the only way to survive, and her pride was like no other pride in the world. "I had hoped for the sake of humanity that there were no more like them in the whole universe."

"I was assistant warden in a state penitentiary before I came here," said Blount.

"Then I know you have," exclaimed Torry in a tone of deep significance. "Now, see here," she added, frowning, "you're the one to advise me what to do."

"I know a ship; she's at the dock in Boston now," began the secretary.

"A ship!" cried Torry. "They'd have the bottom ripped out of her before they raised Montauk!"

"Cannot you manage them?" demanded Blount.

"Me go too?"

"It is Loaded and I Am a Dead Shot You All Know It"

She seemed to shrink back a little, to lose some of her aggressive, militant combativeness. And for the first time the secretary entertained the notion that she was only a girl after all—a poor, worried, overanxious little girl, her nervous system warped and strained by a burden greater than she could bear. But it was only a very fleeting glimpse he had, more imagination than thought, a sort of flavor from the impression as it swept by.

"Do you think it would help?" demanded Torry.

"I think a long sea voyage under proper control would be the making of the bunch," answered Blount promptly. "I'd call it, with my experience, about the only hope."

"Bring on your ship," said Torry. "When does she sail?"

"In five days," replied the secretary. Mentally he lifted his hat to her courage and her decision.

"But will they take 'em—us?" she suddenly exclaimed.

"I'll fix that," said Blount confidently. "I'll make it plain to Captain Doggett that you're conducting the party too."

"I am," was the reply. They regarded each other in a silence that bristled with grim determination.

"You press the right button to get those hellions in here now," said Torry at last, "and I'll take 'em away. Telegraph me at what hour that ship will sail and we'll be at the dock on time."

And she did take them away. The Dean was forcing himself to return when he heard her. He fled to the pantry and remained in locked seclusion along with the bread box and the sugar bin, until the great, expensive car with its six passengers roared down the drive.

She had them at the dock on time too. Fifteen minutes before a fussy little harbor tug set the tramp steamer Mary Helen, loaded with pulp and barreled distillate for Puget Sound, upon her long journey a motor truck came to the wharf and halted at her gangplank. The truck was loaded with trunks, suitcases, hatboxes, golf sticks and steamer chairs. A pair of gamecocks in an expensive wicker cage fought with bloody fury; in an equally expensive gilt cage two ringdoves cooed complacently. There were five bull terriers, eight Airedales, ten water spaniels, a great Dane and one huge Manx cat that stood up straight at the length of its short chain and snarled. A long, high-power motor darted by the truck, winging like a swallow.

"She's brought 'em," said Blount to his friend, the mate of the Mary Helen. "She's a nailer, that girl! Now, Burton, remember: hands off! Your business is to run the ship. Let the passengers alone." He drew a deep breath. His mind went back to the Mallorys' doings at old MacDowell.

"She's brought 'em and on time," he repeated. "She's a cougar, I tell you!"

The mate laughed. He had been at college with Blount, and graduated with an unalterable determination to work up at sea. He was a tall, slow, broad-shouldered giant, with extraordinarily large and quiet blue eyes shaded by long, thick, curling lashes. He leaned on the deck rail by the plank and laughed in his friend's somewhat excited face.

"You speak as if that were a feat," said he. His voice was strong and lazy, as if his physical ability to back his words made him careless if a listener waited.

"You'll think so before you're through Magellan," said Blount.

Burton grinned and nursed his chin in his hard, calloused palm. He thought so before the Mary Helen left her berth. He thought that and a good many other things.

"She's not human!" he cried to Blount. "She gets results; but oh, my Lord! She's not a man and she's not a woman, she's a monster. What!"

The horrified look upon Blount's face made him turn. Torry stood at his elbow, white-faced and stony, the very devil of wounded pride blazing in her stormy eyes. But that was after her brothers were aboard and the plank had been cast upon the dock.

On arriving at the wharf Torry had stepped from her seat beside the chauffeur without so much as a glance at the Mary Helen's deck. Blount, who also had dipped into Mallory history, noticed with some interest that the driver was a grizzled, grim-looking Chinaman. The girl glared from the truck to the five handsome, foppishly dressed, dissipated young men, who reclined against the luxurious upholstery of the car in different attitudes of prostrated seediness.

"You can each have one trunk and one suitcase," she announced. She looked up at the burly, raw-faced Irishman who drove the truck.

"Want the rest of your load?" she demanded.

The truck driver was a soap-box Socialist. He stared surlily. "Pwhat use hev Oi fur thot?" he demanded.

"You've as much use as I," rejoined Torry brutally. "If you don't want it dump it in the harbor." She turned to the car.

"Get out of there, you fellows. Show the porter here what trunk and suitcase you will each take, and get aboard."

"If I spoke to my men like that," murmured Burton above the cup of his hand, "I'd get a knife in my back sure."

Blount sighed. "She's hardly the material for a reform warden," said he. "But there seem to be certain types that do not get to sea. No," he added, "nor into the penitentiary either."

"All right," said Torry truculently, observing the sullen silence in the car. "All right, I'll choose 'em. Here, porter, that and that, and ——"

Her voice was drowned by a savage, disgusted chorus of roars from the car.

"Be quiet there!" she shouted. "That's all, porter, and get 'em down. This steamer leaves in fifteen minutes. Now you fellows boost yourselves out o' there."

The group in the car did not budge. The men on the steamer deck watched in silence, and Blount at least was aware of a roaring in his ears and the loud thumping of his heart. Torry laid her hand upon the door of the car, looking all the time steadily in the faces of her brothers. She opened the door and held it wide. The Mallory boys arose, as if all moved by the same string. Sullenly, reluctantly, they descended to the dock and mounted the Mary Helen's gangplank. Dal alone showed signs of open rebellion. Halfway up the plank he glanced across his shoulder and hesitated.

Down in the bowels of the Mary Helen the engineer awaited the bell. The whistle sent out a hoarse, warning hoot.

"You Dal!" shouted Torry. "Get aboard!"

Dal shook his fist at his sister.

"I will not go," he declaimed.

Two grinning sailors came to the head of the plank on the deck; an authoritative longshoreman who tried not to grin pushed his way through the infuriated crowd upon the dock. The chief engineer walked to the rail and kicked Burton on the shins; but dumb and motionless the mate stood and stared.

"All aboard!" roared the chief engineer. "Let go that line for'ard." He liked Tony Burton and didn't want to see the captain call him down.

"Dal!" called Torry with contemptuous kindliness. "Better beat it, Dal."

She started up the plank. One more stride and she was upon him. Her arms that the Dean had thought so beautiful were very strong. She had been forced to keep in training all her life. Her brothers had educated her, and they were exacting taskmasters. In a blow of astounding violence she planted her clenched fist upon the top button of her brother's waistcoat. Dal's arms flew wide. He stumbled backward up the plank and Blount caught him and hauled him to the deck.

"What a mother she'll make!" muttered the chief engineer. He was profane in his admiration.

"Or a warden," put in Blount.

But Tony Burton's well-cushioned nerves quivered with the hatefulness of the scene he had just witnessed. He turned upon the two men with an astonishing exhibition of fire and denounced the girl in disgust. And then it was all over. Torry was gone up the deck. Blount stood upon the dock gazing up at Burton with a stern face and accusing eyes. An ever-widening strip of greasy water lay between the steamer and the truckload of dogs, golf sticks, trunks and game chickens. The tug was drawing the Mary Helen down the harbor to begin her battle with the sea, her long journey to Puget Sound.

Tony Burton did not discuss the incident with the chief engineer. They were well on their journey before he mentioned the Mary Helen's passengers at all. Then he answered the captain.

"It is none of our business," said he, "and we ought to thank Providence for that."

He had not seen Torry since the moment she had stared him down with all the mad pride of Lucifer and the agony of a mortally wounded soul. The mate took his meals alone. The passengers ate with the captain and the chief engineer, who had a deal to say about them. The brothers were always in sight. They lounged about the deck, grumbling and gambling turn and turn about. Burton regarded them with glassy indifference. He had no inkling of the acute dislike they felt for him, or of how they planned to do him up the moment he had the effrontery to address them. He did not know and he did not care. They came to meals promptly from the very first—all, that is, but Dal. He remained in his berth. He was sick, he said.

The steward sought out the mate. "He'll set the ship afire, sir," he complained. "He's a-smokin' some sorter dope, sure's you live. He goes t' sleep with a lighted cigaroot in his hand. I've put out his bedding three times already."

The mate went to the captain. "Speak to Miss Mallory immediately," said Captain Doggett. "I believe all communications have to go through her. With two hundred barrels of distillate aboard we can't take risks. Go and tell her I can't have that."

The mate gazed at him accusingly, but the captain kept his eyes turned away. "Go on and tell her," said he. "I'd do it myself if I wasn't so busy."

"Yes, you would!" muttered Tony Burton.

He went back to the deck. He thought he heard the captain laughing as the cabin door closed. He shook his fist at the gold-beaded white panels. "Quitter!" he growled. But somehow the captain's laughter nerved him for what he had to do. He went straight to Torry's cabin and knocked. A smothered invitation to enter followed, and he opened the door.

She sat upon a camp stool sewing something white and lacy. The gold thimble made a shining yellow cap for her middle finger and showed how slim and small it really was. Burton was aware of a sensation of extreme surprise. It seemed impossible to connect that blustering, loud-voiced young goddess with anything as peaceful as sewing. And as his surprise trembled upon the edge of friendly interest Torry raised her head and showed him the smoldering, sullen anger of her eyes.

"Cap'n says he cannot have your brother smoking in his berth, Miss Mallory," said the mate of the Mary Helen briefly. "It is your youngest brother. The steward has discovered his bedclothes on fire three times. Cap'n says the cabin is just over the hold. We're carrying pulp and a hundred or so barrels of distillate. Cap'n says he cannot have him setting the ship afire." Neither the mate nor the captain knew that Dal had done so already. "Cap'n says he cannot have him smoking dope aboard the Mary Helen," Burton finished cruelly.

Torry put down her sewing; but she did not even give the mate the satisfaction of a glance.

"Tell the captain immediately," she replied, and resumed her work.

Burton closed the door smartly. He had the sensation of having been most insultingly dismissed. He determined to return and report, very fully, to the old man.

He had not gone half the length of the deck when there arose the sound of voices in furious altercation. The mate turned, to see Torry clutching a handsome new leather suitcase and fairly dragging Dal, who clawed at it with both hands.

"Let go," he shouted furiously. "Let go, you—you ——"

But oaths and abuse were an old story to Torry. Crimson and grimly determined she struggled on. The indifference of the other four, who stood and grinned and watched the battle, was not new to her either, though amazing beyond belief to Tony Burton. In silence she strove for the rail; inch by inch she slowly gained. Dal's bare feet scratched and stumbled along the deck, his bent knees quivered with the strain. He saw that he was losing and lifting his hand dealt his sister a blow.

The girl reeled and staggered, but true to the work she had undertaken in her sixth year she staggered to the rail. The suitcase flew from her hands. It opened as it fell, and the thousands of cigarettes it held were scattered on the sea. A moment Torry hung there, as if stunned, and then recovered in a flash. She divined rather than saw the mate's rush along the deck. She faced him, shielding Dal, who cowered at her back.

"Keep off!" she said sternly. Her eyes were cold and menacing; the weight of her brother's hand lay like a red brand of shame across her white, still face.

"You have said all you need," she added in the same measured, bitter tone. "I am aware of what you think." Then her voice broke, the anguish she could not restrain streamed like a shaking banner across the rigid calm of her face. "I will succeed!" she cried. "I tell you I will make them men! I have promised God I would."

She turned abruptly, and it was characteristic of her that she walked more slowly when she showed her back. She trod the deck like an empress and vanished.

"All right," thought Tony Burton. "All right!" He felt that he had cause for furious anger, and yet somehow the thought made him ashamed. "All right, I'll keep my hands off and I'll never speak to you again."

But at last, after days and nights of sweating labor, the mate of the tramp Mary Helen knocked once more on Torry's door.

"Get up, Miss Mallory," said he. "Put on your most durable clothes. The ship's afire and we're leaving her."

II

THERE were five men in the boat besides the six Mallorys—five counting the mate. He was in command. The captain might have portioned out the passengers, but he was struck down by a quick blast of fire and carried unconscious into the boat commanded by the chief engineer, and he, for his part, was glad enough the thing arranged itself as it did. As the five brothers settled themselves comfortably in the stern a canvas bundle of tinned meat grazed Dal's ankle. He seized it with an oath and tossed it into the sea. The crew looked on in silence and then eyed one another. One of them steadied the boat against the steamer's side; another stood to lend a hand when Torry slipped down the rope.

"You can't come here!" cried Norman. "There's hardly room enough for us."

The girl did not reply. She sank down where she stood and crouched low. Her face was stern, as when Burton had last seen it, and stained and furrowed with the marks of many tears. The four sailors once more exchanged glances that held in them something of suggestion, of a half-hinted resolution understood by all.

Burton came down the rope and the boat shoved off. The four sailors crowded close together; the girl sat in a huddled heap, her five brothers sprawled luxuriously in the stern of the boat. For greater comfort Shane turned upon his side.

"What the devil?" he exclaimed. He pulled from beneath him a bag of bread and hurled it far across the water.

Instantly two of the sailors were upon their feet. "Mr. Simons, ahoy!" shouted one through his hands.

"'Hoy!" roared the assistant engineer in the boat nearest.

"We're coming, sir," shouted back the man.

They sprang into the sea. And the two others followed. The Mary Helen, blazing to heaven, showed them reaching the other boats—two to each—and clambering aboard. There was no wind, no sea. The flames from the burning steamer went straight up as if drawing in a chimney; the smoke spread out above in a thick, heavy cloud. Two of the boats drew closer together; the third, containing the mate and the Mary Helen's six passengers, stood off alone. The chief engineer cupped his hands about his mouth:

"Do you want any help, Mr. Burton?"

As if galvanized into life by the engineer's call Torry sat erect. She turned upon Tony Burton in a sudden passionate flare of command and of prayer that was equally imperious, and he, with his blue eyes answering hers steadily, shouted back:

"No." And then: "I'll race you to Clipperton Rock."

"Done!" cried the engineer, and the boatful roared out in loud, ironical laughter.

Tony Burton turned his back upon the burning ship and busied himself with the sail. He was already calling himself a fool for consenting to the request in Torry's gray eyes. "What that bunch in the stern don't know about work," he told himself, "would fill a book—a thick one. And what's the good," he concluded. "The kind of stuff she's got there is shark bait and nothing more."

"There in the stern!" he called. "Who's steering?"

Five pairs of eyes glared amazement at his impertinence. At last: "Steer yourself," said Norman. "We're passengers."

(Continued on Page 61)

Burning, Empty Day After Burning, Empty Day, the Boat Moved North

TAKING THE CURE—By Corinne Lowe

The Treatment of Americans for Europitis

AS THE little gray transatlantic liner sneaked into its American port that September morning the welcoming throng on the docks beheld one woman, squeezed in between a thousand other "first-class" passengers, suddenly lift a wan hand in mute and solemn adjuration. And when some minutes later the weary and travel-stained figure stepped from the gang plank, she reënforced the covenant.

"Never again," murmured she from the lee shoulder of a plump and anxious husband into whose arms she had stepped; "I'm cured of Europe!"

As an individual statement of opinion the quotation cannot be expected either to shake America or to distract Europe from matters now in hand. Taken, however, in connection with an identical sentiment expressed by thousands of returning tourists, the words suggest a reaction from the mental attitude which every year takes millions of American gold away from American shores, and, therefore, possess a very real economic interest.

For some years past Europe has been only secondarily a matter of geography. Primarily it has been a disease, to which were subject thousands of sane and valuable citizens of the United States. In the spring it has come on them like rose fever. The pollen of "that quaint little place in Wales" or of an automobile trip through France has been blown about from New York to California; and the victim of the European obsession has been as unable to ward off a ship as the victim of rose fever is to ward off a sniff.

Waiting Outside the Office of the American Express Company for Money and Mail

Those Perfectly Sweet Uniforms

THIS malady has been indiscriminate in its attacks. It has seized the school-teacher, and obliged her to live all winter cooped up in one small room with a Leonardo da Vinci print, in order that during the summer months she may travel in a stuffy and crowded third-class railway compartment and look at the ruined castle where Richard Cœur de Lion listened to the lay of Blondel. It has pried millionaires away from their private baths and leafy country homes and turned them loose on foreign roads in motors the one destiny of which was to get their owners by historical spots so fast that they could not possibly see them.

In all cases the European disorder has resulted in a proportionate reduction of the standard of comfort. Who, for instance, not absolutely deranged by long and malignant seizures of the bacillus, can defend those sectional dabs at one's anatomy enforced by a system where they have pint pitchers instead of faucets? Who can pretend to enjoy travel in a freight box where the personal element is outraged by dozens of lopsided, unwieldy and generally obtrusive pieces of luggage? Who that has ever been abroad can say that living in Europe is as commodious as living at home?

Right here, however, has lain the very germ of our infirmity. We are not, in fact, far from the truth when we say that one of our greatest national luxuries is the inconvenience of Europe. We whose keen talents are employed in the development of every domestic well-being have simply gloated over the hardships of Europe. We have resented fiercely any infringement of the law of quaintness and inconvenience. Take Berlin, for instance. Has it not long been the subject of that disparaging criticism from our countrymen: "Why, it's a regular American city!"

Picturesqueness! There is the Pied Piper who has led us children of the Western Hemisphere out of our cool verandas and comfortable homes, who has made us turn from the Grand Cañon in order to sit at a smelly café where we could see a Franciscan monk or a booted and spurred officer. Of course, the skipping horde admitted indifferently, American scenery was quite good enough. But after all, who cares for mere trees and water, however admirably placed, in comparison with the "life" of the European city?

Undoubtedly the principal factor in this life of Europe was constituted by the officers. What strange compensating joy there has been for the most of us in the sight of a handsome Austrian colonel crunching his morning roll at an outdoor café! One glance at those fawn-colored "panties," at that tidy little green coat and those fierce mustaches, and I have seen a little New Jersey school-teacher crumple up in a rapturous colic.

"Isn't it too lovely!" I have heard her babble. "That's what we do miss in America—the color of it all."

In our bondage to this foreign "atmosphere" we have gradually lapsed into the belief that the militarism of Europe has been carried on for the special refreshment of the American public. The idea of those pretty little officers ever turning into real men and interfering with our convenience was as preposterous as the notion of a Coney Island Arab suddenly hoisting the Mohammedan flag and bearing down on us with raised scimitar. Even when every country in Europe commenced declaring war on every other country, even when we stood before those sinister mobilization notices in France and Germany and Austria, we couldn't quite divest ourselves of the idea that here was a new and very special feature thought up for our delight by the management of the European Plaisance.

Embarrassed Tourists

AND how was it with us when we were chased from our playground, when the pussy-cat of picturesqueness suddenly rose and scratched? How did we take the lessons learned in weary and laborious flights across warring countries, in steerage transportation back to our own discarded land, in the collapse of savings and, above all, in the overwhelming and humiliating knowledge that Europe had no further use for the American tourist? Pursuit of these inquiries must possess undoubted fascination for those concerned in the final conquest of the European obsession.

There is no finding out exactly how many of us were abroad this year when picturesqueness bristled into militarism. Paris itself, however, was simply infested with Americans—to the poignant grief of certain refined young architects whose one concentrated effort was to get away from what Mr. Kipling pleasantly tabulates as our "throaty tribe." The significant fact about all these people, the one touching testimony to our childlike faith in Europe as a mere pleasure park designed for American tourists, was that even on Friday, the last day of July, you saw large and undisturbed groups from Kalamazoo and Portland booking for Versailles and dawdling about the Pantheon.

It was on this date that an unpleasant consciousness of money first woke in the heart of the guileless tourist putting up in Paris. Queues of people—mostly French—wiggled from the doors of the various branches of the Crédit Lyonnais. Paper bills were distressingly hard to cash, and even at the big department stores only a limited amount of silver was available.

Apropos of this last difficulty, one remembers that a well-dressed American woman, taking the usual wheelbarrow full of gloves from the Bon Marché on that morning of July thirty-first, awoke immediately to the horrors of war upon being told that she could not get forty francs of change in silver money

"What!" cried she indignantly. "Do you mean to say that after I have bought gloves at this shop for the last ten years you refuse to accommodate me?"

"But, madam," remonstrated the clerk gently, "we can't get silver from the banks."

"Well," replied our countrywoman, "all I can say is that if this is French gratitude I hope the Germans win."

By the next day Paris witnessed a progression in monetary embarrassment. Where now were the good times when an American was accepted at face value, when everybody in Europe turned a handspring—and

(Continued on Page 32)

American Refugees in Flight From the War Zone

THE REFUGEES

A NIGHT AMONG THE PEASANT FUGITIVES AT OSTEND

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IF WAR is hell, then I have just returned from the back door of Tophet—and the door was wide open. I have passed at Ostend the night of that day on which the German army occupied Brussels and advanced to Ghent.

Only a few weeks ago I knew Ostend as one of the six gayest and most fashionable seaside resorts in the world. Here, set in the midst of a countryside both industrial and agricultural, is a city of pleasure, with a winter population of about forty-three thousand, which in summer becomes eight hundred and seventy-five thousand. From nine in the morning until five at night the broad beach is alive with laughing men and pretty women in those scanty bathing suits that accompany the modesty of bathing machines.

The Digue, that stone dike, often thirty-five feet wide, which runs along the three miles of coast to Mariakerke, is lined with grandiose hotels and flamboyant private villas, and is crowded with idlers, who have come here to spend money accumulated in every coinage of the two hemispheres. Military bands are playing Viennese waltzes; love is being made in ten languages. Six thousand persons are seated in the Kursaal's concert hall—six hundred are dancing in its ballroom; to its gaming salon have come gamblers from over three-quarters of the earth. And all the while the trains are steaming into the Station d'Ostende-ville, and the boats are chugging up to Ostende-quai and disgorging more bathers, lovers, dancers, gamesters: belles of Paris boulevards, beaus of Unter den Linden and the Ringstrasse, brokers from Wall Street, card sharps from London.

That is over. When I left it Ostend looked like the lake front of Chicago must have looked during the great fire. Nowhere have I ever had so poignantly brought home to me the completeness with which a week of war can wipe out a century of peace.

The city is still overcrowded, but not with merrymakers; the beach is still alive, but not with laughter. The hotels are closed, the villas shuttered, the bands silent, the idlers gone. The feet that danced have fled; where the gambler clinked his coins there rattle the bones of poverty; on those sands where lovers whispered, fear elbows fear. The trains bring soldiers; the roads pour in refugees; most of the boats, except those used for governmental purposes, have ceased to run.

The Ghost of a Gay City

THOSE women of the boulevards have returned to a saddened Paris; those beaus of Berlin and Vienna are bearing death to Belgium or facing it on the Danube; the Wall Street broker is in Liverpool, vainly trying to draw against his now valueless letter of credit for steerage passage home; and that London plunger has gone back to an England which clamors for more and more men to send to the front. Its guests departed, its industries discontinued, its port empty—Ostend the garish has become a "city of dreadful night"; it is little better than it was in 1604, when, with the French and English, as now, its allies, it capitulated, after a three-years' siege, to the Genoese, Ambrogio di Spinola.

Our boat, on which I may as well say at once I had no business to be, had tipped through the earlier darkness without a light showing. To me, standing well forward on the spray-soaked deck, it seemed that we could not yet be anywhere near shore—we were a black thing pitching through limitless black space—when suddenly we were drenched in a hideous blue radiance.

I can give you no idea of the shock except to say that it must have been much as it would be for a blind man were he to regain his sight at an instant when his eyes were fixed on the noonday sun. Under it we were worse than blind. I believe there was no one on board who did not stagger from this sudden radiance as though from a blow in the face. It was the combined military searchlights accurately spying us out, plucking us from our secret darkness with a long arm of illumination that made our approach more public than an approach at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There were orders—megaphonic cries out of the night; there was the clank of machinery. Our engines jolted, stopped; chains rattled; a boat came alongside, and an officer and six soldiers swarmed, like so many rats, over the rail.

The officer, when he had satisfied himself of our captain, came on me. I had a camera and a pair of field glasses slung across my shoulders.

"It is necessary that you surrender this camera," he said in his thick Belgian French. "I shall return it when you leave; but not now to give it up is to be arrested."

I said I was an American citizen, and ——

"It is necessary that you surrender this camera," he interrupted by repeating. "I shall return it when you leave; but not now to give it up is to be arrested."

I was not arrested. When he had possessed himself of my camera he asked:

"Are you a journalist?"

I told him no; for when I entered newspaper work, eighteen years ago, the head copy reader assured me that I should never become one. Besides, I had been informed that all correspondents in Belgium not citizens of one of the allied powers would be shot. I accounted for my presence in another way.

Then he looked at my binocular and saw it was of German manufacture. I had to flourish my passport and explain that I had bought the glass in New Orleans.

Ostend, when they finally let us ashore, was to me less familiar than when I visited it the first time. I used to know it well; now I could scarcely find my way about. The very streets seemed to have shifted their directions. It was a nightmare town.

Picture to yourself Atlantic City closed in mid-season—its gayety stopped as by a single shot; its visitors fled in fright; all its accustomed life brought to a standstill, sudden and complete. Imagine the bulk of its male citizens, as its music ceased in the middle of a bar, whisked away to battle. Imagine military rule then as suddenly substituted for civil law—the banks closed; food prices mounting; the electric cars with women conductors, and old men in the drivers' places; no boats in the Inlet; no rolling chairs, no ponies, no bathers in view; hotels shut up; sentinels at the corners; Philadelphia captured by an advancing enemy; Camden occupied; a line of flaming battle all along the Pennsylvania boundary to New York: and the enemy, with death in his hands, coming nearer—nearer—over the flatlands, perhaps through the water, now and then visibly through the clouds of the air!

Pour into that Atlantic City, thus disorganized, stunned, panic-stricken, three times its accustomed population, in the shape of all the countryfolk from the Delaware River on the west and from nearby towns on the south and north. Fill the Pennsylvania Railroad Station with them, and the Reading; crowd them along all the pavements of all the streets, up the Boardwalk and down; toss them on to the beach—women, children and old men, some wounded, more ill, all robbed of their material possessions, and many robbed of the lives of those they loved best on earth!

Do this, and you have Ostend as I saw it.

It was a town of wandering and frightened ghosts—a town full of those who mourned their dead, and themselves expected to die at any hour.

Ostend faces the North Sea—a body of water that has not yet had its bloody rebaptism as the German Ocean—with the canal running at right angles on the east. We had come up this latter and landed at the Station Maritime. That brought us well to the back of the city, to reach the center of which we had to cross a drawbridge to the Quai de l'Empereur and so make our way past the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul to the wide Rue de la Chapelle and the town hall.

Flying From the Germans

NO SOONER had I come to the plaza on which stands the big, twin-towered church than I was in the midst of the refugees; and from that moment, wherever I went about the town, I remained surrounded by them. I was caught in a troubled, forward-trudging, endless tide, making northward—rustics in all the picturesque costumes of their countryside; women with babies at their breasts; toddling children crying and tugging at their mothers' skirts or their grandfathers' jackets; white-haired men bent double with age; girls with swollen eyes and boys with lips compressed; the lame, the blind and the deformed.

I saw one young woman in a bedraggled wedding dress and was told that, her fiancé having been called to the front on the day before that set for their wedding, she had gone mad and insisted on wearing her wedding dress when she fled with her mother from the oncoming Germans.

I saw two graybeards with great crêpe rosettes on their hats, and they explained to me that they were mourners at a funeral in their village when the uhlans suddenly appeared; the coffin was hastily lowered into the grave and the entire funeral party took to their heels. The majority of these fugitives were in their bright holiday clothes, and I asked why.

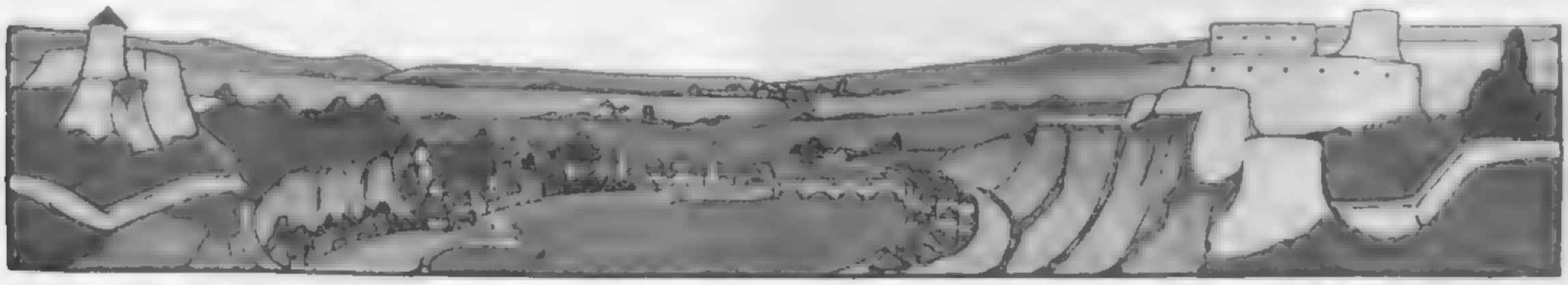
"Because," was always the answer, "it was the easiest way to carry them, and we did not want to leave them behind for the enemy."

It is hard to convey by merely written words the horror of these travel-soiled and dust-stained gala garments in that night of terror and death.

Every human being at all able to carry anything carried some bundle, always heavier than the weakness of its bearer should have endured, stuffed with such household treasures, old heirlooms, convertible property or pathetic keepsakes as could be snatched in the first heat of flight.

One woman of seventy had a cotton handkerchief stuffed with the silver buttons cut from the clothes of her long-dead parents—"The happier for being dead," said she—and from those of her husband and sons, now somewhere

(Continued on Page 36)



Turning Round on a Smaller Margin

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE NEW BUSINESS ERA CALLS FOR CONSTRUCTIVE ECONOMY

SINCE John Bull began building big ocean liners and sending them over to be docked on the West Side of the City of New York, the dock authorities on this side have been considerably perplexed by the difficulty of berthing nine-hundred-foot monsters in the Hudson, a river three-quarters of a mile wide.

Meantime John Bull has been launching these huge ships in mere ditches; for his shipbuilding industry centers on the River Clyde, which is a brook compared with the Hudson, and at Belfast, where there is not very much more room.

The ordinary method of launching a ship is to let it slide into the water, stern foremost, at right angles to the stream. That calls for plenty of seaway. Possibilities for launching in that manner were long ago exhausted on the Clyde and shipbuilders there have developed an elaborate method of their own, building the vessel nearly parallel with the stream and launching it so as to utilize the stream length. Even then special safeguards are needed—hydraulic triggers to prevent the mass from moving too fast and devices to bring it to a stop as soon as it is in the water. Without these, the wave thrown up by a launching might douse half of Scotland.

If a royal commission had been appointed to select the worst possible site in Great Britain for a big shipbuilding industry, probably the choice of the River Clyde would have been unanimous, for this river is extremely rich in natural disadvantages. Yet these very disadvantages are credited with having made the Clydebank industry, for they have compelled shipbuilders to give close study to the problems involved and to conquer limitations by brains. Within the past few years the last of those shipyards that were once so busy and prosperous on roomy Father Thames, near London, has disappeared before Clyde competition.

In Europe business is generally held down to slender margins of cost and profit. The natural limitations in raw material and bitter competition make business men ingenious in economizing, adapting and inventing. In the United States, however, business has been done on a liberal scale up to the present time.

Reducing Wastes

AT THE bottom of most manufacturing and trading there are ten great staple materials—iron, copper, lumber, cotton, wool, coal, oil, wheat, livestock and corn. This country leads in quantity production of all but one of the big staples—wool. That comes pretty near telling the story.

Now, however, a new era has begun. At home our margins of cost and profit are being reduced. There is more competition than there used to be. Prices of raw materials are rising. Large-scale production and other factors have altered the whole situation. Abroad we must meet competition on the basis of our lowered tariff, and we are obliged to sell more manufactured goods to pay for imports as our exports of raw foodstuffs dwindle.

In nearly every line the American business man now feels the pinch of these new circumstances. Many are worried, thinking the country has come to the end of prosperity forever. Others regard the trouble as temporary and blame it on the politicians or on the times; but the majority now see that there is a different state of affairs to reckon with and are bringing intelligence to bear on the problems—and that is the right way.

An English manufacturer said, a few years ago, that Europe need never fear this country as a competitor until just that sort of shrinking margin forced our business men to study economy as it is practiced abroad. But when that happened, he added, there might be everything to fear, for, with better methods added to our advantages in raw materials, we ought to beat the world. And now that has happened.

In most business enterprises four main items of cost make up the expense, and these are now being studied separately with a view to effecting economies.

First comes Burden, or interest on capital invested, overhead charges on plant, expenses such as rent, power, heat, light, insurance, and the like. Second—Materials, or the raw stuff from which goods are made in manufacturing, and goods themselves in mercantile business. Third—Labor. Fourth—Executive Expenses, such as management, selling, accounting, and so on.

Under the apparently dry item of Burden some amazing leaks are being discovered—expenses that business has been carrying for years, sometimes without realizing it or as a matter of custom, or sometimes as a waste tolerated because it seemed indirect and unpreventable. The reduction of these wastes is very far from cheeseparing.

Last year, for example, our fire-insurance companies paid, in actual losses for burned property, one hundred and ninety million dollars. A large proportion was for business property. That is nearly one per cent of the wholesale value of all our manufactured goods.

If an expert walked into a manufacturer's office and offered to save ten per cent of the pay roll, without cutting wages or even allowing employees to suspect it, the manufacturer would want to hear about his scheme—if he were sane.

Now the fire-insurance business cannot be conducted for nothing. Last year our fire-insurance companies collected premiums aggregating three hundred and seventy million dollars, or about twice the fire losses paid. Measured as an item of cost, that is over ten per cent of all the wages paid in a year by all our manufacturing establishments. Of course business men pay their share of insurance, as well as farmers, owners of homes, and so on; but much of this expense comes back eventually as a tax on manufactured goods, direct or indirect.

Our fire loss has been given lots of publicity during the past few years; but the real leak is in fire-insurance loss. And in studying the problem of doing business on smaller margins this stands out prominently as an item of Burden that almost every business man can reduce, if not eliminate. The attempt is being made in all sorts of ways, from that of the small concern, which finds insurance rates can be lowered by cleaning up premises, making alterations and adding a few improvements like automatic sprinklers, to that of the big concern able to house its departments in separate fireproof buildings, install sprinklers and its own fire-fighting equipment, either carrying the insurance charge itself or reducing it to almost nothing.

The Manager Talked to Him Like a Father

Another item in the Burden account full of possibilities for saving is that of power. Our factories now use more than twenty million primary horsepower. At the rate of twenty dollars a horsepower for a year, that involves an expense of four hundred million dollars, or more than ten per cent of the factory pay roll. The virgin wealth of California in the days of Forty-nine was mere carfare compared with what can be and is being mined from this item of Burden.

Wastes begin at the coal pile and under the boiler, with poorly designed equipment, badly run. Even in careful Germany it has been found that steam ashes contain from ten to twenty per cent of finely powdered coke—unburned energy bought, paid for and charged up to the power account, but never delivered to the shafts or motors in useful work.

Wastes Begin at the Coal Pile and Under the Boiler

Saving on Margins

THE latest discoveries about margins for speeding up men by time studies and bonus wages have their counterpart in the boiler room. Boilers are measured by a standard known as manufacturer's rating, and it was supposed until lately that driving them beyond this rating would lead to damage and expense; but, with automatic stokers and other apparatus, it was found possible to push them to fifty per cent more than the rating during sudden demands for power—as in the peak load of a trolley system or electric-lighting station—and then to two hundred and three hundred per cent. And to-day four hundred per cent is quite common in one New York street-car power system.

The savings by such operation are many, but principally along the line of making present plant do all the work, and obviating the need of additional equipment, which must stand idle more than half the working day.

There is the saving of big power units as against small ones. In a big Southern power plant not long ago the working force in the boiler room was reduced from fifty-four to twenty-two men by installing several boilers of six hundred and sixty-five horsepower to replace a collection of old boilers averaging about two hundred and fifty horsepower each, and by the use of turbines instead of reciprocating engines. Thousands of other power plants in this country will yield similar savings when the intelligence of the management discovers them and effects improvements.

Power losses in the plant through all sorts of leaks—improper transmission; poor lubrication; shafts out of alignment, and the like—are waiting to be run down and abolished. Usually they are tolerated because individually they seem small; but the aggregate cost in a year would provide a fat salary.

Some time ago a large manufacturing concern switched over from steam to electric power, and it was found that two elevators would not rise. Investigation disclosed the fact that they were without counterbalance weights, and for years the old power plant had been lifting them bodily at every trip.

Waste heat is an interesting item in the Burden account. Passengers on London motor omnibuses sometimes complain because they are not heated, and an engineer pointed out an amusing paradox in the operation of those vehicles—a thoroughly British joke; for, while the passengers are shivering and growling, every forty-horsepower motor omnibus in London is throwing away heat at the rate of

two million foot pounds a minute. It boils out of the radiator of the gas engine in front and pours as hot vapor from the exhaust pipe behind.

This same situation exists in thousands of power plants and factories. Waste of heat has been going on for years unsuspected or disregarded, yielding no by-product—not even a good joke.

Now, however, steps are being taken to utilize spent steam from boilers and the jacket water and exhaust heat of gas engines, turning them into work and comfort. One factory finds that it can sell its exhaust steam to neighbors for house heating, and lays down a little district heating plant that brings a snug revenue. Another devises a system whereby the heat from an eight-horsepower gas engine warms its workrooms and runs a drying closet, saving a dollar a day. In still another the exhaust steam from the boiler yields an abundance of distilled drinking water for employees; and the gains in health and efficiency have been visible from the day this plan was instituted.

As an indication of overlooked values in waste heat, a recent development in England is interesting. John Bull makes ten million tons of pig iron yearly and in the process produces two hundred million tons of slag, heated to fifteen hundred degrees centigrade. The heat in this slag has thus far been wasted; in fact, it has cost money to cool it off. Now one British ironworks has overcome the difficulties connected with turning it into steam and has a plant that makes it yield power for electric generators. This plant is still rather costly, yet the current thus secured is already twenty-five per cent cheaper than electricity-made steam from the regular boilers, and expenses are bound to be lessened as the process is improved.

Uncle Sam makes three times as much pig iron as John Bull, and thus we have ahead of us an economy in the squeal of our pig iron far beyond that achieved in our famed saving of everything except the squeal of the pig.

Rent is another heavy item of Burden in most businesses because thus far the growth of our industries has led to the crowding of cities and towns, and the pushing up of real-estate values; but steps are now being taken to reduce rent and realty charges. Many concerns are large enough to move into the country on lands of their own, reducing the burden costs and living expenses of their employees.

Others are too small to do this, yet are being taken away from the high-rent centers of cities into new factory districts outside planned especially for their needs, where they have space in modern fireproof buildings at lower rents, buy their power, heat, light and other services on a wholesale basis, and economize in transportation, trucking and the like. Our cities are, in fact, beginning to be unscrambled.

There is a persistent movement of business out of the high-rent centers, with a consequent drop in realty values and rents and a lessening of congestion. Improved transportation is partly responsible, but the pressure of burden expenses in business is also a factor. As the need for economy is bound to persist, this unscrambling of cities has just begun.

Burden includes taxes, an item in the cost of doing business far larger than is suspected. Our railroads pay an average of ten per cent of their net earnings in taxes, and in some states as much as twenty to thirty per cent. Public-service corporations, manufacturers and merchants are taxed as heavily, and the expense seems to be constantly increasing. While business vigorously fights the taking over of its functions by the state as a theory, the state is actually taking a larger and larger slice of business every year in the form of taxes.

Heretofore the business man has frequently met this situation by all sorts of underhand devices, such as paying blackmail to politicians, opposing community improvements in the effort to hold down taxes, and manipulating the valuations under which he is taxed; but now he begins to see that the true solution to the whole problem lies in having a part in community management himself, applying his ability to make it more efficient as well as more economical, and getting better value in government for the money.

Burden includes old items of expense, like interest, depreciation, amortization and the idle time of a plant due to irregular operation of the business through slack seasons. It also includes new expenses that are steadily being saddled on every business concern, such as liabilities under fairer accident compensation laws, the reduction of hours of labor, stricter regulations and inspections of plant, processes and products, and similar conditions, which have been developed so fast during the past few years that the average business man has hardly been able to keep track of them all.

Concluded on Page 58

THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

V

GIRARD, as may be imagined, had little difficulty in securing Mrs. Carruthers' house. It was a charming nest of a place and full of pleasant souvenirs, especially for the Girards, since it was there that each had won and been won. Mrs. Carruthers' servants were agreeably disposed, and fell easily into the ways of Mr. and Mrs. Girard.

"Oh, to be in England now that April's here!" sings the poet; and the newly wedded pair were in England not only for April, but for May as well. If, indeed, one can manage to pull through March the procession of the months following is one enthralling advance of loveliness.

May was very fair, and Geoffrey and Amorette spent long, busy hours gardening and contemplating their field of labor. The real true gardeners were busy, very busy, elsewhere; but the hedged-in square, with the little fountain and long oval beds, was a lovely place in which to cultivate Nature by fits and starts.

"I don't see why we shouldn't always keep this in order ourselves," said the lady, who had never taken any interest in gardens before. "You can run the lawn-mower and I'll clip the edges, and we'll plant things and weed them every day. Every one should do some hard work. It says so in the Bible. And we can have lunch brought out to us exactly as if we were really working. And you can take off your coat."

"Yes," said the gentleman, who was in his way fully as adaptable as she whom he had married. "And when we have people stopping here they can come out and help us—they can take off their coats too."

"Only they must know what to pull up," warned Amorette, pruning a rosebush absent-mindedly. "It will be awful if, just as we ourselves begin to know, our company should go digging up the violets. The gardener says they never are taken up. He was quite vexed over my mistaking them for weeds."

"The violets don't matter much," mused Girard, holding her hand abstractedly; "but you must learn the difference between angleworms and cutworms."

"But I hate worms," said Amorette peevishly, "and I don't want to have any in this little plot of our very own. There is plenty of room for them outside—the whole park."

They stood still, she with her left hand in his and her right hand still snipping.

"Do you know," she observed presently, coloring a little, "I am frightened. I am afraid that we are so happy that we are going to be like other people. I won't have it, you know. I won't get dumpy and lose my figure. I won't settle down."

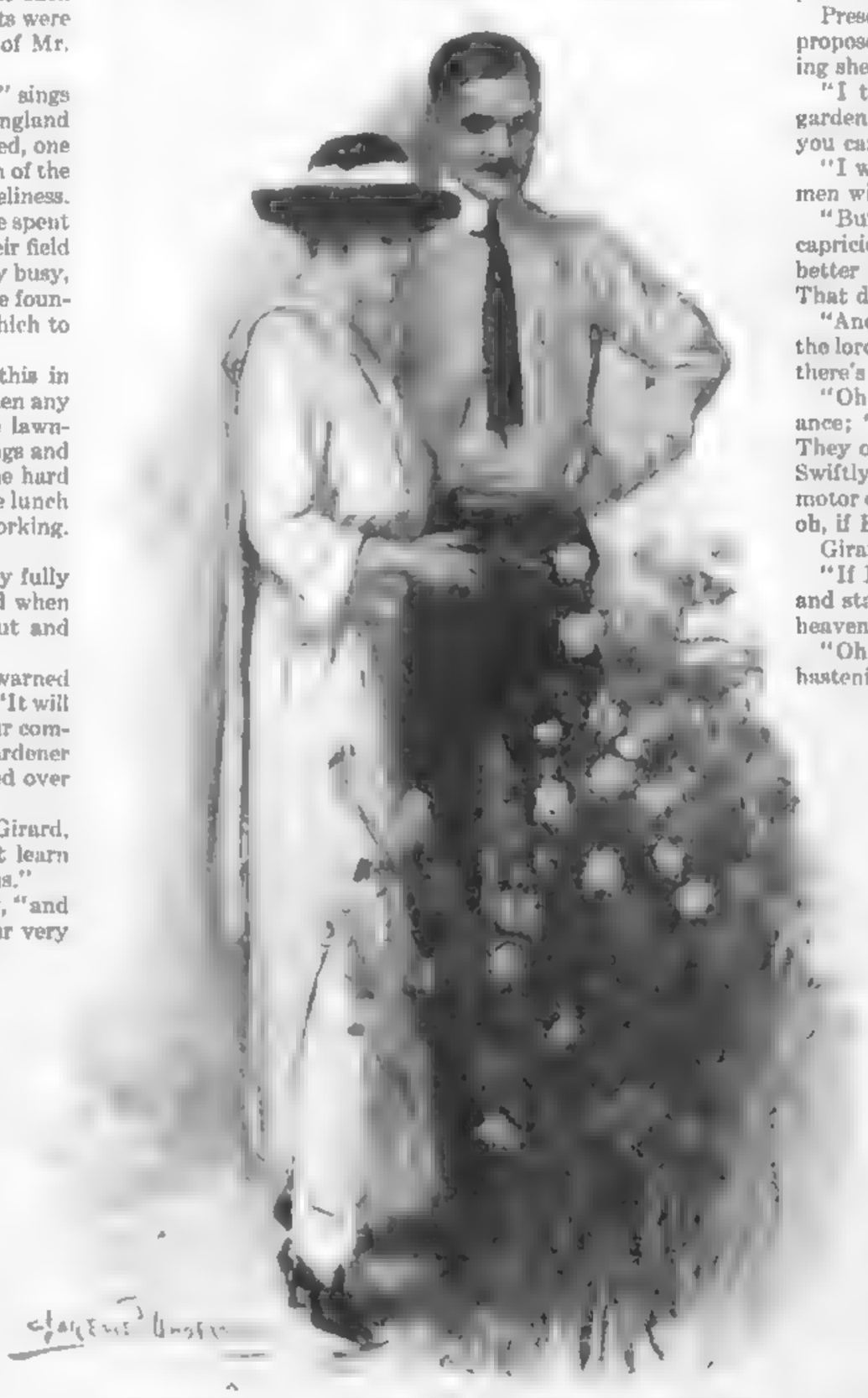
"What shall we do?" he asked anxiously.

"I must keep on being interesting," she declared, lifting her big Irish eyes to his. "I must bother some more men."

"Yes, surely," he agreed. "I don't want you to lose your figure either. Make me out a list and I'll do what I can to get the men down here."

"I will think," she said, still snipping.

He turned and contemplated the rosebush.



"I Am Afraid That We are So Happy That We are Going to Be Like Other People"

"Do you mean it to bloom next year or the year after?" he asked interestedly.

She started. "Oh, I wasn't thinking. Just see the poor bare thing! How very thoughtless!"

Presently the sun became uncomfortably hot and she proposed going in. Her husband gathered up the pruning shears and other tools.

"I think we ought to have a little box to put the garden things in," suggested Amorette. "I hate to see you carrying them."

"I won't carry them far—just to where some of the men will see them."

"But that's lazy, dropping them like that." What a capricious little fay she was! "Perhaps after all we'd better not do gardening. We can catalogue the books. That doesn't wet one's feet."

"And it's even dirtier work than pulling weeds," said the lord of the manor. Then suddenly: "Oh, dash it all, there's a motor!"

"Oh!" cried his lady sharply with manifest annoyance; "how horrid to come in the morning like this! They ought to know that I don't want to see them." Swiftly her tone altered as she caught a glimpse of a pink motor cloak. "It's Alice Castlerock," she cried. "Oh—oh, if Harry is back!" But her face wasn't at all glad.

Girard fairly beamed.

"If Harry Cayley is back he must come straight here and stay," he said emphatically. "It is as the answer of heaven to your fear of just now. He'll save your figure."

"Oh, but I can't play with him!" objected Amorette, hastening houseward.

"Why not? The very thing. We'll ask him and the Castlerocks for the rhododendrons."

"Well, perhaps." But then she bethought herself. "The first Sunday of the rhododendrons," she corrected. "The whole of the rhododendrons would be too long."

"Ask them all for Sunday, and get Cayley to stop on indefinitely," suggested the obliging man. "I never did believe that story."

By this time the motor had circled forward and disappeared round the front of the house, so that they could approach the side entrance unseen. Amorette abruptly became all blushes and sparkle. "It will be sport to see people," she veered again. "It's really awfully good of you, Geoffrey. And after all Harry is fun."

"Fun? I should say so! He's by far the cleverest man you've ever met, or ever will meet."

"Oh, I don't think that. I don't think that he's any cleverer—don't really think he's as clever as you."

"Oh, he's much brainier than I am," insisted Girard. "Every one will tell you that."

They had mounted the stair now, and Pickens was already pouring hot water as she imparted that Lady Castlerock and Captain Cayley were waiting in the great hall. Amorette rapidly slipped into many sweet and

dainty arraymenta. When finished she fluttered off, keenly conscious of the joy of showing an old lover what a lovely possession his rival had secured. Before she reached the hall she was reveling as well—but this was an after-thought—in the prospect of showing him what a superior creature she herself had achieved. But at the arch of the hall she paused, a bit staggered. Girard was already sitting comfortably by the chimney-piece, quite the master of the demesne, and staring pleasantly at Cayley and his sister alternately. At sight of Amorette he sprang to his feet and advanced to meet her with:

"Darling, it was rather shabby how I deprived all your friends of wedding privileges, so I've told the Captain that he may kiss you, as an old friend's right exacts."

All the blood streamed into her face and something like anger blazed in her eyes. Nevertheless, she was fully equal to the occasion. As the tall, bronzed, distinguished-looking young officer approached her, his eagerness ill disguised, her presence of mind rose to the rescue.

"On my hand," she said, extending it with dignity as she spoke.

Cayley, looking rather abashed and awkward, brushed it with warm lips, and Lady Castlerock, who seemed to have absorbed some of the soldierly bearing of her brother, laughed aloud.

"They were once terribly in love, these two," she remarked to the husband. And then to the wife: "You've married a delightful man, Amo. He will have it that we shall all come over for the rhododendrons."

Mrs. Girard opened her eyes wide. The flush had gone from her cheeks and she was now pallid with suppressed rage.

"But that's very stupid of him," she said in mock surprise, "because we're going up to town then. I'm to be presented on my marriage. He's evidently forgotten."

Girard controlled himself with an effort. He wasn't as startled as might have been expected, because he knew when he married her that she was clever. It was one of the things that he had admired in her.

As for Captain Cayley, he carefully adjusted his glass and stared at nothing at all. Lady Castlerock laughed embarrassedly. The call was not prolonged.

When at length husband and wife were alone together there was a typical marital scene.

"If you ever tell another man that he may kiss me I'll leave you—I'll certainly leave you," cried the bride, clinging closer to him every second. "You are too awful! Cayley, too, who always tells! No woman ever could bear him because of just that. I always was dying to kiss him, and I never dared because of just that. He is always so fascinating and women are always just wild about him. But not one of them ever dares, because of just that."

"I love you for a score of things," confessed her husband, encouraging her clinging tendency; "but I never love you more than when you flame. You were perfectly superb when I suggested that kiss. You were personified indignation. I never realized before that indignation could be so gloriously beautiful."

She clung closer still and almost smiled. "I don't see how you could have embarrassed me so."

"Embarrassed you! I hadn't the faintest intention of doing anything of the sort. I thought I'd please you. I thought you'd enjoy being kissed by Cayley. From what you said in the garden about bothering some more men, I fancied you'd like a change, that you were growing tired of my kisses already, and"—he glanced down at her. Her eyes were demurely bent upon the hearth rug—"and," he went on, "I knew Cayley would be delighted."

"You—you brute!" she cried, breaking away from him and dropping into the nearest chair.

Girard turned his back to the fireplace and thrust his hands deep into his coat pockets.

"I—I'll never make such a blunder again," he said presently, plainly much disturbed. "Gracious heavens! The idea that I've got to face a London season and buy you a court train—and all for such a mere bit of honest good will."

She neither moved nor looked up, so he walked round behind her chair. "Really, you know, I am so self-sacrificing where you are concerned that I'm liable at any minute to overstep and ——" But there he stopped, knowing other and better ways of treating the situation.

"I honestly am terribly hurt," murmured Amorette in a pleasantly subdued and happy tone when she regained her breath. "You do let me in for the most awful messes ——"

"Apropos of the presentation?" queried her husband.

She struggled to her feet.

"Apropos of everything. But I have married you and I must bear it. That is the way of life. I ought to have chosen Clovelly; we suited each other perfectly. He never would have told any man that he could kiss me. He never ——"

But by that time, since she had been walking away, she was too far away for her voice to carry back. Girard turned into the library. Well, he had married her, and this was May, and already two men were scratched from the list. He smiled and lit a cigar.

Amorette Was Telling Her Friends How Infinitely Happy She Was

VI

THEY flashed up to town the week following. Girard drove the car himself, and they spent the night at that quaintest of quaint inns in Peppersbury. After dinner they wandered in the cathedral close.

"I think that it is so pleasant to be romantic," sighed Amorette. "I've always been so fond of romance."

"You must be very careful," cautioned her husband in an admonitory tone, which he put on and off with the greatest ease. "You treat romance so cavalierly. You'll kill the pretty thing presently if you're not careful."

She looked up at him with wide, questioning eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I mean your tendencies are fast becoming most commonplace. I try to provide romance, and you rebel. It isn't the wisest course to take, I warn you. We'll get humdrum if you don't cease acting like other women."

"When have I acted like other women?" she asked smartly. "Whatever do you mean?"

Her companion lifted a rebuking finger. "Pray remember that this is a close," he said gravely. "Every word you speak here is recorded. When have you acted like other women! Pray, when have you not acted like them? An originally disposed feminine thing would have kissed Cayley."

"And had him laughing at his clubs."

"I will take care of the clubs," said Girard cryptically. "You need not fear Cayley's being too mirthful over your kiss. But really, my dearest, I am disappointed. You gave me to understand distinctly that if I married you you would still throw considerable of the burden on other men, and I fear that you are not keeping your word. You bid fair to behave shockingly to your old lovers. They can't but notice it. You think they won't, but they will."

She looked up at the slender spire piercing the moonlight, and he almost fancied that she was winking tears.

"They seem so dull," she murmured. "Somehow it doesn't appear the same. And I don't dare be alone with them. I always used to risk it, because I hoped they'd snatch me hard and kiss me; but now I don't dare be alone for fear that one will."

"But what harm would it be?"

She linked her hands round his arm and laid her face against his shoulder. "I couldn't bear it," she whispered. "You are very horrid, but somehow I cannot care for anybody else."

He pressed a hand over hers and spoke with real feeling. "I know what you mean, darling, and I am grateful. Indeed I am. But truly, dear heart, you must be reasonable. You must really. Only I, who am your husband, can appreciate the misery of those men who struggled so far along the thorny road of love and then just missed the goal of victory. It's but a little thing for you to be kind to them and I think you ought to do it. If I had ever made a woman love me as these poor fellows love you, I should feel it my bounden duty to go at least twice a year and give her a happy afternoon. But women have never loved me like that," he added.

She smiled and frowned together. "You awful liar!" she commented pleasantly. "Have you forgotten that this is a close?"

They had supper in the Earl of Warwick's chamber and then they sought their own.

"I wish that we hadn't to lunch with Clovelly tomorrow," said Amorette. "I'm afraid that he won't like you—much."

"Oh, yes, he'll like me very much," declared her husband. "All men like me, I'm so obliging by nature. I let every one do just what he pleases."

"Except me!" put in Amorette.

"I'm engaged in a great undertaking," he pursued. "It contemplates the gradual development of your resources. You don't understand, of course, because you're only a woman; but I mean it kindly."

"I wish that I understood better," she whispered. "I wish I knew whether you really mean what you say or are joking. I do wonder."

"You are puzzled because your brain is that of a woman," was his gentle rejoinder. "You look only to the present, while my aim is to the best result for the future. It is hardly worth while to try to make you understand the full importance of all that I do; but I know what I am doing, and that is all that matters."

Amorette felt inexpressibly depressed. "Shall I kiss Clovelly?" she asked faintly after a minute. "Is that what you wish?"

"I should like it, of course," answered Girard. "But equally of course you may do just as you please."

"But—I think your being there spoils men's feelings. They don't act as they used to."

"I will get out tactfully," he promised. "I can always manage that."

Amorette was quiet for several minutes. Then she shuddered.

"What's the matter?" her husband asked.

"I don't want to kiss any one but you."

"My dear"—his tone was very vigorous—"you are really too feminine for words. Don't you see how very commonplace and average and ordinary and plebeian all that is? If you wish to live the usual life of six months of honeymoon, two years of tolerance, and then absolute aversion, just go on as you have begun. But if you are really anxious to be happy, for heaven's sake let me direct our course. You have been a terrible flirt, and nothing but the most skillful treatment possible can eradicate the poison from your system. Now do you want to be cured or not?"

There was a long, a very long pause.

"But don't you think that I am cured?" came the question at last.

"Cured!" cried her husband. "Cured! Why, my love, you know that you tingle all over with delight every time that you have a chance to flaunt me in the face of an old lover."

"Of course I do. Isn't that natural?"

"Certainly. But it proves you are very far from being indifferent to them."

Another pause. Then:

"I see. Well, if you'll go out of the room to-morrow I'll kiss Clovelly."

"You promise?"

"Ye—yes. I—I promise."

VII

THEY arrived in town quite early in the day and stopped at Claridge's. Directly he had made a fresh toilet Girard went out.

"I'll meet you in Sloane Street," he said. "I'll be there when you come."

"Don't be late," she begged.

When he had gone she began dressing. She took a long time to it, reflecting keenly the while on that horrid insight which had perceived her innermost satisfaction when she exhibited her husband.

"But I'd never have married him if he hadn't been nice," she said to herself. "I think it's a very natural way to look at a husband. It would be too awful to be married to one you couldn't bear to have any one see."

Eventually the man announced the car and she went down. Less than ten minutes later she reached the somber house where Lord Clovelly had lived in stern solitude for

ten years or more, and was shown up to a familiar mauve drawing room crowded with gorgeous bronzes. Girard was not there.

Clovelly stood alone before the chimney-piece awaiting her. He was older than Geoffrey, sparer and not quite so tall. His hair, which had begun to thin on the crown and whiten at the temples, was very smoothly and glossily brushed. His small mustaches were waxed to needle points. Altogether he looked the aristocrat he was to the fingertips, which were carefully manicured.

"Your husband's detained," he said, dropping his monocle as they approached each other. "He won't be able to come. He just wired."

"Oh!" she gasped, fluttering.

He had her hand. Of all her lovers, to be loved by this man had been at once her greatest honor and her greatest joy. And now it felt so odd to be alone with him, and to wonder, with an acuteness that was rapid and earth-rocking, if he really would kiss her.

Would he? Would he not? She had given her word and she would give the kiss. But

The immaculate, the admirably poised gentleman stood hesitant, holding her hand in his and smiling his always rather somber smile. "You don't want it now," he said, as if reading her very soul. She blushed up to her eyes and perhaps even farther. "You'd rather not. He does really satisfy and render you happy and content then?"

"Oh, yes." She was doubly fluttered now. "I'm very happy."

"I am glad." He loosed her hand, walked to the bell and rang it. "I'm glad because I feared so that you would suffer."

"Suffer!"

"You were a variously constituted creature who fed on many diets and drank at many springs. Sometimes such a one starves and thirsts in a field with a mere brook."

Amorette tried to laugh. "But I like my field and my brook," she said.

"But didn't you find your house a bit dark when the shutters first went up?"

"They never went up."

"They never went up?"

"No, I'm just as free as ever. It is I who am tired; not he who forbids."

"Ah," said Clovelly, "I see. Or perhaps I only think that I see."

There was a brief silence, during which luncheon was announced, and they went out. The dining room was superbly Jacobean and richly tapestried. The table, however, formed an oasis of brightness. Amid the crystal and silver rare orchids blazed.

"It seems so odd for me to be here," observed Girard's bride, less fluttered now that the butler was about.

Clovelly regarded her questioningly through his glass.

"You mean odd to be here alone now that you are married. I agree with you; especially that you are so recently married." He paused. Then he asked significantly: "How did you ever manage it?"

Her impulse was to rebuke him; but she said:

"Because I stipulated that when I was his wife I should be allowed to lunch here alone with you whenever I wished."

Her host smiled cynically. He was thinking what a fool Girard must be. "It was a kindly thought," he said. Then his eyebrows twitched slightly and the butler ceased to be present. "I am honored," he continued. "You contemplated further friendship then?"

Amorette nodded quickly with three or four swift little nods. "Oh, yes. We agreed to—— We agreed to so much really. We—we are not like other people, you see."

"I have already seen that," affirmed his lordship. "It is a difficult pose to continue, however"

"Yes," she said, fluttered again. "I seem so—so inclined to be like other people."

"It's the great failing of humanity," Clovelly observed sagely.

"Why," she looked at him earnestly, "do you know, I wouldn't have come if I'd known that he couldn't. I am very commonplace."

"Very," he agreed quietly. "Still, you must have known that I wouldn't hurt you."

She nodded again. Slowly this time; deliberatively. "I know. But it is just that—well, somehow I didn't care to."

"But, my dear lady, that isn't love, you know," rejoined Clovelly tranquilly. "That is merely age."

Amorette looked startled, but she controlled herself bravely. "Yes, I expect that you are right. But—oh, isn't it nice?"

It was now his turn to look startled. He flushed to his glossy hair at the unexpected fervor in her equally unexpected answer. Then he laughed outright and his color subsided.

"You always were so unexpected, Amo," he said in apology.

His visitor smiled, but her words were a rebuke. "You mustn't call me that," she told him. "Really I don't like it."

"Very well, I won't then," said Clovelly sincerely. "After all, you know, the savor of the thing is gone."

"Yes," she agreed; "and I don't feel bad either. I promised him that I would kiss you, but I don't believe we care about it. Do we?"

"Dear me, no," he said. "I never wanted to kiss a happy woman yet."

"And I am very happy," she confessed.

The luncheon went forward almost prosaically.

"Of course I feel perfectly free to do what I please," Amorette said over the pudding. "But the knowing that I can makes me not want to. I find men—other men—stupid now."

"Thanks," murmured her vis-à-vis.

"Go Now! And Tell Girard to Take Better Care of You"

"There is only one thing, one lingering question, that troubles me," the bride continued. "Only one."

"Fortunate woman! And that is?"

"You."

Clovelly stared through his glass in frank surprise. "You flatter me," he said.

"No, I mean it," she declared. "It's not you personally. It's your kisses"

"Dear me! This is very interesting."

Eagerly Amorette leaned forward. "Girard is the only man I've ever met who kisses more sweetly than you did, and I just wondered where you both learned."

"Some men are born so," said Clovelly with reserve.

"Yes, I suppose they are," agreed Amorette.

They had coffee in the drawing room and then she prepared to depart.

"I promised to kiss you," she suggested naïvely.

"I will perjure myself if you wish," her host offered with gentlemanly self-sacrifice.

She drew nearer and stood before him, a creature to tempt an anchorite. "What do you really think?" she asked innocently.

"I think ——" Clovelly began. And then he laid his half-smoked cigarette upon the mantel-shelf with extremest care. "I think ——"

The next instant he had swept her up in his arms. Then almost roughly he put her from him unkissed.

"Go now!" He breathed the words through set teeth. "And tell Girard to take better care of you."

Girard, returning to the hotel in time for tea, found Amorette huddled on a couch in her boudoir, pale and shaking.

"It was wrong to go," she declared with tears. "It was wrong. I will never be alone with any man but you again"

Her husband kissed away the tears. "Even conventionalities have their good and useful side," he said briefly. "But, my love, you have still much to learn."

"I don't want to learn any more," she cried. "I've learned enough! I've learned enough!"

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Girard quietly.

VIII

AS IF to prove that she was right and her husband wrong, Amorette's conduct during their weeks in town was unwontedly circumspect. Her presentation was the chief feature of the sojourn, but before it and after it they went about a great deal, and she was everywhere an object of admiration. The Heyschotts and the Blackmores were especially assiduous in their efforts to make the season for them an event. They seemed to feel that it was they who, by tactfully absenting themselves at critical moments during their visit at Mrs. Carruthers' house, had fostered the mutual attachment of the pair and brought about the happy consummation. Hence the justification for a certain attitude of proprietorship.

The Heyschotts, for example, gave a dinner for them and invited every man in London that they had ever heard Amorette mention. They marshaled in this way no less than nine of those who at various times had been more or less under the spell of her fascination, including Lord Clovelly and Captain Cayley, both of whom she now detested, and Gilbert Ray, of whom she was afraid and before whom she exhibited a nervousness that was quite unusual. They had even wired an invitation to Edgar Carlisle at Rome, and sent a pressing letter to Viscount de Vourcy in Paris. Polite regrets in these instances, however, were their only reward.

Unfortunately the dinner proved a very dull affair indeed. The nine men spread a melancholy pall over the table that Girard's best attempts at wit, coupled with a lightly insouciant manner, failed utterly to dispel. And his wife gave him no assistance whatsoever.

Continued on Page 56

THE BUSHER'S KID

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, July 31.

FRIEND AL: Well Al what do you think of little Al now? But I guess I better tell you first what he done. Maybe you won't believe what I am telling you but did you ever catch me telling you a lie? I guess you know you did not Al. Well we got back from the East this A. M. and I don't have to tell you we had a rotten trip and if it had not of been for me beating Boston once and the Athaletics two times we would of been ashamed to come home.

I guess these here other pitchers thought we was haveing a vacation and when they go up in the office to-morrow to get there checks they should ought to be arrested if they take them. I would not go nowheres near Comiskey if I had not of did better than them others but I can go and get my pay and feel all O. K. about it because I done something to ern it.

Me loseing that game in Washington was a crime and Callahan says so himself. This here Weaver throwed it away for me and I would not be surprised if he done it from spitework because him and Scott is pals and probly he did not want to see me winning all them games when Scott was getting knocked out of the box. And no wonder when he has not got no stuff. I wish I knowed for sure that Weaver was throwing me down and if I knowed for sure I would put him in a hospittal or somewheres.

But I was going to tell you what the kid done Al. So here goes. We are still liveing at Allen's and his wife. So I and him come home together from the train. Well Florrie and Marie was both up and the baby was up too—that is he was not up but he was woke up. I beat it right into the room where he was at and Florrie come in with me. I says Hello Al and what do you suppose he done. Well Al he did not say Hello pa or nothing like that because he is not only one month old. But he smiled at me just like as if he was glad to see me and I guess maybe he was at that.

I was tickled to death and I says to Florrie Did you see that. And she says See what. I says The baby smiled at me. Then she says They is something the matter with his stumach. I says I suppose because a baby smiles that is a sign they is something the matter with his stumach and if he had the toothacke he would laugh. She says You think your smart but I am telling you that he was not smileing at all but he was makeing a face because they is something the matter with his stumach. I says I guess I know the difference if somebody is smileing or makeing a face. And she says I guess you don't know nothing about babys because you never had none before. I says How many have you had. And then she got sore and beat it out of the room.

I did not care because I wanted to be in there alone with him and see would he smile at me again. And sure enough Al he did. Then I called Allen in and when the baby seen him he begin to cry. So you see I was right and Florrie was wrong. It don't take a man no time at all to get wise to these babys and it don't take them long to know if a man is there father or there uncle.

When he begin to cry I chased Allen out of the room and called Florrie because she should ought to know by this time how to make him stop crying. But she was still sore and she says Let him cry or if you know so much about babys make him stop yourself. I says Maybe he is sick. And she says I was just telling you that he had a pane in his stumach or he would not of made that face that you said was smileing at you.

I says Do you think we should ought to call the doctor but she says No if you call the doctor every time he has the stumach acke you might just as well tell him he should bring his trunk along and stay here. She says All babys have collect and they is not no use fussing about it but come and get your breakfast.

Well Al I did not injoy my breakfast because the baby was crying all the time and I knowed he probly wanted I should come in and visit with him. So I just eat the prunes and drunk a little coffee and did not wait for the rest of it and sure enough when I went back in our room and started talking to him he started smileing again and pretty soon he went to sleep so you see Al he was smileing and not makeing no face and that was a hole lot of bunk about him haveing the collect. But I don't suppose I should ought to find fault with Florrie for not knowing no better because she has not never had no babys before but still and all I should think she should ought to of learned something about them by this time or ask somebody.

I Guess He Did Not Like the Taste Because He Hollered Like a Indian

Well Al little Al is woke up again and is crying and I just about got time to fix him up and get him asleep again and then I will have to go to the ball park because we got a poseponed game to play with Detroit and Callahan will probily want me to work though I pitched the next to the last game in New York and would of gave them a good beating eccept for Schalk dropping that ball at the plate but I got it on these Detroit babys and when my name is announced to pitch they feel like forfiting the game. I won't try for no strike-out record because I want them to hit the first ball and get the game over with quick so as I can get back here and take care of little Al. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. Babys is great stuff Al and if I was you I would not wait no longer but would hurry up and adopt 1 somewheres.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, August 15.

OLD PAL: What do you think Al. Kid Gleason is comeing over to the flat and look at the baby the day after to-morrow when we don't have no game skeduled but we have to practice in the A. M. because we been going so rotten. I had a hard time makeing him promise to come but he is comeing and I bet he will be glad he come when he has came. I says to him in the clubhouse Do you want to see a real baby? And he says You're real enough for me Boy.

I says No I am talking about babys. He says Oh I thought you was talking about ice-cream soda or something. I says No I want you to come over to the flat to-morrow and take a look at my kid and tell me what you think of him. He says I can tell you what I think of him without takeing no look at him. I think he is out of luck. I says What do you mean out of luck. But he just laughed and would not say no more.

I asked him again would he come over to the flat and look at the baby and he says he had troubles enough without that and kidded along for a while but finally he seen I was in ernest and then he says he would come if I would keep the missus out of the room while he was there because he says if she seen him she would probly be sorry she married me.

He was just jokeing and I did not take no eccepshun to his remarks because Florrie could not never fall for him after seeing me because he is not no big strapping man like I am but a little runt and look at how old he is. But I am glad he is comeing because he will think more of me when he sees what a fine baby I got though he thinks a hole lot of me now because look what I done for the club and where would they be at if I had of jumped to the Federal like I once thought I would. I will tell you what he says about little Al and I bet he will say he never seen no prettyer baby but even if he don't say nothing at all I will know he is kidding.

The Boston Club comes here to-morrow and plays 4 days includeing the day after to-morrow when they is not no game. So on account of the off day maybe I will work twice against them and if I do they will wish the grounds had of burned down.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, August 17.

AL: Well old pal what did I tell you about what I would do to that Boston Club? And now Al I have beat every club in the league this year because yesterday was the first time I beat the Boston Club this year but now I have beat all of them and most of them severel times.

This should ought to of gave me a record of 16 wins and 0 defeats because the only games I lost was throwed away behind me but instead of that my record is 10 games win and 6 defeats and that don't include the games I finished up and helped the other boys win which is about 6 more alltogether but what do I care about my record Al? because I am not the kind of man that is allways thinking about there record and playing for there record while I am satisfied if I give the club the best I got and if I win all O. K. And if I lose who's fault is it. Not mine Al.

I asked Callahan would he let me work against the Boston Club again before they go away and he says I guess I will have to because you are going better than anybody else on the club. So you see Al he is beginning to appresiate my work and from now on I will pitch in my regular turn and a hole lot oftener then that and probily Comiskey will see the stuff I am made from and will raise my salery next year even if he has got me signed for 3 years for the same salery I am getting now.

But all that is not what I was going to tell you Al and what I was going to tell you was about Gleason comeing to see the baby and what he thought about him. I sent Florrie and Marie downtown and says I would take care of little Al and they was glad to go because Florrie says she should ought to buy some new shoes though I don't see what she wants of no new shoes when she is going to be tied up in the flat for a long time yet on account of the baby and nobody cares if she wears shoes in the flat or goes round in her bear feet. But I was glad to get rid of the both of them for a while because little Al acts better when they is not no women round and you can't blame him.

The baby was woke up when Gleason come in and I and him went right in the room where he was laying. Gleason takes a look at him and says Well that is a mighty fine baby and you must of boughten him. I says What do you mean? And he says I don't believe he is your own baby because he looks humaner than most babys. And I says Why should not he look human. And he says Why should he.

Then he goes to work and picks the baby right up and I was a-scared he would drop him because even I have not never picked him up though I am his father and would be a-scared of hurting him. I says Here, don't pick him up and he says Why not? He says Are you going to leave him on that there bed the rest of his life? I says No but you don't know how to handle him. He says I have handled a hole lot bigger babys than him or else Callahan would not keep me.

Then he starts patting the baby's head and I says Here, don't do that because he has got a soft spot in his head and you might hit it. He says I thought he was your baby and I says Well he is my baby and he says Well then they can't be no soft spot in his head. Then he lays little Al down because he seen I was in ernest and as soon as he lays him down the baby begins to cry. Then Gleason says See he don't want me to lay him down and I says Maybe he has got a pane in his stumach and he says I would not be supprised because he just took a good look at his father.

But little Al did not act like as if he had a pane in his stumach and he kept sticking his finger in his mouth and crying. And Gleason says He acts like as if he had a toothacke. I says How could he have a toothacke when he has not got no teeth? He says That is easy. I have saw a lot of pitchers complane that there arm was sore when they did not have no arm.

Then he asked me what was the baby's name and I told him Allen but that he was not named after my brother-in-law Allen. And Gleason says I should hope not. I should hope you would have better sense then to name him after a left-hander. So you see Al he don't like them no better then I do even if he does jolly Allen and Russell along and make them think they can pitch.

Pretty soon he says What are you going to make out of him, a ball player? I says Yes I am going to make a hitter out of him so as he can join the White Sox and then maybe

they will get a couple of runs once in a while. He says If I was you I would let him pitch and then you won't have to give him no educasion. Besides, he says, he looks now like he would divellop into a grate spitter.

Well I happened to look out of the window and seen Florrie and Marie comeing acrost Indiana Avenue and I told Gleason about it. And you ought to of seen him run. I asked him what was his hurry and he says it was in his contract that he was not to talk to no women but I knowed he was kidding because I allready seen him talking to severel of the players' wifes when they was on trips with us and they acted like as if they thought he was a regular comeedion though they really is not nothing funny about what he says only it is easy to make women laugh when they have not got no grouch on about something.

Well Al I am glad Gleason has saw the baby and maybe he will fix it with Callahan so as I won't have to go to morning practice every A. M. because I should ought to be home takeing care of little Al when Florrie is washing the dishs or helping Marie round the house. And besides why should I wear myself all out in practice because I don't need to practice pitching and I could hit as well as the rest of the men on our club if I never seen no practice.

After we get threw with Boston, Washington comes here and then we go to St. Louis and Cleveland and then come home and then go East again. And after that we are pretty near threw except the city serious. Callahan is not going to work me no more after I beat Boston again till it is this here Johnson's turn to pitch for Washington. And I hope it is not his turn to work the 1st game of the serious because then I would not have no rest between the last game against Boston and the 1st game against Washington.

But rest or no rest I will work against this here Johnson and show him up for giveing me that trimming in Washington, the lucky stiff. I wish I had a team like the Athaletics behind me and I would loose about 1 game every 6 years and then they would have to get all the best of it from these rotten umpires. Your pal, JACK.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, September 16.

FRIEND AL: Al it is not no fun running round the country no more and I wish this dam trip was over so as I could go home and see how little Al is getting along because Florrie has not wrote since we was in Philly which was the first stop on this trip. I am a-scared they is something the matter with the little fellow or else she would of wrote but then if they was something the matter with him she would of sent me a telegram or something and let me know.

So I guess they can't be nothing the matter with him. Still and all I don't see why she has not wrote when she knows or should ought to know that I would be worrying about the baby. If I don't get no letter to-morrow I am going to send her a telegram and ask her what is the matter with him because I am positive she would of wrote if they was not something the matter with him.

The boys has been trying to get me to go out nights and see a show or something but I have not got no heart to go to shows. And besides Callahan has not gave us no pass to no show on this trip. I guess probily he is sore on account of the rotten way the club has been going but still he should ought not to be sore on me because I have win 3 out of my last 4 games and would of win the other if he had not of started me against them with only 1 day's rest and the Athaletics at that, who a man should ought not to pitch against if he don't feel good.

I asked Allen if he had heard from Marie and he says Yes he did but she did not say nothing about little Al except that he was keeping her awake nights balling. So maybe Al if little Al is balling they is something wrong with him. I am going to send Florrie a telegram to-morrow—that is if I don't get no letter.

If they is something the matter with him I will ask Callahan to send me home and he won't want to do it neither because who else has he got that is a regular winner. But if little Al is sick and Callahan won't let me go home I will go home anyway. You know me Al.

Yours truly, JACK.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, September 24.

AL: I bet if Florrie was a man she would be a left-hander. What do you think she done now Al? I sent her a telegram from New York when I did not get no letter from her and she did not pay no atension to the telegram. Then when we got up here I sent her another telegram and it was not more then five minutes after I sent the 2d telegram till I got a letter from her. And it said the baby was all O. K. but she had been so busy takeing care of him that she had not had no time to write.

Well when I got the letter I chased out to see if I could catch the boy who had took my telegram but he had went allready so I was spending $.60 for nothing. Then what does Florrie do but send me a telegram after she got my second telegram and tell me that little Al is all O. K., which I knowed all about then because I had just got her letter. And she sent her telegram c. o. d. and I had to pay for it at this end because she had not paid for it and that was $.60 more but I bet if I had of knew what was in the telegram before I read it I would of told the boy to keep it and would not of gave him no $.60 but how did I know if little Al might not of tooken sick after Florrie had wrote the letter?

I am going to write and ask her if she is trying to send us both to the Poor House or somewheres with her telegrams. I don't care nothing about the $.60 but I like to see a woman use a little judgement though I guess that is impossable.

It is my turn to work to-day and to-night we start West but we have got to stop off at Cleveland on the way. I have got a nosion to ask Callahan to let me go right on threw to Chi if I win to-day and not stop off at no Cleveland but I guess they would not be no use because I have got that Cleveland Club licked the minute I put on my glove.

Yes I Suppose I Should Ought to Give Him Weeny-Worst or Something

You Should Ought to of Heard Me Bait Florrie Out

So probily Callahan will want me with him though it don't make no difference if we win or lose now because we have not got no chance for the pennant. One man can't win no pennant Al I don't care who he is. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 2.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I am all threw till the city serious and it is all fixed up that I am going to open the serious and pitch 3 of the games if nessary. The club has went to Detroit to wind up the season and Callahan did not take me along but left me here with a couple other pitchers and Billy Sullivan and told me all as I would have to do was go over to the park the next 3 days and warm up a little so as to keep in shape. But I don't need to be in no shape to beat them Cubs Al. But it is a good thing Al that Allen was tooken on the trip to Detroit or I guess I would of killed him. He has not been going good and he has been acting and talking nasty to everybody because he can't win no games.

Well the 1st night we was home after the trip little Al was haveing a bad night and was balling pretty hard and they could not nobody in the flat get no sleep. Florrie says he was haveing the collect and I says Why should he have the collect all the time when he did not drink nothing but milk? She says she guessed the milk did not agree with him and upsetted his stumach. I says Well he must take after his mother if his stumach gets upsetted every time he takes a drink because if he took after his father he could drink a hole lot and not never be effected. She says You should ought to remember he has only got a little stumach and not a great big resservoire. I says Well if the milk don't agree with him why don't you give him something else? She says Yes I suppose I should ought to give him weeny-worst or something.

Allen must of heard us talking because he hollered something and I did not hear what it was so I told him to say it over and he says Give the little X-eyed brat poison and we would all be better off. I says You better take poison yourself because maybe a rotten pitcher like you could get by in the league where you're going when you die. Then I says Besides I would rather my baby was X-eyed then to have him left-handed. He says It is better for him that he is X-eyed or else he might get a good look at you and then he would shoot himself. I says Is that so? and he shut up. Little Al is not no more X-eyed than you or I are Al and that was what made me sore because what right did Allen have to talk like that when he knowed he was lying?

Well the next morning Allen nor I did not speak to each other and I seen he was sorry for the way he had talked and I was willing to fix things up because what is the use of staying sore at a man that don't know no better.

But all of a sudden he says When are you going to pay me what you owe me? I says What do you mean? And he

says You been liveing here all summer and I been paying all the bills. I says Did not you and Marie ask us to come here and stay with you and it would not cost us nothing. He says Yes but we did not mean it was a life sentence. You are getting more money than me and you don't never spend a nichol. All I have to do is pay the rent and buy your food and it would take a millionare or something to feed you.

Then he says I would not make no holler about your grafting off of me if that brat would shut up nights and give somebody a chance to sleep. I says You should ought to get all the sleep you need on the bench. Besides, I says, who done the grafting all last winter and without no invatation? If he had of said another word I was going to bust him but just then Marie come in and he shut up.

The more I thought about what he said and him a rotten left-hander that should ought to be hussling freiht the more madder I got and if he had of opened his head to me the last day or 2 before he went to Detroit I guess I would of finished him. But Marie stuck pretty close to the both of us when we was together and I guess she knowed they was something in the air and did not want to see her husband get the worst of it though if he was my husband and I was a woman I would push him under a st. car.

But Al I won't even stand for him saying that I am grafting off of him and I and Florrie will get away from here and get a flat of our own as soon as the city serious is over. I would like to bring her and the kid down to Bedford for the winter but she wont listen to that.

I allmost forgot Al to tell you to be sure and thank Bertha for the little dress she made for little Al. I don't know if it will fit him or not because Florrie has not yet tried it on him yet and she says she is going to use it for a dishrag but I guess she is just kidding.

I suppose you seen where Callahan took me out of that game down to Cleveland but it was not because I was not going good Al but it was because Callahan seen he was makeing a mistake wasteing me on that bunch who allmost any pitcher could beat. They beat us that game at that but only by one run and it was not no fault of mine because I was tooken out before they got the run that give them the game. Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the club winds up the season at Detroit to-morrow and the serious starts the day after to-morrow and I will be in there giveing them a battle. I wish I did not have nobody but the Cubs to pitch against all season and you bet I would have a record that would make Johnson and Mathewson and some of them other swell heads look like a dirty doose.

I and Florrie and Marie has been haveing a argument about how could Florrie go and see the city serious games when they is not nobody here that can take care of the baby because Marie wants to go and see the games to even though they is not no more chance of Callahan starting Allen than a rabbit or something.

Florrie and Marie says I should ought to hire a nurse to take care of little Al and Florrie got pretty sore when I told her nothing doing because in the first place I can't afford to pay no nurse a salery and in the second place I would not trust no nurse to take care of the baby because how do I know the nurse is not nothing but a grafter or a dope fiend maybe and should ought not to be left with the baby?

Of coarse Florrie wants to see me pitch and a man can't blame her for that but I won't leave my baby with no nurse Al and Florrie will have to stay home and I will tell her what I done when I get there. I might of gave my consent to haveing a nurse at that if it had not of been for the baby getting so sick last night when I was takeing care of him while Florrie and Marie and Allen was out to a show and if I had not of been home they is no telling what would of happened. It is a cinch that none of them bonehead nurses would of knew what to do.

Allen must of been out of his head because right after supper he says he would take the 2 girls to a show. I says All right go on and I will take care of the baby. Then Florrie says Do you think you can take care of him all O. K.? And I says Have not I tooken care of him before allready? Well, she says, I will leave him with you only don't run in to him every time he cries. I says Why not? And she says Because it is good for him to cry. I says You have not got no heart or you would not talk that way.

They all give me the laugh but I let them get away with it because I am not picking no fights with girls and why should I bust this Allen when he don't know no better and has not got no baby himself. And I did not want to do nothing that would stop him takeing the girls to a show because it is time he spent a peace of money on somebody.

Well they all went out and I went in on the bed and played with the baby. I wish you could of saw him Al because he is old enough now to do stunts and he smiled up at me and waved his arms and legs round and made a noise like as if he was trying to say Pa. I did not think Florrie had gave him enough covers so I rapped him up in some more and took a big blanket off of the big bed and stuck it round him so as he could not kick his feet out and catch cold.

I thought once or twice he was going off to sleep but all of a sudden he begin to cry and I seen they was something wrong with him. I gave him some hot water but that made him cry again and I thought maybe he was to cold yet so I took another blanket off of Allen's bed and wrapped that round him but he kept on crying and trying to kick inside the blankets. And I seen then that he must have collect or something.

So pretty soon I went to the phone and called up our regular Dr. and it took him pretty near a hour to get there and the baby balling all the time. And when he come he says they was nothing the matter except that the baby was to hot and told me to take all them blankets off of him and then soaked me 2 dollars. I had a nosion to bust his jaw. Well pretty soon he beat it and then little Al begin crying again and kept getting worse and worse so finally I got a-scared and run down to the corner where another Dr. is at and I brung him up to see what was the matter but he said he could not see nothing the matter but he did not charge me a cent so I thought he was not no robber like our regular doctor even if he was just as much of a boob.

It Says That the Baby Was Asleep and Getting Along Fine

The baby did not cry none while he was there but the minute he had went he started crying and balling again and I seen they was not no use of fooling no longer so I looked around the house and found the medicine the doctor left for Allen when he had a stumach acke once and I give the baby a little of it in a spoon but I guess he did not like the taste because he hollered like a Indian and finally I could not stand it no longer so I called that second Dr. back again and this time he seen that the baby was sick and asked me what I had gave it and I told him some stumach medicine and he says I was a fool and should ought not to of gave the baby nothing. But while he was talking the baby stopped crying and went off to sleep so you see what I done for him was the right thing to do and them doctors was both off of there nut.

This second Dr. soaked me 2 dollars the 2d time though he had not did no more than when he was there the 1st time and charged me nothing but they is all a bunch of robbers Al and I would just as leave trust a policeman.

Right after the baby went to sleep Florrie and Marie and Allen come home and I told Florrie what had came off but instead of giveing me credit she says If you want to kill him why don't you take a ax? Then Allen butts in and says Why don't you take a ball and throw it at him? Then I got sore and I says Well if I did hit him with a ball I would kill him while if you was to throw that fast ball of yours at him and hit him in the head he would think the musketoes was biteing him and brush them off. But at that, I says, you could not hit him with a ball except you was aiming at something else.

I guess they was no comeback to that so him and Marie went to there room. Allen should ought to know better then to try and get the best of me by this time and I would shut up anyway if I was him after getting sent home from Detroit with some of the rest of them when he only worked 3 innings up there and they had to take him out or play the rest of the game by electrick lights.

I wish you could be here for the serious Al but you would have to stay at a hotel because we have not got no spair room and it would cost you a hole lot of money. But you can watch the papers and you will see what I done.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 6.

DEAR OLD PAL: Probily before you get this letter you will of saw by the paper that we was licked in the first game and that I was tooken out but the papers don't know what really come off so I am going to tell you and you can see for yourself if it was my fault.

I did not never have no more stuff in my life then when I was warming up and I seen the Cubs looking over to our bench and shakeing there heads like they knowed they did not have no chance. O'Day was going to start Cheney who is there best bet and had him warming up but when he seen the smoke I had when I and Schalk was warming up he changed his mind because what was the use of useing his best pitcher when I had all that stuff and it was a cinch that no club in the world could score a run off of me when I had all that stuff?

So he told a couple others to warm up to and when my name was announced to pitch Cheney went and set on the bench and this here left-hander Pierce was announced for them.

Well Al you will see by the paper where I sent there 1st 3 batters back to the bench to get a drink of water and all 3 of them good hitters Leach and Good and this here Saier that hits a hole lot of home runs but would not never hit one off of me if I was O. K. Well we scored a couple in our half and the boys on the bench all says Now you got enough to win easy because they won't never score none off of you.

And they was right to because what chance did they have if this thing that I am going to tell you about had not of happened? We goes along seven innings and only 2 of there men had got to 1st base one of them on a bad peg of Weaver's and the other one I walked because this blind Evans don't know a ball from a strike. We had not did no more scoreing off of Pierce not because he had no stuff but because our club could not take a ball in there hands and hit it out of the infield.

Well Al I did not tell you that before I come out to the park I kissed little Al and Florrie good-by and Marie says she was going to stay home to and keep Florrie Co. and they was not no reason for Marie to come to the game anyway because they was not a chance in the world for Allen to do nothing but hit fungoes. Well while I was doing all this here swell pitching and makeing them Cubs look like a lot of rummys I was thinking about little Al and Florrie and how glad they would be when I come home and told them what I done though of coarse little Al is not only a little over 3 months of age and how could he appreiate what I done? But Florrie would.

Well Al when I come in to the bench after there ½ of the 7th I happened to look up to the press box to see if the reporters had gave Schulte a hit on that one Weaver throwed away and who do you think I seen in a box right alongside of the press box? It was Florrie and Marie and both of them claping there hands and hollering with the rest of the bugs.

Well old pal I was never so supprised in my life and it just took all the heart out of me. What was they doing there and what had they did with the baby? How did I know that little Al was not sick or maybe dead and balling his head off and nobody round to hear him?

I tried to catch Florrie's eye but she would not look at me. I hollered her name and the bugs looked at me like as if I was crazy and I was to Al. Well I seen they was not no

(Continued on Page 53)

THE KRIS-GIRL

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The Tale of the Golden Nutmeg of Banda

I AM ready to allow that Banda Nera is not the place to look for gum dammar. If you only knew how interesting gum dammar is —— However, I must remind myself that you do not want to hear about business—not even when it is a question of breaking a corner in a product that —

Well! I came back from my trip through the islands lying north and east of Celebes, where gum dammar does come from, and went straight on to Banda. I had heard that Miss Cristina Raye and Mrs. Ash were there, and I wanted to see the Kris-Girl again. Besides, I had for the time being finished what I was about, or else I should not have gone—Cristina or no Cristina.

I will tell you what Banda is like, whether you wish to hear or not—I would hold you down by the neck to make you listen. There is not a place in all the world like Banda. I have Cristina's authority, which is better than my own, for that.

You come in in the early morning. The ship glides softly from the blue open sea into the crater of a volcano, floored with water that is clear and still and jasper-green. This is the harbor, and it is so deep that your great Dutch liner moors herself right among the branches of the overhanging trees. All round you the volcano's rim, like the edge of a giant cup, shuts away the sky; you feel imprisoned until you look at the width of the great water floor and see the many islets strewn about its surface.

So near that you could throw a stone into its streets, you see a town; an incredible, stone-built, medieval town, with a fortress and a castle. Overhanging the town, and throwing a sinister shadow on its narrow lanes, mounts the cruel crater of the Gunong Api, a volcano within a volcano. Day and night a flag of smoke or of fire flies from the red-scarred peak; the Gunong Api is not dead and gives constant warning of the fact. It has destroyed Banda more than once during past centuries and may do so again to-morrow.

"That is why the town is sleepy," said Cristina. I met her on the kanari-tree walk, near the sea, soon after I had landed. We greeted each other as though we had expected to meet there; perhaps we did—I do not know. "Did you ever notice," she went on, "that the people who live about active volcanoes are always sleepy and lazy? One would think a volcano was the sort of thing that might keep you awake and lively; but it doesn't: Vesuvius, Stromboli, Popocatepetl, Teneriffe—it's all the same."

"If that comparison holds," I said, "one might expect a chain of active volcanoes all round the town. I never saw anything like this. Have I lost count of time and is it Sunday—or some holiday? And where are the inhabitants, anyhow?"

We—Cristina, Mrs. Ash and myself—were walking slowly along a green, silent avenue of kanari trees, in what should have been a suburb of the tiny town. The wind from the sea rushed down the tunnel made by the high-arched boughs. There was a grassy lawn between us and the water. On the other side were houses—low bungalows built of stone, with pillars and deep tiled roofs; here and there marble steps and piazzas; here and there plants growing in stone vases. The shutters of all these houses were closed; there was no one moving about the dark verandas. There was no one on the grass beside the blue, still sea.

"Where are they?" said Cristina, looking like one who sees visions. "If you want to know you must ride the Pale Horse to find out. He'll carry you where they are!"

"Dead?" I asked, startled.

"Dead and gone away—last year, and last century—a hundred years ago. Banda is dying. There are people in some of those houses, but most of the houses have been empty for years. You could have your choice of a mansion to live in anywhere about the place for nothing."

It seemed incredible. The avenue, with its wide roadway meant for busy traffic; the level lawns near the sea, where hundreds of promenading folk might have sauntered up and down to take the evening air; the solid, splendid construction of the houses—everything spoke of large population and ample resources. Already I had wandered away from the two or three streets near the steamer, where languid Chinamen sustained a pretense of shopkeeping and brown women in white jackets and *sarongs* passed, carrying babies or fruit.

I had found dry, abandoned-looking roads, shut in by enormous walls; iron-grilled doors that seemed to open on nothing; dusty, sagging porticoes—and always no one, and no one, and no one; but I had an idea that the people were merely away—I had not paused to ask where. Now Cristina had told me.

"There are a hundred or two left," she said, as we walked on down the empty avenue, hushing our voices through some odd instinct that I cannot explain; "but they hardly count. And they seem to live mostly about the inner rooms, sleeping. It's the strangest place I was ever in. You can't believe you are awake. Sometimes I think it is the influence of Banda itself; and then again I suppose the scent of the nutmegs may have something to do with it."

"Miss Raye, What Mad Freak Is This?"

"I've noticed that, though I did not know what it was," I said. "Nutmegs! Of course—that subtle sort of scent that floats through everything. Yes; I can imagine——"

I broke off; I did not quite know why. The place seemed to hold up an invisible hand, motioning Silence!

It was late in the afternoon; the sun was slanting low under the huge kanaris and the sea was turning to gold. Some one has spoken of "the infinite sadness of a summer afternoon." He was right—I am not philosopher enough to say why; but I can add this: that sad as the English summer afternoon may be, the waning day of the tropic lands holds a subtler and deeper melancholy. There is something in that eternal summer that touches one in such hours like one's childish thoughts of Valhalla or the Elysian Fields—something soulless, wistful, through all its unchanging gold.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the fort," said Cristina. "I want to show you that."

Mrs. Ash marched beside us, a little robin of an old lady, her elastic-sided boots scarcely marking the dust; her thin black clothes looking, as they always did, just as though nothing at all were inside of them, and as though they were propelled by mere force of will of the stiff, small head. She stared straight before her, deliberately abstracting her mind from Banda.

We reached the fort; and there, under the shadow of the mighty gray walls, built by the Portuguese and finished but fourteen years after the death of England's Elizabeth, Cristina told me what had brought her to the Spice Islands.

"It was Richilda Van den Hofdyk," she explained. "I had a letter from her."

"And who in the name of goodness is the lady?"

"She's a girl just like myself, and a very nice girl. She had heard something about me; so she wrote to me in Macassar and asked me to come and see Banda, and—if I could—do something for her. She says she wants me to find the Golden Nutmeg."

"May one ask what that is?"

"Oh, one may ask as much as one likes; it's what I'm asking myself all the time just now. The thing is to find the answer. No—I'd rather not go into the details just yet; it's about the most interesting thing I have ever come across, but—— Did you ever see anything like this fort?"

I had, but not in that quarter of the world. Great stone forts with moats and drawbridges, and gateways that run back like railroad tunnels, are not unknown to the European traveler; but here, on this flyspock of an island in the far end of outer Malaysia, it was an astonishing thing to see. Nor was it the only one. I had already chanced on the ruins of three others, wandering about the town looking for—I may as well acknowledge it—looking for Cristina.

"There used to be Portuguese soldiers here—in armor, with harquebuses," said Cristina, standing within the great empty space of grass inclosed by the fort, and looking up at the untrodden ramparts, where the trees were spreading greedy hands of green. "There were girls in hoops and ruffs, who cried for them when they left Lisbon, two years' journey away. It was only the Portuguese, and then the Dutch, who knew how to get here; they hid their charts and wouldn't tell other people. And they had forts against the pirates; the seas were full of pirates, and even fifty years ago they weren't all quite gone. And they made slaves of the natives, forced them to work in the spice plantations, and took all their lands away. There were no nutmegs anywhere in the world like these. And by and by the Dutch came along and took the place."

"When?" I asked. I found this bit of history interesting.

"I hate dates! It was about that Henrietta Maria time, when men had beautiful lace collars. So when the Dutch knew how good the nutmegs were they killed all the trees in other places and kept them only here; and they punished with death any one who carried away a plant or a seed. And you can't think what money they made! This was an island of palaces. There are some of them here still—of white marble that came all the way from Italy."

Mrs. Ash, with no expression whatever on her face, stood in the middle of the fort beside us, not listening to a word She put me out somewhat; but Cristina was used to her and did not mind.

"Was It True That Yaan Hendrik Was a Black Sorcerer?"

"They kept that up longer than you would think," she said. "In the crinoline times, when one wore slippers with points like a chisel and said 'La!' they were still monopolizing; but by and by people did smuggle out a few plants. And then it was all up, because they began to plant them in South America and other places. So the prices went down and down. And Banda is dying as fast as it can. They hardly trouble to pick the nutmegs now. And the people that are left here are half-caste—except just a few. And the planters, who used to have ivory tables and silver kitchen kettles, are as poor as Job. So that's how Richilda Van den Hofdyk came to write to me about the Golden Nutmeg. I'll tell you about it by and by. I can't talk in the middle of that sunset."

On the dying glories of Banda fell the glory of the dying day. We stood silent, watching. A small wind got up and cried about the darkening walls, like the spirit of the ancient place lamenting days gone by.

"Would you," said Mrs. Ash, suddenly breaking her long silence and turning to me, "would you buy your bacon at the Stores?"

Do you know—you may hardly believe me, but it is the truth—the remark struck me as pathetic? The old lady, in her dusty black, deaf and blind to the wonders of the Farthest East, was turning wistfully, in the midst of Banda's dying beauties, to dreams of Kensington, motor busses and grilled bacon!

"I would buy it at the Stores," I said quite seriously; "not that I have anything to say against any other place, but you can't get better than the best."

"I will buy it there," she said, looking animated for the first time that afternoon.

We walked back in silence to the queer little half-caste hotel. I have said there is no privacy in a tropical house. I did not mean to hear Cristina say that evening, when she was lying on her veranda—I being invisible on mine:

"I like men to have clean-shaved faces, rather hard, and to fit nicely into the shoulders of their coats."

Mrs. Ash replied, with what seemed to me the most extraordinary irrelevance: "I suppose when persons are paid by the year the custom is for them to get a year's notice or salary."

I did not wonder that Cristina said simply: "Bosh!"

When breakfast was over—I remember it consisted of cold cabinet pudding and cold cauliflower, among other things; all the flotsam and jetsam of last night's dinner, as is the custom in provincial Dutch hotels—Cristina met me on the veranda.

Her dress rather surprised me. I am no hand at describing ladies' clothes, but I may safely say it was something from the Rue de la Paix, and that the satisfaction she evidently derived from it had nothing to do with such minor questions as comfort or ease.

"I put this on," she said confidentially, "because I shall have such a lot of thinking to do to-day."

Probably my face showed that I did not see the connection as clearly as might have been wished. Cristina, making an impatient mouth at me, spread out her gloved hands on her gown.

"It is beautiful—don't you see?" she said.

"I like the lining, rather," was my comment.

"Nonsense!"

"The stuffing, then."

"I'll whistle for Ash! What I mean is that it goes to my head and makes me above myself; and one wants to be made above oneself to think one's best. I am quite half drunk on this dress. Men drink whisky; women drink clothes."

She looked round to see that there was no one in sight and then gave the neatest little springbok jump into the air, clapping her heels together twice before she came down.

"That's the way it makes me feel," she said. "Now we're all going to call on Richilda Van den Hofdyk. She didn't ask us to stay with her, because she has a mother, and the mother doesn't approve of Patti and Melba. Is that you, dear Ash? Come on! We're waiting."

I felt rather curious on the subject of Patti and Melba, thus unceremoniously shipped into a galley that seemed singularly dissociated from them; but there was no more talk on the subject of Richilda. We walked for a long way through what I think must be the most beautiful woods in the whole world—the nutmeg forests of Banda—never meeting a soul except one dark-faced Malay, with the demeanor of a Buginese pirate, who was engaged in peaceably picking nutmegs off boughs with a split bamboo.

The sea showed cool and sparkling among the leaves as we mounted up and up. Giant kanaris shut out most of the sun; beneath their shade, on the open brown forest floor, stood up slight nutmeg trees of twenty feet or so. There were ripe nutmegs, like apricots, on all the trees; drifts of the opened fruits lay on the ground, showing bright lacework, the color of arterial blood, about the satin-black stone.

There were flowers, too, on the trees and on the ground, so thick that we had to kick them away as we walked—carved-ivory flowers with a heavy scent of spice. In the

"It May be That My Mind is Not Enough Great, for I Cannot Solve This Problem"

forest, as we walked along soft-footed on dead leaves and drifted blooms, it was very quiet, very green and cool; and the sea breathed gently far away below.

"We aren't going to the Van den Hofdyk house," explained Cristina. "That's near the town, away below. Mevrouw Van den Hofdyk knows nothing about Richilda's goings-on with me; I'm going to meet her at the House of the Golden Nutmeg. Now don't ask me questions that nobody can answer yet. I don't mind telling you that the place has had that name for a generation or two, and that nobody seems to know why. I think we're coming to it."

We were. A narrow, overgrown path opened off the main roadway at this point, and following it we found ourselves in less than five minutes at the mysterious house.

Have you ever dreamed, when a child, of wandering through a wood and coming suddenly on a splendid mansion that some one had abandoned—a mansion in which you proceed at once to settle yourself, taking possession of all the furniture and all the treasures it contained?

This was that dream. The House of the Golden Nutmeg, built of stone and marble, green-stained with rains and cracked with earthquake shocks, stood in the midst of a grove of tangled trees that broke all over it in waves of forest spray. Wild banana leaves, as large as hearthrugs, thrust their huge green hands under the tiles of the veranda and touched the dark shutters of the windows. Lianas tied themselves about the stone urns by the door.

There were things growing on the roof that had no business to be there, and things living among them that had less. One such thing took flight as we came up, sending an angry hiss at us as it slipped like a coil of copper-brown rope over the side of the house.

"Richilda hasn't come," said the Kris-Girl disappointedly. "We must wait for her a little. I know how to get in."

She took a slate-shaped stone that was lying on the terrace, levered up the sagging door with it, and we went inside. We entered a maze of rooms that surprised me by its extent; there must have been a dozen, opening in and out of each other in a curious straggling fashion. They were all big, all lofty, all beautifully tiled. The furniture was colossal—acres of dining table, upheld by legs like carved barrels; towers of sideboard, rising tier on tier to the carved Carrara ceiling; cellarets larger than any coffin I have ever seen; four-post beds that looked like the scaffolding for a house. Everything was of mahogany, rosewood, marquetry and carved oak—nothing plain or cheap. Most of the things dated back three or four generations and some were much older.

"What do you think of it?" asked Cristina, coming to a pause in the middle of a room that seemed to have been used as a sort of lounge. I had opened what was left of the shutters and the afternoon sun was spilling golden pools on the tiles of the floor, trying vainly to call forth an answering ray of light from the dulled polish of the great chests and chairs.

"I think," I said, "it is fairly evident that 'Todgers could do it when it chose' about this part of the world."

"I've got a suite of maple," said Mrs. Ash, restraining herself with a visible effort, "that I wouldn't give for the whole lot of it!"

Immediately she detached herself from her surroundings, took out a flag of knitting from some pre-Cambrian pocket, sat down, and began to click and flash.

Do you know The Island of Dreams? I can whistle well—it is my only accomplishment—and I began to whistle the song. There was something about this Sleeping Beauty sort of place, lost in the woods of far-away, lovely, dying Banda, that made me dream, hard-headed business man though I am. Perhaps I looked at Cristina. I think I did.

Cristina did a curious thing. I knew the meaning of it years after, when she and I —— Well! She lifted the hand that wore the great Chinese ring and beat it on a marble table so that the ring struck into the flesh and bruised her finger. There was a tall oak press, breast-high, between us, but I saw in the dulled panes of the window what she did.

"Come on and look over the rest of the house," she said in a rather hard voice. "I don't believe that Dutch girl is coming."

We had been sitting very quietly in the big stone-and-marble hall, making no noise that could be heard through the thick walls of the house and hearing nothing but our own low voices and the chuckling of a few green parrots in the forest outside.

Now suddenly, from what we had thought was an empty room at the far side of the veranda, came a sound that arrested our footsteps like the explosion of a shot. Yet it was nothing at all but some one singing—singing in the great stone room at the other side; singing as one who thinks herself alone. It went on for half a dozen bars and stopped.

"Now you know why old Mevrouw Van den Hofdyk talks about Sidneia's and Carri's divorces, and has pink fits when she finds a European timetable of the K. P. M. steamers in the house," Cristina remarked. "If poor Richilda had twopence-halfpenny to spare or could get it—listen to that! Can't you see a shower of pearls falling?—she would be off to Paris to-morrow."

"She ought to," I declared with conviction. "No Mevrouw has the right to bury a voice like that in the forests of Malaysia. Besides, think of the money she could make!"

"Mevrouw Van den Hofdyk is too old to care about money much nowadays. She's a determined Calvinist and thinks the stage is perdition. Richilda's her youngest child and the only one left; she's not so young as she might be, and if she is going to be a singer the sooner she gets away the better. You see, until about thirty years ago the Van den Hofdyks were so rich that every one called the place the House of the Golden Nutmeg, because nobody could make out how a small plantation paid so much. They always seemed to have cash to spend on everything, though nutmegs were going down and down; and it grew into a kind of legend that they had one nutmeg tree that bore golden fruit. I can't say how much of the idea was figurative and how much plain superstition; these out-of-the-way corners can show you curious survivals.

"Well, Richilda swears there is something in the idea. Her uncle, who lived here with his sons, was the last about whom they told the yarn; he and the sons all died together in the cholera year, some time in the eighteen eighties. So, if there was any handing down of a secret, as she thinks there was, it died with them. Since then the other Van den Hofdyks, who have mostly died out, took away all the light furniture and left the place as it is. No one cares to live in it; people haven't the money to keep up these big houses now."

"And this Miss—Miss Richilda actually believes that there's a golden-nutmeg tree growing somewhere about the place?"

"She doesn't know what she believes. She's thought and thought, and brooded and brooded, until she hardly seems sane about the idea. Still, I think there is decidedly something in what she has told me. Come in; she must have arrived by the back door while we were talking."

We found Miss Van den Hofdyk in the farther room, standing with one hand on a colossal mahogany table and warbling very gently—I think it was the Shadow Song. I need not describe her at this time of day—every one who is likely to read this knows Madame Richilda's curious Dutch-doll face and flaxen hair; can tell you how she stands before an audience, with just that trick of resting her hand lightly on some support—and what an exquisite hand and arm it is; can picture to you her velvets and her furs, worn in the Rubensesque manner we have come to regard as peculiar to herself. We know Richilda—or else we are ourselves unknown.

Well, then, it was Richilda who stood there—but as we knew her at the time: just a badly dressed, not overpretty Colonial Dutch girl.

"You dear one!" she said in English as Cristina appeared. She kissed the little lady affectionately.

Cristina endured the embrace with politeness and introduced me as an English friend who was fond of music.

"It is not of music that I shall wish to talk," said the girl; "it is about the Golden Nutmeg. Cristina, I have thought greatly, but still I do not find the secret. And my mother always recites for me the devil influences of the stage and says she has not the single guilder. I bought me detective novels from the steward of the steamer, but still I cannot detect."

"Oh, Richilda! What have you been doing?" asked the Kris-Girl, strangling a laugh at its birth.

Richilda drew a notebook out of her ample pocket.

"Sit down. It is still the house of a Van den Hofdyk," she said grandly; and we sat.

Mrs. Ash all the time had been knitting like the Vengeance herself, only pausing to give Richilda an uninterested bow. She went on knitting while we talked.

"The deductive method following," began Richilda, "I first deduct that my uncle a clever man was; therefore he will not hide any secret where the first one may find. On the roof I climb, since that is the last place of which one should think. With a magnifying glass I examine every tile; some I pull off. There is nothing! In the cellar then I look to see, because my uncle would much drink, for what my mother says; so I deduct that he the secret would hide where he very much would go to. All the bottles that are left I have opened, and every one I taste ——"

"My dear Richilda!"

"But I drank not much, only to see what there might be a strange taste therein. For I have read a story ——"

"So have I. Didn't it make you awfully screwed?"

"Perhaps—no matter. I lie down until I am good again, and then some more I have deducted. With my magnifying glass I look at all the dust in the corners ——"

The click of Mrs. Ash's needles paused.

"Couldn't you see it without that?" she asked with an accent of the bitterest scorn.

Richilda flowed evenly on, calm and passionless as one of her country's canals:

"I have from that no result. I then on my uncle's bed lay down and his way of thinking tried to reconstruct. At the ceiling I looked, where his eyes should most often rest. From this I deduct nothing, nor nothing from the walls. I walk like him the veranda round and round, and where his eyes should naturally fall I say: 'Here the idea may have come to him.' And in that place I search and search. The gutters for this reason I have scraped all round. Down the well I have gone with a ladder and in the well there is nothing to deduct. In the common places I have not looked at all, for my uncle was a graduate of arts, a man of great mind, and it should never happen that he could have concealed anything in a mattress or a hearthstone or up a chimney. It may be that my mind is not great or not enough great, for I cannot solve this problem. With all the deduction I have made, there is no result."

"Well?" said Cristina.

She was sitting on the corner of the massive table, dangling one narrow-toed foot and playing with the ribbons of her dress. There was something about her, all the same, that suggested she was not inattentive. There was a certain tenseness I find it hard to describe.

Most people are somewhat limp mentally and physically. Cristina never was. In moments of brain excitement one could almost see her nerves tighten up like violin strings. All the same when she spoke she spoke carelessly:

"Well, Richilda, I'm sure you have done your best, and none of us can do more. Now you'll sing for us to reward us for coming up all that long hill, won't you?"

Of the singing I need say nothing. Who does not know Richilda's song?

It was very hot when we went down the hill through the dusky woods to the town that lay asleep all day and all night beside the glassy Malaysian sea. Cristina, in her airy, dainty dress, flitted from gleam to gloom among the enormous trees like some butterfly that had acquired the form of a human being while keeping all the butterfly nature.

She seemed to have dismissed the problem of the day altogether from her mind—nothing less serious, less intellectual than she, decking herself with the ivory flowers of the nutmegs, and making fairy wands of peeled saplings, with a star-shaped bloom set on top.

Miss Van den Hofdyk trod slowly and seriously, laden with thought. Mrs. Ash walked with me—she seemed to have taken an odd fancy to me of late, varied by little flashes of resentment that I could not quite understand—and broke silence as much as two or three times on the journey back to town. I do not know that I listened to her as closely as politeness demanded, but I gathered that she was telling me how to force hyacinths in a frosty winter.

It was extremely hot; my collar was a rag before we got in, and my coat clung to my shoulders, limp and soaked. When we arrived at the hotel Mrs. Ash, putting her drenched handkerchief into her pocket as of no further use, stopped a moment at the door to explain that snow was good for certain hardy perennials, but you must not mistake your kinds. Then she went in.

After dinner, when the stars had begun to glow like little moons on the water floor of the old volcano, and the Gunong Api was sending up a pillar of vermilion light, I wandered out into the town. There is some little business in the place, and your Colonial Dutchman does not hold the after-dinner hour sacred to friendship. I wanted to see and talk to a certain trader about whom I had been hearing. He owned a good many small islands farther north; and concerning this matter of the corner in gum dammar —— But I forget again. You must not be told about the new tax and what it was going to do.

Well, I went out, with an excellent Sumatra cigar for company, and walked down the sea road. And by and by I met a Malay woman, tripping along in those inevitable Malay heelless slippers—flip-flap, flip-flap. It was dusk, but I could see that she had a good figure and held herself very well, with a certain pride of carriage not common among women of savage races.

She had on the usual folded tablecloth of a skirt they call a *sarong* and the usual white combing jacket—about the ugliest native dress there is. Her hair was hidden under an Indian *sari*, pulled half over her shoulders; by this I judged her to be of mixed race. She slipslopped past me in the semidark and I never should have thought of noticing her only that

I do not know the name of the perfume—Cristina does not use it nowadays. She did then, however. It was very dainty and delicate, not so much a perfume as a suggestion to the effect that somebody, somewhere, had been picking small golden roses, the hardly sweet at all kind. I reached out with one hand and caught the slipslopping figure by its arm.

"Miss Raye," I asked, "what mad freak is this?"

She answered in Malay.

"You needn't trouble—I know you," I said. "Where are you going and where in the name of chaperonship is your Mrs. Ash?"

At this she gave in, with a merry chuckle that no Malay could possibly have given forth.

"I'm going to the native *kampong*," she said. "Mrs. Ash—bless her dear heart!—is off to the Lutheran church I suppose you forgot it was Sunday—and thinks I'm asleep on the veranda."

I threw away the cigar.

"I'm going with you," I said very firmly. "You must remember I'm not quite a new chum here now, and I don't consider ——"

"Oh, but you can't come!" she said. "I must pass for a Malay or I shall hear nothing. . . . There's no danger really. And if there was ——"

She drew aside the folds of her *sarong*. In the starlight I could just make out the crooked handle of a *kris*.

"Well, Kris-Girl," I said, "you may say what you like, but I shall stay outside any house you go into."

Cristina looked at me and saw, I think, that there was no moving me from my purpose. She accepted the situation.

"Walk a good way behind," she said, and we went on.

In the brown Malay house, set on low piles and built of bamboo, there was only one rude kerosene lamp set on the floor. Still, a man standing outside in the dark could see all he wanted to through the chinks.

Cristina was sitting among a number of Malays, men and women, helping herself to hot rice with her hands—it struck me that the quality of her brown paint must be good. She picked bits of fish from a pile on a banana leaf and added them to the mass, cramming the whole into her mouth with three fingers. Apparently there was plenty of food for all comers; quite a score of Malays were squatted on the floor, munching crabs' legs, curry, and pieces of the inner parts of fowls. I judged them to be coolies, engaged by day in unloading steamers or carrying goods. The women were evidently their wives.

Cristina was not talking much, but she seemed to be leading a certain ancient dame in a silk jacket and *sarong* to converse as much as possible. That was a good deal. The old lady, warmed with food and with something out of a coarse German tumbler, with much gesticulation was relating a long story. Cristina, keeping in the dusk and throwing in an occasional remark in Malay, listened. I am bound to say that the porters and their wives paid her very little attention. Her disguise was good and she was not beautiful according to the native standard, else it and she might have been scrutinized too closely for safety.

The adventure lasted but a little time. In twenty minutes or less Cristina rose from the floor, placed a half-eaten piece of fish politely back in the common stock and nodded good-by, explaining, as she afterward told me, that she heard her mistress' voice somewhere outside and wanted to get off and hide before Mevrouw caught her away from her work.

She joined me some distance away from the bamboo house and walked with me by unfrequented paths back to the hotel.

"Come to afternoon coffee to-morrow and you shall see what you shall see," she whispered as she left me.

You cannot, generally speaking, have a private sitting room in a Malaysian hotel, because no one stays indoors except when in bed; but the great stone verandas take the place of sitting rooms well enough, especially when the hotel is all but empty. Most of these strangely palatial hotels are empty or nearly so the greater part of the time. I used to wonder whether the proprietors kept them open simply because they had fallen into the habit of doing so and could not stop.

In an undisturbed corner of the veranda, then, we met about four o'clock — Cristina,

We Found Ourselves in Less Than Five Minutes at the Mysterious House

(Continued on Page 65)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1914

When War Shall Cease

IMAGINE the situation of a good, commonplace German family: Times are very hard, because business is prostrate. Probably the breadwinners are away in uniform. If it is a farm or a shop the women are doing what work there is. If it is an artisan's family the pay envelope has stopped. The main occupation consists in awaiting the bulletins of killed and wounded, and searching there for the name of husband, father or son. The outlook is bleak; for if the breadwinners come back unscathed long economy will be necessary to repair the loss of profits or of earnings during wartime.

And all this misery for what? If Germany wins there may be much shouting in Berlin; some new glaring white statues in Victory Alley; somebody will get decorations and titles; the newspapers will inflate their chests with pride—but this good, commonplace family will only be poorer. It can gain nothing whatever, for none of its interests were concerned in the war. If the generals blunder or the Russian battalions prove too heavy, then fewer breadwinners will come back, and this commonplace family will get a heavier mulct of taxes.

Put in its place, you can imagine yourself indignantly repudiating the concern at Berlin that would inflict such misery on you for nothing—saying: "Excuse me! I have no sons to be shot in a game of statecraft. If you want to maintain, by force of arms, a theory about balance of power, go do the fighting yourself!"

Only in that way will war cease. The time is coming when people can no longer be led into war by political dogmas; when they will realize that in every war they suffer horribly, while in only one possible war out of a thousand can they gain anything whatever.

Government Ships

A FEW weeks ago the proposal that our Government should buy and operate a fleet of merchant ships for the purpose of fostering trade to Central America and South America would have been received with amazement. Today nothing that the most excitable imagination could call a crisis exists with regard to that trade.

If it were cut off entirely we should have to forego coffee and bananas; but no great national interest would suffer deeply. No outlet for our surplus agricultural products is found there, and of all our trade that to Central and South America is least interfered with by the war. In that field there is the least excuse for intervention that involves a radical change in Government policy. Advocates of Government ships, however, keep the Central American and South American trade to the fore, as though the main reason for the measure grew out of the situation there. The bill, as introduced in Congress, reads that the ships shall ply to "ports of Central and South America, and elsewhere."

The reason for emphasizing Central America and South America is that carrying merchandise to Europe in Government vessels might involve this country in highly disagreeable complications. By international law and usage a belligerent has an undoubted right to stop any privately owned ship under a neutral flag and search it for contraband of war; but for a belligerent to stop and search a vessel of the United States Government would be a gross insult to this nation. Unless acceptably explained and apologized for it would be tantamount to an act of war on us. There is no need of Government-owned merchantmen for the Central American and South American trade. Used in the European trade Government-owned merchantmen might well involve this country in serious trouble. The bill seems to propose a useless thing, but it really means a dangerous thing.

The Home Market

THE first effect of the present war will be a great loss of foreign trade to this country. To the countries now fighting we sold much more than a thousand million dollars' worth of goods last year. That they will buy much less of our goods this year is now absolutely certain. That positive loss of trade is the first fact that confronts us.

From the warring countries we purchased more than three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of goods last year. That we shall buy less this year is a foregone conclusion. Customs receipts fell off smartly in August, and Chairman Underwood calculates the loss for the year at a hundred million dollars, which, of course, means a great shrinkage in imports. There will be a big hole in the supply of goods for the home market, and it remains for our manufacturers to fill it up.

There is no doubt that a protective tariff stimulates home production; and, as to a great lot of imported goods, the war operates as an absolutely prohibitive tariff. While it lasts, for example, we shall get hardly any goods from Germany—except in the improbable contingency of England's overwhelming defeat at sea—and we bought a hundred and ninety million dollars' worth from Germany last year. That business is fairly forced into our manufacturers' hands, so far as they prove able to take it on their own terms.

As with all other commercial questions connected with the war, much depends on the duration of the conflict. If it should end to-morrow, trade, generally speaking, would soon resume its accustomed channels; but every day it is prolonged increases foreign industrial demoralization and makes resumption of ordinary channels more remote and doubtful.

Home manufacturers now have a bar against foreign goods that is much more effectual even than the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, and there is a presumption that this condition will continue many months. The home market is virtually handed over to them; and out of that circumstance very likely will grow the most lasting effects of the war on American trade.

Taking War Risks

WHEN the business world realized that it must face a great European war marine insurance against the risks of war practically collapsed everywhere. From the London Economist's report we find that on July twenty-eighth, when Austria declared war on Servia, the Lloyd underwriters were insuring vessels against war risk at a premium of one quarter of one per cent—that is, to get a hundred dollars of insurance a man paid twenty-five cents.

Then came in rapid succession Germany's ultimatum to Russia, her declaration of war against Russia, her invasion of Belgium, and Great Britain's declaration of war on Germany; whereupon every British merchant ship became a lawful prize of any German war vessel that could overhaul her, and war-risk insurance leaped to the monstrous rate of twenty-one per cent. To get his hundred dollars of insurance, instead of paying twenty-five cents the vessel owner must pay twenty-one dollars. Of course that rate was prohibitive.

Then the British Government intervened by establishing a war-risk office and writing insurance on British ships. At first it charged five per cent. The private underwriters caught their breath and their courage, and also began writing war insurance at five per cent. The government lowered its rate to three per cent. The Lloyd underwriters did the same; and at last accounts they were writing the bulk of the insurance at rates that were quite reasonable in view of conditions.

At a time of panic and collapse the government intervened. Its intervention quickly brought about stable and tolerable conditions; whereupon—having accomplished its object—it practically stepped aside. That is a good illustration of intelligent government intervention.

Reaction That is Progress

THERE was a big coal strike and a big prospective coal famine soon after Theodore Roosevelt became President. He called the heads of the mining concerns to Washington, read them a lecture, and told them to settle the strike, on pain of some active interference by the Government.

Along about then a new impulse in politics began to make itself increasingly felt. Perhaps its most salient expression was by way of making big, selfish and predatory business more amenable to public opinion, more consonant with the general weal. One of its first big battles was over the law giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railroad rates.

That impulse has continued, with results that will outlast our time. Politics in the United States is permanently higher and better because of it. The principle that business, big or little, is no man's selfish affair but must conform to the public good, has been established to last.

The present temper of the country, in our judgment, is somewhat reactionary—not reactionary against the genuine movement referred to above, but against excesses and imitations that have sprung up in its triumphant wake. There is too great a willingness to try reckless experiments with business. Political success won by solid criticism of business is apt to inspire much rant against business in general.

We think there is a real public wish for a less raucous note in politics; but let no one dream that we are going back to a Mark Hanna régime.

A New Batch of Heroes

PROBABLY this war will yield the usual crop of heroic memoirs, and thereby we shall learn again that the prize fighter may be quite as ignorant, stupid and silly as the prize butcher, baker or candlestick maker.

England has produced three men who have won the first rank of fame by feats of arms: Marlborough's amazing rascality makes him rather interesting; but Nelson, off the quarter deck, was a vain sentimentalist of unsteady character; and Wellington was a stodgy Tory squire. When it comes to the lesser heroes of war, luck and ability to do a sum in mathematics are the things on which many of their reputations rest.

The advance of the German army on Paris is spoken of as a thing to admire, but Attila, the brutish Hun, knew how to drive great bodies of men to slaughter quite as well as Von Moltke; and, in fact, accomplished substantially the same feat in the same arena nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

No doubt Sitting Bull could have done it as well as either of them if his military education had been on a larger scale. Men have always known how to do this brute business of fighting.

The Present Congress

WE DO not see why this Congress' standing with the country should be taken as a measure of the Administration's standing. In this House of Representatives there are many worthy members; but so many startling utterances and proposals have emanated from its membership, as a whole, that it gives one the blues to reflect on what it would probably do if left to its own guidance unchecked by President, Senate and Supreme Court. The whole strength of Congress lies in the fact that it has been a tractable instrument in the hands of the President; and that is a rather odd direction for Congress' strength to take.

We take the liberty of imagining that if Woodrow Wilson were back in Princeton, and the roll of this House were laid before him as a sort of composite elector, his blue pencil would find plenty of employment on it.

That there will be many changes in the membership of the House and a decided reduction of the present overgrown Democratic majority seems highly probable, but we do not see why anybody should take that as a measure of the Administration's standing.

Protecting a Gold Stock

WE SHIP gold to Europe for exactly the same reason that one citizen hands a ten-dollar bill to another. The first citizen either owes the second one ten dollars or is making him a loan. When we ship gold we either owe the money or are making a loan. The only way to prevent gold shipments is to keep out of debt to Europe and refuse to lend her money.

There is, of course, the alternative of repudiation. Every country in Europe is now conserving its gold stock by refusing to pay its debts; and, as a natural corollary, the business of every country in Europe is demoralized.

Because there are many technical details about gold shipments their essential character is often obscured. At least ever since the panic of 1893 people have dreamed of devising a scheme that would keep the country on a gold basis, yet enable it to refuse at pleasure to pay its foreign debts in gold. That is exactly as though an individual should undertake to keep his credit good while refusing to pay his debts whenever payment of them happened to be inconvenient.

The fault in our system is not that we export gold, for under any system we must finally do that whenever our debts to Europe exceed our payments in goods. The fault is that our gold stock is scattered and there is no way of mobilizing it.

That will be remedied partly by the new banking system; but if we get into debt on the net balance, and Europe demands payment, gold will go out—unless we repudiate.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Napoleon's Understudy

THE greatest general of all time—Napoleon—was a little, squat, fat man, and a Frenchman; and I have the honor to report that the present French general Joffre—is also a little, squat, fat man. That means what it may mean, as the event will show; but, so far as paunch and squatness are concerned, there is the resemblance. *Très bien!* as the French would say.

And, as has been remarked frequently, the French are a versatile as well as a volatile people; likewise loquacious. Wherefore, being versatile, these same French have versatilely pulled an anomaly in the crisis now existing—that is to say, being a volatile and a loquacious—not to say loquendous—nation, the French have put at the head of their army the only living Frenchman who never says a word.

They have a president who shoots passionate declamation on every occasion, and a war minister who weeps for, with and over the children of the country each time a French soldier stabs a German with a bayonet; but they have wisely confined these exhibitions and exhibitors to the rear. The man in front for France—Joffre—says nothing in every *patois* of the republic; and on occasion, being an educated warrior, he can say nothing in English and German and Italian—and does just that.

Barring the heavy mustache that decorates him in company with numerous orders and insignia, Joffre is truly Napoleonic in form and figure. He is short and fat, mild of eye and congested of speech; but he is harder than any nails ever made by any nail maker. He has been at the head of the French army for three years, and every minute of that time he has been preparing for the struggle in which he is now engaged. And he has made no personal parades or ridden abroad on any prancing steeds.

Instead, for example, after the army maneuvers last year in France, Joffre came to his headquarters and, calling for his secretary, issued an order of about thirty words in which he dismissed, without recourse, five of the gaudiest leading generals of France. He fired them—gave them the sack, as the English put it. He watched their work and it did not suit him.

"Boys," he said, in a manner of speaking, "you wear your epaulets with exceeding grace, and you look well on horseback; but as soldiers you are back in the days when they fought with the rapier and the rondeau. You are herewith discharged. Do you get me?"

They got him and they got out. Likewise, numerous other antiquated things have left the French army in the three years that Joffre has been at its head. You see, though intensely French, he is totally non-Gallic. No sympathies run away with Joffre. He always has his enthusiasms and his temperament under double wraps. When he gives an order he wants that order executed exactly as he gives it; and when he does not give an order he wants that not executed in the same manner. There is none of the *Mon cher camarade!* business about him. His comrades are dear enough, mayhap; but if they do not do their work they need not come round.

Joffre was a youngster of eighteen at the Polytechnique when the Franco-Prussian War began. He joined the artillery and was put on fortification work. After the disastrous close of the war he was set to reconstructing the fortifications of Paris, and built the works at Enghien. Marshal MacMahon went out to inspect those forts one day and was pleased. He called Lieutenant Joffre to him, put his hand on the youth's shoulder, and said: "I congratulate you, Captain Joffre." And Joffre was but twenty-two.

They sent him to Pontarlier to assist in the defenses. The soldier in him came out. "It is excellent," he said, "this fortification business; but I don't want to be making forts all my life. I want to command soldiers."

Presently his opportunity came. He was put into the field in the Franco-Indo-China wars, and he won many victories. After that he saw service in Dahomey, in Madagascar, in Formosa, and at Timbuktu, where he re-formed and led the shattered column of Colonel Bonnier and turned defeat into victory.

A Very Poor Advertiser

SO FAR as actual fighting goes, all his experience, until the present, has been in colonial wars; but when he returned to France, late in the nineties, he attacked with such vigor and with such intelligence the army problems that presented themselves that in 1911 he was made generalissimo; and now the success or failure of the French campaign is up to him.

Ordinarily French generals put up sixteen-sheet stands of bills on the billboards, alluding to themselves as *Bon magnifique!* In the Franco-Prussian War there was no news of the soldiers; all the news was about the generals. And so it has been for years until Joffre took hold, when that sort of thing ceased immediately. So far as being a public idol, which usually is more to be desired by the French general than anything else, Joffre is practically unknown to the ebullient populace. Take Pau, for example. All France knows him with his massive head and his empty sleeve; but if Joffre should visit the boulevards when not in uniform he could sit for hours unnoticed in any café.

He is the protagonist of silence. If you have been watching the dispatches from the front up to the time this was written, which was before the great battles in Belgium, you may have observed that the dispatches say, "The French troops," and that the dispatches do not say, except in rare instances, "The French troops under the command of General Chapeau or General Favori." Joffre is not letting on where his brigadiers are or who they are, for he knows the Germans have accurate tabs on every French commander of any capacity or any position, and know his weaknesses or his strength.

As Sir John French, under the direction of Earl Kitchener, has done with the English troops, so Joffre has done with the French troops. He is fighting them to the extent of their abilities, but he is not telling where he is fighting them, how he has disposed them, what troops are at any particular place or what generals direct them. Silence is Joffre's policy, as it is England's. If a Frenchman is killed in battle Joffre's aides telegraph to the stricken mother: "Your son has fallen." That is all. There is no word to tell her where her son fell or what were the circumstances of his death.

Joffre is absolute master. So long as he is in command he will be in command. The French minister of war was quoted the other day as saying: "I assure you, if I were to take a motor car and drive into the zone of operations without General Joffre's permission, General Joffre would turn me out."

Joffre will not share responsibility or power in the field or at the front. He will be the boss so long as he is boss, and his one idea is that in war neither fear nor favor, neither politics nor pull nor pity, should influence any action of his. He is a Frenchman who operates along harsh Anglo-Saxon lines. So it has come about that the French soldiers, having been for years extremely communicative, have now reversed themselves under the direction of this thoughtful, taciturn, almost meditative man, and are fighting without any flummery and without any fireworks; for Joffre is no political soldier—no warrior of the boulevards. He is a real fighter; and believe me he has some real fighting to do, as Weber and Fields might say.

Petite Marmite

A MAN who had made a lot of money suddenly came puffing into the Arlington Club, in Portland, Oregon, one day. C. N. Hood, of Portland, was sitting in the cafe.

"Gimme a plate of soup!" said the newly-rich one.

A waiter served the soup. The man took a few spoonfuls and shouted:

"Here, take this away! It ain't good."

"Isn't good?" inquired Hood in surprise. "Why, it sounds good!"

I JUST TOUCHED HIM FOR A HUNDRED!
I CAME BACK IN THE STEERAGE—AND GLAD TO DO IT!
SAVE A PLACE FOR ME!
WHEN I TAKE MY NEXT VACATION I SHALL HAVE TO SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES
THEY MADE ME WALK TWENTY MILES IN THE RAIN!
HIS MANNERS ARE NOT SO CHARMING AS THE COUNT'S, BUT—
MAYBE THIS PIE OF MA'S IS BAD!
HE IS RAWTHER A CRUDE OLD MAN—BUT KIND.
I WONDER IF SOME OF THEIR CULTURE ISN'T BUNK?
F.S.B

Back From Europe

Black Cat Hose *are for all the Family!!*

25c and Up

Black Cat Hose in *Silk lisle, silk, cotton* and *merino* for men, for women and for children are obtainable in every city and county in America; 10,000 dealers sell this *world famous brand.*

Whatever you purchase under this 30 year old label is with an

Unlimited Guarantee

The decision of Satisfaction is left to *you.* You decide whether you get your money's worth *always.* We have made good on every claim under this guarantee for *30 years.*

For Every Purpose Buy

BLACK CAT!

There are gauzy silks, fine gauze silk lisles, extra durable silk lisles, medium and heavy cottons, warm merinos for adults. There are Sunday weights and "leather" stockings for children. You can always find what you want in this one renowned brand. And always at a *saving.* Write us if your dealer is short of colors or styles.

Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Co.
Dept. S
Kenosha, Wisconsin

WAR AND BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 4)

call for payment; but now they cannot realize on these loans at all. The borrower cannot pay, because it is impossible for him to sell the stocks; and it is equally impossible for the banks to sell them.

So, for secondary reserve purposes, call loans are simply wiped off the books. That is not very material just now, for the banks are in a position to issue over a thousand million dollars of emergency currency. Under an Act of Congress passed after the panic of 1907 and extended last year—by a kind of providential accident—so that it is still in force, national banks, by forming currency associations, can get from the Treasury Department bank notes, in appearance exactly the same as the bank notes heretofore in circulation, to an amount equal to one hundred and twenty-five per cent of their capital and surplus. These notes are secured by deposit of state, county and city bonds, commercial paper and warehouse receipts for grain, cotton and other commodities.

Thus, if there should be a run on the banks they could use these notes to pay off depositors; but there has been no run on the banks, and more than a month after the downfall of Europe's credit system not the least sign of alarm among bank depositors was in evidence here. There was some withdrawal of funds from reserve cities by country banks, and here and there a temporary flurry among savings-bank depositors; but the savings banks generally put in force the provision that entitles them to demand sixty days' notice of intention to withdraw a deposit, and the situation in that field was soon fairly normal.

Exchange Machinery Stops

That emergency currency will be needed to meet a run on the banks seems highly improbable. As a precautionary measure the issuance of such currency was doubtless wise, and it may be used to make loans, especially on warehoused cotton. A national bank cannot count its holdings of emergency currency as part of its cash reserve, but a state bank can; and in that way bank credits may be built up on it. There is danger of inflation here; but we are entitled to assume that the banks and the Treasury Department will not permit that.

More important than the closing of the stock markets in its effect on business in the United States was the utter collapse of the foreign-exchange market, which occurred at the same time; for that operated as an embargo on exports, and it was very necessary that our surplus products be sent to Europe.

For example, we raised this year the biggest wheat crop on record and now have at least two hundred and fifty million bushels of that cereal to spare. Europe wants every bushel of that surplus; but a few days after war was declared wheat was piling up at the docks on the Atlantic seaboard, and the immediate prospects of moving it were so poor that railroads refused to haul any more thither until the blockade was raised.

The first trouble, of course, was lack of ships. Germany's big merchant fleet was virtually put out of business the moment war began, and is still out at this writing, for a German merchant ship, though laden with American wheat, would be a lawful prize for any British or French cruiser that overhauled her. For a few days even British merchant ships were mostly out of business, because some German cruisers lurked in the North Atlantic; and in view of the danger of capture the underwriters would not issue war-risk insurance. England, however, soon announced that the North Atlantic was safe, and the British Government itself began writing war-risk insurance; so there was no longer any real difficulty in getting boats to carry the wheat across the ocean. The next difficulty was in handling the exchange.

An exporter in New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia buys wheat and loads it on a steamer bound, say, for Liverpool. Usually he will have the wheat sold on the other side by the time it is loaded here. He takes a bill of lading from the steamship company, showing that so many bushels of grain are in such and such holds or compartments of the vessel, consigned to such and such a destination. He gets a certificate of inspection from the New York Produce Exchange showing the quality of the wheat. He gets an insurance policy, insuring the wheat against loss at sea. This ordinary marine insurance, however, does not cover loss because of war; and when there is war he must have insurance covering that risk also.

The exporter then draws a draft on the foreign buyer for the value of the wheat. To that draft he attaches the papers mentioned above, and his bank will give him credit for the draft at the going rate of exchange on London; or he can sell his draft in the foreign-exchange market in New York. In either event, the moment his wheat is in the ship, duly inspected and insured, he gets his money for it and can use the money to buy more wheat.

If his wheat is directed to England the draft, according to the usual practice, will be payable at seven days' sight—that is, seven days after it is presented to the drawee in Liverpool. The wheat may not have arrived by that time, or if it has arrived the buyer may not have resold it; but, on the strength of the bill of lading, the inspection certificate and insurance policy his bank will advance him money to pay the draft or bill of exchange.

If the shipment is cotton the draft will be drawn at sixty days' sight—not on the buyer, but on his bank. He will have said substantially to his bank: "I am going to buy so many thousand bales of American cotton this season. I want you to let the sellers of this cotton draw on you for the value of each shipment, every draft to be accompanied by a bill of lading and a policy showing that the cotton has actually been shipped and properly insured."

Thus the buyer's bank knows when it accepts a cotton draft for him that the goods have actually been shipped. For its further protection it may take from the buyer whatever security it sees fit, and for accepting the drafts it charges him a certain commission. When a cotton draft reaches England, therefore, it is at once accepted by a responsible bank, meaning that the bank guarantees payment of it. When thus accepted any other bank will discount the bill at a low rate of interest.

The essential points are that the American exporter gets his money the moment the commodity is loaded on a ship and insured, and the English or Continental bank carries the buyer until the commodity has been disposed of; but at the beginning of the war this exchange machinery absolutely broke down. To see why it did we will in another article take a glance at events in London.

Editor's Note—Mr. Payne's next article on War and Business will appear in next week's issue.

Recuperating

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century the world's annual production of iron was less than a million tons, or rather less than the United States alone now produces every ten days. In the next half century it rose to something less than five million tons. Then, in twenty years, it little more than doubled, rising to twelve million tons by 1870. From 1900 to 1910, however, the increase in production was over twenty-five million tons, or more than double the total production in 1870.

That typifies the world's industrial progress. From the beginning of history up to the Napoleonic wars the pace was that of a lame tortoise over a poor road. From the opening of the nineteenth century to the Franco-Prussian War the pace steadily mended until it became a good jog trot.

In the last forty years it has grown faster and faster, until it is a commonplace to find that the increase in production of a staple article during a few recent years exceeds the total production in the time of Napoleon III. In 1880 the total wealth of the United States was put at forty-three billion dollars, which is less than the increase in its wealth since 1900.

Positively the present European war will be the most destructive ever known, but not relatively to Europe's wealth and power of recuperation. The positive loss will be enormous, but there is an enormous productive capacity to meet it. Land will remain. Probably all fixed industrial plants will suffer little injury.

Given these and the almost indestructible organization of business, recuperation will be rapid.

This is the *Clean* Way to Use Soap

MAKE the child's first lesson in cleanliness a lesson on the use of SOP-O-ZON in the home.

SOP-O-ZON is the modern liquid toilet soap. Convenient to use—very economical—delightfully cleansing and wonderfully soothing to the most delicate skin. It is a blend of the refined olive, cocoanut and other vegetable oils, from which it derives its delicate amber color. It is unexcelled for the toilet, bath and shampoo, in fact, for every purpose required of a refined toilet soap.

SOP-O-ZON
(Pronounced Soaperone)

LIQUID TOILET SOAP

Ideal for Home, Office, School, Club—all Public and Private Bathrooms and Washrooms

The SOP-O-ZON way is the *clean* way to use soap. The SOP-O-ZON is contained in a handsome nickel-silver SOP-O-ZON Dispenser which attaches securely to the wall over the wash basin. It can never leak or spill. You simply press a button on the Dispenser and the pure, fresh SOP-O-ZON is deposited in the palm of your hand. No other hands than yours ever touch it. Everybody in the family has *pure,* fresh, individual toilet soap—instantly ready for use—and it's always in the same place.

Where to Buy

SOP-O-ZON and SOP-O-ZON Dispensers are for sale by leading Hardware, Drug and Department stores. Look for the SOP-O-ZON sign. Ask your dealer to show you the SOP-O-ZON Dispenser and see how ideally it works.

Prices—at dealers or direct from us

SOP-O-ZON Dispensers—complete ready to attach to wall . . $2.50
SOP-O-ZON in half gallon tins . .50
SOP-O-ZON in gallon tins . . 1.50
Special prices in larger quantities

SOP-O-ZON BOOKLET SENT ON REQUEST

Dealers: *Write or wire us at once for our special Dealers' Proposition. We still have a few exclusive agency territories open. We want representative dealers only*

Bobrick Chemical Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

This Nickel Silver Fixture is Easily Attached to Any Wall
SOP-O-ZON Lever Pushes IN Not Up
Will Not Become Loose at the Wall

ENGLAND WAKES UP

(Continued from Page 5)

To end the war as soon as may be is to the life-and-death interest of Great Britain as it is of France. . . . We believe the time has come for resorting to the ultimate measure of national safety and imposing compulsory service on those of this nation who are fit to fight for its life and freedom. . . . We have to provide against all contingencies—all! And, while the Empire stands threatened with nothing less, if things go ill with us, than incalculable ruin, what proportion of our vigorous manhood is giving ear to and acting on that call of necessity? Does the public realize that thousands of men with family responsibilities are volunteering for foreign service to-day, simply because they know that the country needs men, and that those who have none but themselves to protect and strive for are not coming forward fast enough? . . . The simple fact is that this nation is in a death grapple with a foe which will know no mercy in the event of triumph; and if ever there was a case for the assertion of the country's right to the service of her sons, that case is Great Britain's now!"

Many of the other great newspapers had leading editorial articles of similar tone. There was an evident determination on the part of the commentators to minimize what had happened; but the general British view was that the first clash had resulted in a whipping for the French and the English.

At the first call of war the country had been fired with a loyal though silent enthusiasm. Had two thousand British been killed and wounded within four or five days after the declaration of war there would have been a different story; but three weeks dragged along, and the little outpost affairs, and the skirmishes, and the pottering about by squads, and withdrawals as by the Germans at Liège, who waited five days after their initial assault for their heavy artillery to come up—were magnified into advantages for the French and the English. And England, knowing that her fleet was supreme, after the first days of patriotism and nervousness, took it for granted that all was well.

Recruiting had been slow. It took three weeks to obtain the one hundred thousand men first called for by Lord Kitchener; but that was due, in part, to the slow methods of recruiting and the red tape of the musty and dusty recruiting officials. Instead of making it easy for men to join the army, they made it as hard as possible. Physical examinations were rigid. They did not follow the American method of gathering them all in and weeding out afterward.

Calling Men to the Colors

Imagine a country with as much at stake as Great Britain—a country with forty million population on these islands—where it takes almost three weeks to get one hundred thousand men! That number could be recruited in the cities of New York and Chicago in a day, and in any of the populous states in twenty-four hours. One man voiced the sentiment of those who were trying to enlist when he wrote to one of the papers:

"I want to enlist and go to the front. They will not have me because some of my teeth are bad! Damn it! I don't want to bite the Germans; I want to shoot them!"

The city was placarded with three separate sets of placards in red type, urging enlistment. Bills were stuck on the busses and the taxicabs, urging men to go to the colors and stating that enlistment was for the term of the war only. The newspapers carried appeals in their editorial columns and in their advertising columns. And still it took almost three weeks to get a hundred thousand men! Neither England nor London knew what the need was. They thought it was of no use to go to war so long as the Allies were so successful!

The hints at possible conscription brought the public up standing. On the next day after Lord Kitchener had made his statement in the House of Commons, in which he said the war "undoubtedly will strain the resources of our Empire and entail considerable sacrifices on our people," there came a realization over these English that this affair is vital. Kitchener continued:

"The empires with which we are at war have called to the colors almost their entire male population. The principle we, on our part, shall observe is this: That while their maximum force undergoes a constant diminution, the reenforcements we prepare shall steadily and increasingly flow out, until we have an army in the field which, in numbers not less than in quality, will not be unworthy of the power and responsibilities of the British Empire."

He did not say what force eventually would be required, but intimated that it might rise to thirty divisions constantly maintained in the field, or six hundred thousand men. That gave an insight to the people of what might be needed and probably will be; and there is no doubt that the hints at conscription contained in the leading newspapers were printed with the knowledge of the government. Then, after this had been borne in on the people, Prime Minister Asquith, in response to a question put to him in the House of Commons, said that compulsory service was not contemplated at the time, but that the nation needed all the recruits it could get.

On the day this was happening I visited two recruiting places. It was a rainy day, a muggy day, and a thoroughly uncomfortable London day, and I may have been at the two recruiting stations at the wrong time; but there was not a sign of a recruit at either of them. The recruiting officers were in their tents, but no person was volunteering.

Not So Particular

However, the news now is that recruits are coming forward rapidly. Also, the restrictions have been repealed in some instances. The age limit is under discussion. It is possible that men between thirty and forty will be accepted; and teeth, for example, need not be all sound to secure a king's shilling for the applicant.

Meantime the papers are crowded with letters from perturbed Britishers suggesting all sorts of expedients for getting men to go to the front. A large number of the letters are very severe on the young men who are playing cricket, lounging at Margate or Brighton or Torquay, or playing tennis and watching football, with constant and repeated references to Kipling's "Flanneled fools at the wicket and muddied oafs at the goal."

Several letter writers suggested that the parks be rid of the wastrels therein congregated; and others think that all men of fit age who are in prison for minor offenses should be freed if they will go to war.

The Daily Mail, on August twenty-eighth, began the publication of pictures of the side lines at cricket and football matches, showing the great crowds of idlers there—pictures of sufficient clearness to enable the identification of those in the crowds, most of whom were men within the enlistment age. The letters to the newspapers continued, all reproaching these idle young men for their lack of patriotism. One choleric Britisher inserted an advertisement in the Times reading as follows: "Wanted—petticoats for the young men who are spending their time at the cricket matches instead of going to the front to help in the defense of their country!"

The need of men was further shown by the call of Lord Kitchener for his second hundred thousand men. In this call, which was issued on the day after Premier Asquith said there would be no compulsory service at that time, Lord Kitchener raised the age limit for eligibles from thirty years to thirty-five years, and, in the case of men who had formerly been soldiers, to forty-two years. Also he made it plain that trifling physical defects will not be a bar and that the red tape of recruiting has been cut. Every omnibus and most of the taxicabs in London carry placards printed in red ink reading: A Call to Arms!—Enlistment for War Only!

It was hard to get the taxicabs to carry these notices. The men who own the cabs said the average Englishman does not like to ride in a cab with a placard on it; and there are stories that on the first days of enlistment, when applicants were crowding in to enlist, there were several occasions when the mounted police shoved them back from the recruiting tents, on the theory that order must be preserved even when men are trying to get to the front! Isn't that typically English?

Talk to an Englishman about this situation, and he lays part of the blame to the long-fostered feeling that England's great

"You are quite right to include

Campbell's Tomato Soup"

And many a clever hostess says practically the same thing, on many important occasions.

Its unusually *appetizing* quality makes this favorite Campbell kind entirely suitable with quite an elaborate menu. Often it is the precise feature needed to make such a menu a complete success.

It is easily prepared in various tempting ways; and it is readily adapted to the character of the meal.

Prepared as a Cream-of-Tomato—according to the simple directions on the label—it is particularly rich and inviting.

Do you enjoy the full advantage of its many delightful qualities on *your* table?

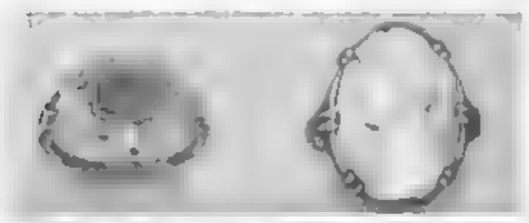
Why not order a dozen *today?*

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Gift for All Time



Lot 3939 [illegible] genuine [illegible] and diamond ring [illegible] amethyst ruby, Hope sapphire or pink sapphire or green [illegible] Price $45

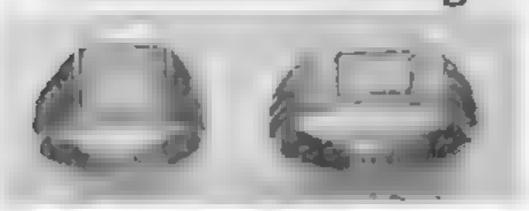
Lot 964— [illegible] one Japanese coral ring. Price $16.50. In genuine pink shell cameo, price [illegible] $10

For that birthday, that festival, that "special occasion," that brother, sister, sweetheart, father, mother, husband, wife, give a beautiful ring—one that will endure for years to come—a *perpetual* gift.

A fine ring is always a *gift* of delight—always admired—always good form. From time immemorial rings have always been the finest kind of gifts. They win respect for the wearer. They are always symbols of good standing and power. And never were rings more fashionable than now.

Rings of beauty, durability, and pleasure are

W-W-W Guaranteed Rings



Lot 3681— [illegible] $10

Lot 3808— [illegible] rings in gentlemen's ring. In genuine amethyst, topaz or garnets, $10. Genuine synthetic ruby or pink sapphire, $12

Every one, whatever the price, is solid gold. Each is guaranteed. Your money buys *more* than mere beauty—it buys value—*guaranteed* value. All W-W-W Rings are so wonderfully fashioned in the world's largest ring factory that the guarantee says—*if a stone ever comes out or is cracked we guarantee to replace and reset it free.* This covers all stones but diamonds.

All Prices

For men, women, youths and maids. At $3, $4, $5 $10 and up. As much or as little as you wish to pay. All bands solid gold, set with whole pearls, turquoise, sapphires, rubies, garnets, sardonyx or amethyst—all the precious and semi-precious stones, including all the birthstones.

At Your Jeweler's

Go to your jeweler. Ask to be shown his big assortment of W-W-W Guaranteed Rings. Try them on. See how much better they look than the pictures. If your dealer should be out of them, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

$5.00 Special

See the $5 Special W-W-W Rings. A most unusual [illegible] Send for interesting [illegible] Write for it today.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER
Dept O-200—BUFFALO, N. Y.
Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in which the Stones DO Stay

Lot 3860—Massive, beautiful hand carved, solid gold ring for gentlemen with square antique genuine amethyst [illegible] $12

Lot 3307 [illegible] $10

part, in a war such as this, is to supply the fleet of warships. As the English put it, they "have done their bit" when the ships are at sea.

However, there seems to be no doubt that the British mind is gradually grasping the situation. Indeed, the average Englishman is not much to be blamed if he has not wakened to the great crisis his country is facing. He has had little news. He has been told practically nothing. The censorship has been incredibly rigid, both in England and in France. No information about the movements of the troops has been allowed, except of the most general kind. For example, I reprint portions of a dispatch, as censored, that appeared in the Mail and in the Times on the morning this article was written:

"The German cavalry corps that made a threatening raid against English lines of communication from the direction of —— has been successfully repulsed. It was in three columns, of which the strongest, after circling round ——, where they blew up the station, burnt the town hall at ——.

"Then it proceeded to ——, arriving at two A. M.; and there the soldiers dragged women and children from bed to make them walk in front of them as a shield against French fire.

"Finally, on the road to ——, one column was ambushed by French artillery in a wood, and, with the exception of a few survivors, was completely destroyed. One of the other columns retired from ——.

"Yesterday afternoon a German aeroplane flew over ——, dropping bombs ineffectively"—and so on.

All the Englishman has been told is that there is a war. He has had no details, except minor ones, of what kind of war it is and will be. His news has consisted of a succession of little shreds of dispatches concerning small engagements elaborated into victories, of long stories about alleged German barbarities and of loud praises of the heroic bravery of the Belgians, who are now safely ensconced at Antwerp. He does not know, as this is written, about the massive strength of the Germans in the contested territory. He does not yet know that the German troops marched for thirty-six hours, without a break, through Brussels; that at Namur, where there were barricades consisting of deep ditches and barbed-wire entanglements of the most formidable character, the barbed wire being charged with fifteen hundred volts of electricity, the Germans went over these barricades as though they were not there. They do not know these things and many other similar things; but those in authority know them, and that is the reason for the impassioned appeals of the newspapers for men—more men—and more men.

The Briton's Calm Faith

The Englishman is not to be criticized for his failure to grasp the situation. It is the result of his environment. The French know what this war means, because it struck immediately at the whole social, business and economic fabric of France. Instantly, as soon as mobilization was ordered, France became an armed camp, and instantly every man, woman and child felt the impress of military government and realized what was in store.

The English fleet sailed away as it has sailed away many times before. The militia—called territorials in England—were mobilized. Various soldiers went somewhere. There were some days of money panic. Then England settled down to the new conditions, and that was about all there seemed to be to do about it. Half a million young and vigorous men were not lifted out of London as half a million were lifted out of Paris almost in a day.

I suppose that of the hundred thousand recruits secured as I write this not more than half came from London—fifty thousand from almost eight million instead of five hundred thousand from less than three million, as in Paris. The stores were not closed, or the factories; and the fields were not deserted. The pinch of war did not come so acutely. France did not need to be told by the newspapers that there was war. France knew it instantly, acutely and poignantly. England felt it almost remotely.

England, however, after the first flurry, realizing that the affair was grave, did not attach the individual responsibility to it all that the French or the Germans did, or the Austrians, or the Belgians; for the war with the average Englishman, in its general aspects, was not an individual subject. It was a national affair, in which he was interested, but which remained governmental instead of becoming personal.

To be sure, there were some discomforts and some new conditions, and a fine patriotism was roused; but, all in all, the Englishman held that the affair was the business of the Empire rather than his individual business. He had a calm faith that the Empire would prevail, and that the foes of Britannia would be overwhelmed; but it was an imperial project; not a thing of more than patriotic concern to the individual Englishman. He knew it would cost money and blood. Still, that is to be expected in war, and he was willing to bear his share.

He felt that it would not be long before the British fleet would sweep the seas, and that the British and French soldiers would drive back the Germans, who, he firmly believed, were sent to war by a crazy man—the Kaiser. He took over his share of the restrictions and adapted himself to the new condition uncomplainingly and with a fine British stolidity and solidity. He was not disturbed except temporarily.

Their Yankee Cousins

Then came the staggering news that, almost before the war had begun, two thousand British had been killed and wounded. That brought the truth home to him. It was not to be a play spell. It was a real war. The newspapers thundered at him that the nation is in dire peril, that her very existence depends on the outcome of the struggle. He woke up; but he did not wake up until the Germans began killing his countrymen; then he woke up with a bang!

I was at a theater on the night of the announcement of the two thousand casualties. Previously, though there had been attempts to rouse enthusiasm at this same theater and at others, I had watched the English stand decorously while God Save the King! was sung or played, and cheer, almost perfunctorily, the pictures of the King, the Cabinet, the President of France, the Czar of Russia and the King of the Belgians, which were thrown on the screen for the obvious purpose of getting cheers.

On this night the British came to. They cheered their leaders. They joined with the great chorus on the stage in God Save the King! and Rule Britannia! And they gave what was almost a lifelike imitation of an American cheer when the bulletin was thrown up: Paris Denies That Namur Has Fallen!

Next day, also, the recruiting was brisker. Next day—or that night, rather—the average Englishman came out from his shell and realized that it is not a few of England's ships or a few of England's soldiers that are in danger, but that England—Great Britain—the Empire—is in danger; that there are possibilities in a disastrous outcome of this war that may mean the dismemberment of the empire on which the sun never sets; that the very existence of English institutions is threatened.

England has known it all the time. England has known it for years. England, in a governmental sense, has been actively preparing for it since the close of the Boer War—and especially during the last seven years. But Englishmen have not sensed it and did not sense it at the first—not until they had the concrete instance of slaughter. War to them was an abstract thing in the main, but that blood made it concrete. Wherefore England and the English are now awake to what is happening; and England and the English have determined to die in the last ditch.

The nation has become aware that, instead of being a bad business, this war is an epochal struggle that will tear ruthlessly apart the entire social and industrial fabric of the world. So they are getting ready. If a million more men are needed a million more men will be forthcoming—or two millions, or three millions. England—the Empire—is standing with her back to the wall; for in the end it is England that must conquer Germany if she is to be conquered. The French cannot do it alone. That task is England's—the task of these islands and of the dominions beyond the seas.

Since the war began the attitude of the English press—particularly the weekly press—toward the United States has undergone a vast change. Hundreds of columns of arguments have been printed showing that the Americans—their dear cousins—must inevitably side with the English. Even a notorious baiter of the United States, who never before has seen any good in us, is convinced that we are the greatest nation on earth, and that we must stand by.

There is now no ridicule of the Yankee nor of the American dollar. Columns are presented showing that the Germans are trying to enlist sympathy in the United States and purporting to show how futile the attempt is. Even H. G. Wells, who found so little of good among us, as shown in a recent book, is out with an Appeal to America! to help in this crisis, telling us what a wonderful people we are.

There is grave concern over any steps the United States may take to gain trade. This was accurately emphasized by one of the leading trade statisticians of London. He was asked what effect, to the betterment of American trade, this war would have, and replied indignantly that in times like these such sordid matters should not be thought about. Yet this same man is the chief mover in the great organized effort that is being made to secure all Germany's foreign trade.

The average Englishman puts it this way: "You can't help being for us, you Americans—you just can't! We are the same people. We speak the same language. We are cousins! Blood is thicker than water; and I am sure that in an extremity the United States would help us out."

The anxiety over what the United States may do is almost pathetic in its intensity. Not a line disparaging anything American has appeared in print for a month. Instead there have been yards and yards of editorial articles extolling the United States as a Great Power, and arguing that we must side with the Allies, not only because of ties of blood and speech, but because this is a fight for the preservation of democracy, and we must hold up the hands of those who are fighting for that issue.

A Fight for Existence

In another article I expect to show, as well as I may be able, what war means, aside from the cost in life and blood. Thus far I have seen a little of what it means in Belgium and a good deal of what it means in England and France. Take the question of cost in money. It is estimated by the financiers of England that the actual upkeep of the war, in a military sense, is a million pounds a day, or five million dollars; and that, in addition, there will be a war tax of five million pounds more a week, and a probable addition of five hundred million pounds, or two billion five hundred million dollars in our money, to the national debt; and probably there will be ten years or so of paper money that will be paper money—and that's all!

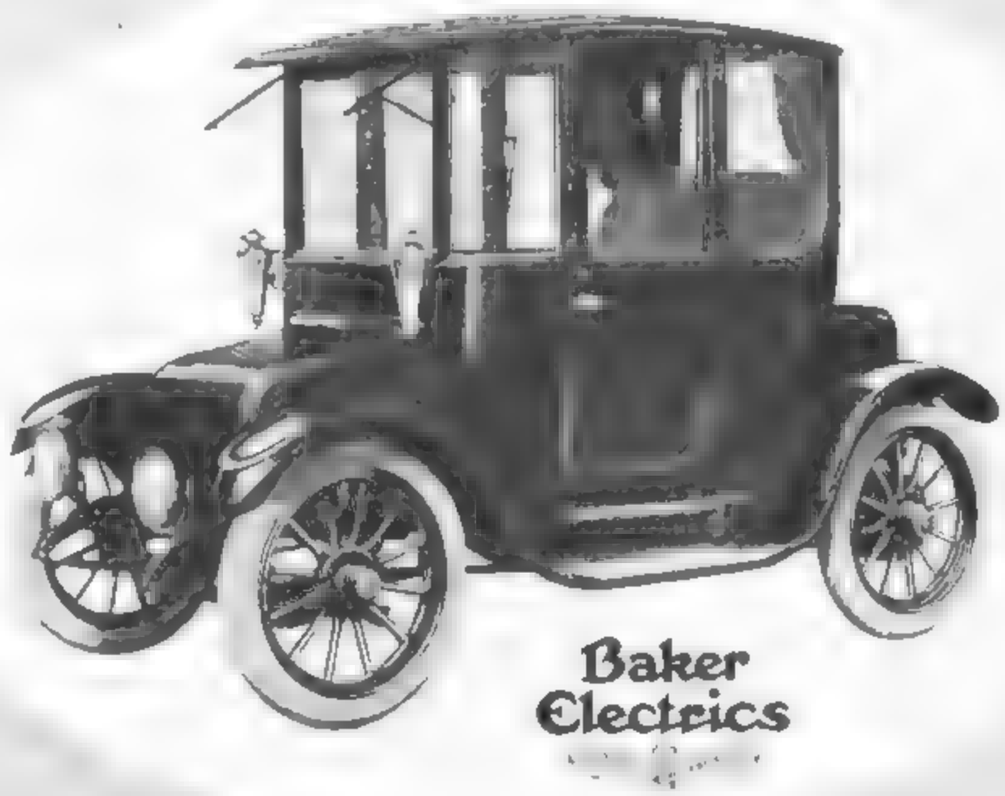
Appeals to the people have begun. These appeals are based on the fact that the Empire is fighting for its very national existence. It is pointed out that if the Allies fail France will be dismembered, Belgium, Holland and Denmark wiped out, and England Prussianized. It is cried aloud to the English that the overthrow of France means that Germany will possess the whole seaboard of the North Sea and the Channel, from Emden to Calais.

As one English appeal writer puts it: "With Germany on the Mediterranean, and half encircling our shores, our national existence would not be worth three years' purchase. The British Empire is too valuable a prize for the victorious Teuton to forego. Besides, the Kaiser is persuaded that, through his mother, he is the lawful inheritor of the British crown. William of Germany regards himself as the successor in title to William the Conqueror and William of Orange."

All this sounds rather hysterical and non-British; but it shows how those two thousand British casualties have awakened this phlegmatic nation.

Instead of his one hundred thousand men Lord Kitchener has stated he must have thirty divisions, or six hundred thousand men more, at the very least. "You young men of Britain," say the appeal writers, "will you face death as free men, or will you be shot like dogs or live to march under the flag of a foreign tyrant?"

England is awake at last. The men who wrote the contents bills—Two Thousand British Casualties!—sounded the first alarm; and now England—Great Britain—the Empire—roused to the terrific character of her task, is getting ready to fight for years if necessary.



½ Ton Less Weight

THE NEW LIGHT BAKER ELECTRIC

Weighs a *Full Half Ton Less* Than Many Other Electrics

Easy Steering: ***High Speed and Mileage:*** ***Reduced Upkeep Cost:***

Steering is *no* effort. Imagine the relief in being rid of 1000 pounds when driving over a rough pavement thru a jam of traffic. And speed! 23 miles per hour—probably the greatest ever built into an electric coupe. Better speed and just as good mileage with 32 cells of battery as heavier electrics with 40 to 42 cells—weight is the greatest handicap to both speed and mileage. Much lower cost of upkeep—weight is the most *expensive* thing about a motor car; it wears out tires, consumes power, grinds out bearings, increases repair bills. Longer life of car—excess weight pounds itself to pieces. Rides with unusual comfort—light body hung low on long chassis equipped in the rear with *Cantilever* springs. Light, graceful exterior impossible with heavy bulky cars.

Unique Seating Arrangement: 98 per cent of the town electrics carry four passengers and under. 71 per cent of the time, one or two passengers. The new light Baker is designed to meet these actual conditions. It is a roomy four-passenger Coupe, *instantly convertible into a two or a three-passenger car* merely by folding back the front seats (new disappearing type) out of sight and out of the way. Think of the pleasure of riding without empty front seats.

Advanced Equipment: Frameless windows thruout; front window drops way down. Invisible drip moulding; fixed rain visor. Mechanical window lifts; automatic circuit breaker; automatic door switch for interior lighting; combination eight-day clock and odometer. Worm drive axle; crown metal fenders. Exquisitely rich interior upholstered with exclusive imported fabrics in beautiful Poiret colorings. *From every standpoint this new light Coupe is the finest Baker Electric ever made.*

COMPLETE STORY WITH PHOTOGRAPHS MAILED ON REQUEST.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

Five-passenger Double Drive Broughams, Roadsters—Complete Line of Commercial Vehicles Ranging from 1000 Pounds to Five Tons

"Know the name of your piano?"
"Yes."
"Of your watch?"
"Sure!"
"Of your automobile?"
"Why, certainly!"
"What's the name of your fire insurance company?"
"The-ah-the-why, it's the-ah-"
"Yes?"
"For the life of me I can't remember!"
"How do you explain that?"
"So many companies I guess."
"All good, sound, reliable companies?"
"For all I know!"
"Surprise you to know that six out of every seven organized either fail or retire?"
"*Would* it? I guess it would!"
"Fact, just the same."
"Honest?"
"Absolutely!"
"Where's yours placed?"
"Where I know it's safe—if 104 years of uninterrupted good faith and honest dealing is any standard."
"And that is?"
"In the Hartford!"
"I always intended to get mine in the Hartford!"
"Well, do it now, man alive! It doesn't cost any more to have that kind of protection!"

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Conn.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

Name

Address _____

TAKING THE CURE

(Continued from Page 14)

a dollar to get him what he wanted? Before one had gone a step on that first day of the French mobilization one recognized the difference in the atmosphere.

"Have you small money?" challenged the *cocher*, before admitting anyone to his *fiacre*.

A little later, seated at the half-deserted Café de la Paix, one ordered a *glacé*, and got it—in the stare of the waiter. No deferential rush to the source of supplies, no scraping of feet, no pulling of forelocks! Instead came the gruff staccato: "Have you silver money?"

This antiversion of the Midas touch, this eerie sensation of carrying bills and checks that would not buy even the small necessities of life, was indeed difficult of acceptance during those first days of the European war, and it cannot be said that our American tourist, humored by long deference to his real or legendary wealth, was a very apt pupil at mastering that great economic truth about money not constituting wealth.

By Saturday morning, the morning of August first, most of the American tourists in Paris consented to leave the tomb of Napoleon and to become interested in tickets for London. Awed by the touching scenes of farewell met at every place on the streets that first day of the mobilization; stabbed to a realization of war by the trembling departure of that white-faced little waiter who was wont to bring morning coffee and thorny roll; startled by the thud of troops of cavalry—we all of us at last accepted the tremendou , unbelievable fact that the officer of the café had become the officer of the affray, that war was upon us, and that we, zealous students of the picturesque, were perhaps to be scarred by the system that gives color to foreign cities. As a result tourist offices were besieged; strong men pleaded for a ticket to England, and from eve to dewy morn the streets showed a reckless radiation of taxis with trunks.

Even yet, however, the confirmed sufferer from Europitis refused to believe that anything could threaten the consecrated person of the American tourist, and on Saturday morning I heard a gentleman on the fringe of a large group in the American Express Company's office say in a large store-box voice:

"Booking for London? No, siree! Going straight down to Switzerland with my three daughters, just as I've always done for the past fifteen years. This war isn't going to hurt us. What are all these fat men getting so nervous about anyway? Americans are simply losing their heads."

His tone was as final as that of the occupant of a plush seat in the parquet who has suddenly been asked to get up and lend a hand in the duel between Hamlet and Laertes. Conviction came tardily to this gentleman, for I met him two weeks later in London, where he had arrived from the Swiss frontier after a series of adventures that included detention for two days as a spy and the loss of his luggage.

The Clothes We Left Behind Us

Not, however, that this latter fact forms a successful mode of identification in the migratory movement of 1914. Everybody lost his luggage and everywhere you heard: "Yes, I left mine in Cologne." "No, the American Express Company is sending a special man over to Paris for it." "All I saved is what I have on." Those who had the bad taste to keep their trunks were punished by being as hopelesaly out of the conversation as a biologist at a sewing-circle.

As a matter of fact, there were many American women who were not particularly spunky about the loss of their trunks. These women forgot to trace the absence of porter and taxi and train service to those cute little officers whose presence gave Europe so much of its "atmosphere," and the important events of the present war will probably always be grouped by them into the statement that on Saturday, August first, people got out of Paris with their baggage and that on Sunday, August second, they did not.

But it was London, the London of that strange week commencing Sunday, the second of August, that presented us with the most touching conversions to America. In that week frightened tourists from Switzerland and Germany and Italy and France, with half-combed bundles and nullified checks, arrived in England by the thousand. Some of them had ridden for days and nights in crowded compartments that offered no opportunity either for food or for a change of clothes; a few had been detained in station houses; most of them had lost their luggage.

In such circumstances they were very susceptible to patriotism, and those long lines habitually formed outside of the American Express Company's office, the steamship offices and in the Savoy Hotel were almost borne out on tides of such sentiment as this:

"If only I get back to my comfortable room and my good bed in Hugerstown, Maryland, nothing will ever get me into this again."

"Just think, corn is cobbing now. Wouldn't you like to have an ear?"

"An ear? I'd like to have anything in that line. Been standing in this mob over an hour, and see how far I still am from the door."

Some there were who became a little querulous in their thought of the home government, and were apt to magnify the claims constituted upon Washington by the annual expenditure of all one's surplus cash in Europe.

"Why don't they get busy and send us over some ships anyway?" was the angry question of one woman wedged into a crowd before the Haymarket office of the American Express Company. "Just think, we don't have even a merchant marine! Actually have got to sail under a foreign flag at this dreadful time!"

When Money Stopped Talking

"What we need is Teddy," responded another woman. "He would have had transports over for us by this time. First of all he would have sent 'em, and next he would have asked Congress whether he might."

Here certainly was an illuminating speech. This woman, who resented absolutism when it interfered with her convenience, when it lost her trunks and robbed her of her boat, was all for the high hand when it promised to secure her comfort.

It will always be a subject of soothing reflection with many fair-minded Americans that we who have for so long laid the burden of picturesqueness upon the shoulders of Europe did something to relieve the graver hours of those warring countries. As we scurried into London that first week of August what a droll set of objects we were! One woman arrived at Victoria Station on Sunday with a knapsack gripped to her back; another showed hands positively lacerated by carrying heavy suitcases; another held a toothbrush aloft; and a fourth had made the less prophylactic segregation of a glorious mandarin coat.

But the package that really ran away with all silver cups offered in the contest was the large yellow pasteboard hatbox tastefully tied up in a blue luncheon cloth which one woman carried through the gantlet of high-nosed British dowagers seated in the lobby of one of London's smartest hotels.

"Isn't it funny?" remarked the owner cheerfully, setting it down on the floor; "I carried it at four o'clock this morning all the way from my pension near the Panthéon to the Gare St. Lazare. Going across the Carrousel Bridge I got tired and set it on my hat—sure I did, and I find that heretofore I have been very silly about limiting the functions of my head. Of course I looked funny—in fact, the few Frenchmen who saw me at it just doubled up and cried with mirth. *'A la guerre!'* shouted they merrily, and I was glad they found something to laugh at."

This benevolent view of the situation was, however, far from shared by a good many in our stricken American hordes. As has been said before, they did not like being disciplined by picturesqueness; they thought the mobilization ought to stop in order to let them pass through; they could not reconcile themselves to a Europe unimpressionable to the American pocketbook.

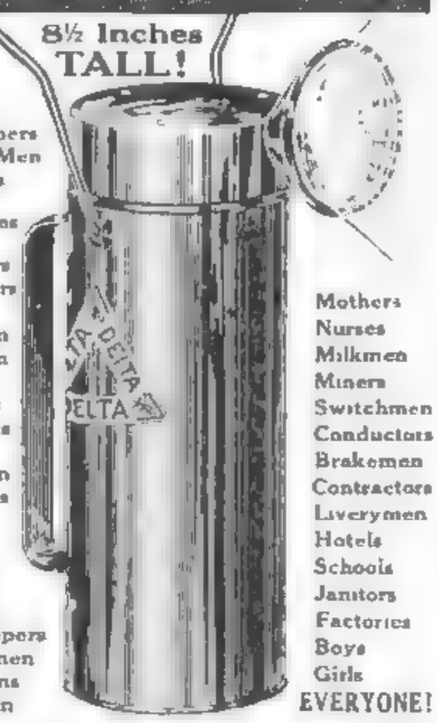
Evidence of this was afforded by the testimony of a girl who escaped from Vienna on the second day of the Austrian mobilization.

"The Americans on the way behaved like spoiled children," she remarked. "I was positively ashamed of them. Of course,"

At Last!

The Lamp of 1000 Uses!

8½ Inches TALL!



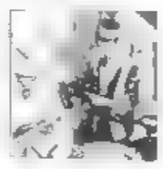
Used by
Storekeepers
Railroad Men
Inspectors
Bank Employes
Photographers
Messengers
Boatmen
Fishermen
Policemen
Hunters
Reporters
Mechanics
Firemen
Army Men
Physicians
Farmers
Plumbers
Autoists
Garage Owners
Housekeepers
Deliverymen
Electricians
Watchmen

Mothers
Nurses
Milkmen
Miners
Switchmen
Conductors
Brakemen
Contractors
Liverymen
Hotels
Schools
Janitors
Factories
Boys
Girls
EVERYONE!

Continuous Light for 40 Hours!

—Uses One Ordinary Dry Battery—

It was centuries coming, *but it's here!* A full-sized, sturdy, ever-ready electric lantern with a multitude of uses. A mere push of thumbswitch floods the darkness with brilliant, steady, white light! Switch need not be held. One battery lasts 6 to 12 months! New ones obtainable anywhere, 25 cents. Burns by the hour or intermittently! Simple as A, B, C. "Everybody needs it."



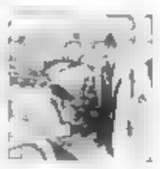
DELTA ELECTRIC HAND LAMP

Built for lifetime use

with brilliant Black Enamel Steel Case; non-tarnishing French Mirror Glass Reflector; especially made Tungsten Bulb, Imported, Ground, Polished Lens. **Is rapidly displacing** unreliable lanterns, lamps, flashlights, and candles for every purpose!

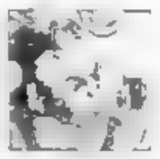
No Heat—No Smell No Fire Risk!

Gives light in any position! [illegible] by rain, dust, acids, [illegible]. Perfectly safe around gas, [illegible], oil or hay.



Refuse Imitations!

Look for the name **DELTA.** Don't waste money on cheap imitations. The principles and mechanism necessary to make such a lamp a success are found only on the original Delta brand.



Price $2.00

[illegible] at your dealers [illegible] $ 5 [illegible] factory, postpaid. Don't be without it—order yours today. Write for free descriptive folder

SPECIAL! Send for **free** folders describing New Delta [illegible]

Jobbers and Dealers: Deltas are going like wildfire. See that your stock is up. If not, communicate with us at once.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., Dept. A, Marion, Ind.
Manufacturers of Meritorious Electric Specialties

added she, "it's not particularly pleasant to pay ninety dollars for a single trip from Vienna to London. I realize absolutely that to change from the *train de luxe* on which you had booked into a little '*Zug*' about the size of the thing you used to trail between the parlor and the sitting room, is an experience to make you think lovingly of iced tea and screen doors. Being detained hours at each frontier is nothing to raise the spirits, and the experience of hauling your own luggage in a cart for half a mile over a perfectly dark way may excuse a snatch from The Star Spangled Banner."

Of course the true bitterness of our European adventure of this year lay in that sudden blighting of the Midas touch. For years, you see, we had bought our way about Europe in a state of absolute indifference to the opinion of the natives. The suggestion that the Europeans thought we were uncouth and laughed at us, even while we paid them the largest tariff on butter and guides, affected us no more than would the thought that the tapir from Brazil doesn't like the shape of our faces or that the man at the ticket-window doesn't enjoy our society. We paid our way into the European circus, and that was enough for us.

But when suddenly the sly scissors of war cut our coupons and checks and bonds and foreign money into so much waste paper, we realized that our strength among nations was gone and we raged like Samson. We accepted the official title of "stranded Americans" with a very poor grace, and took up our places haughtily in the long lines that formed daily in front of banks and checking offices.

Mention has already been made of the financial stagnation that in Paris followed upon the declaration of war. This, however, was as nothing compared to the conditions that prevailed in London among the American refugees during that first week of August. Probably never before in the history of the world were there so many kinds of money that couldn't possibly be used. French bills and even French gold were discounted at such a low rate that they were about as useful as so many leaves of powdered rice paper. The same could be said of German and Austrian coin. American dollars had little value except among the sentimental, and there were very few checks that did not have to be discounted.

The Day of Splendid Paupers

To add to the general consternation, Monday, the third of August, was a bank holiday. This means that everything you wanted to get at was closed and that everybody you didn't want to see was out. American millionaires were supporting their families on that historic day on the princely sum of half a crown, and our countrymen who didn't have the price of a bus walked cheerfully from Victoria Station to Bayswater.

This was the day that succeeded in wresting humor from even the serious-minded London Press, which humor was embodied in the form of a story on Splendid Paupers.

Splendid paupers! It was a cunning title, and it revealed quite fully the waggish glee with which Europe was enjoying the plight of our spoiled children, unable now to buy an apple fritter without considerable cramping of their resources.

And how did London treat us during those days when our checks were no good, when our money was tied up in German banks and German passenger ships, and when we couldn't even get near a bank? Did it assume a sweet, beautiful smile and say: "You Americans have always been good patrons of ours and now we'll trust you as far as you please"?

In the main the treatment we received was very fair, but there were certainly individual cases that registered the drop in temperature. For instance, on that Sunday evening, August the second, a large and fashionable hotel near Victoria Station asked a little preliminary question of its stranded American guests regarding the state of their finances and expressed a preference for their one-pound-six all in advance.

As for steamship companies, these did not go much beyond the point of affability. Doubtless they became very tired of answering questions as to whether they thought the "So-and-So would really go on Wednesday," and of explaining away the naughtiness of a government that was requisitioning the very ships wanted by American tourists. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that they lost money on the transaction, or that they surrendered any of that British deliberateness to a wayward sympathy for the plight of people who had for years been numbered among their most faithful patrons.

There, for instance, was the case of the people who had engaged berths at one hundred and fifty dollars each on the largest and most princely of existing steamers. Upon the diversion of this boat by the government the office in Cockspur Street transferred the holders to an inside room on one of the tiniest of the company's fleet. The price, however, remained exactly the same, and in speaking of it afterward the victim of this arrangement said:

"Of course we were so glad to get home any way that we wouldn't have really complained at anything. Candor compels me to say, though, that our room might have interested a biologist more than it did us. Every morning we used to come out on deck with our faces tastefully polka-dotted with bites. Our only diversion, in fact, was in hearing the man who slept down on Deck D tell about the rats that had run across his face at night, and in looking at the woman who slept on the improvised bed over the companionway, screening her maiden slumbers with a curtain of bath-towels."

Completely Cured Americans

The fact of it was that those who were uncured of Europe on the other side received a few neat sanitarium touches on board the vessel coming home. Whether indeed one came first-class, second-class or steerage, whether one ducked to the south or up amid the icebergs, it cannot be said that the home journey incorporated many of those features that the poster artist loves to depict. And after eight or ten days spent on a deck tightly canvased, and so filled up with steamer chairs that a walk took on the aspects of a bread-line; after the haunting terror of being captured by that legendary "German cruiser"; and after a prolonged experience with cabins worked out on the theory that space is entirely a subjective thing—it is not surprising that so many of us bumped into New York with that "Never-again" expression on our faces.

Undoubtedly, however, the steamship companies did all in their power to speed the parting guest. Many American passengers, realizing this, and enfolded in the vision of a swift return to those neglected benefits of roasting-ears, popovers, and tea displaced by large boulders of ice, took the provision very sportily; and if the company did not succeed in pleasing the lady of the following episode it may have the consolation of knowing that few things in America ever will.

Stalking out on the deck of the tiny vessel to which were transferred so many of the passengers of one of "the world's biggest and best" palace steamers, a woman angrily demanded of her stewardess how long she would have to put up with the odor of a disinfectant in her cabin.

"Tell me this moment," cried she sternly, "if I shall have to submit to this indignity any longer. If you don't I throw myself straight into the ocean."

No, it cannot be said that the average tourist liked the war. True, in his calmer moments he absolved Europe from a deliberate wish to annoy. But the memory of lost baggage, detained trains and uncomfortable crossings will probably always linger in his memory and considerably affect his future destiny.

He will never quite forgive Europe for going off when he did not know that she was loaded. He trusted her to stay picturesque, and now that she has gone to war and outraged his faith he cannot be entirely blamed if he does not wish to see her face again. In that he is merely being true to one of the most widely recognized laws of human nature.

Yes, the tourist has learned many things, and he will never again look upon an officer's gorgeous uniform set against the gray of a medieval building as one of the most ennobling visions of the world. That thought is forever bound up with a system that once made him extremely uncomfortable. From it he turns in a new and deeper patriotism to the land that is short on that sort of "color." Next summer he will probably spend in the Adirondacks or in the West. In the meanwhile he is committing to memory that part of The Star Spangled Banner beyond the first two lines.

A good appearance for less money

A man never looks better than his clothes. Your clothes are your *silent personality*. Before you have even spoken, they announce the kind of man you are.

Young men, in particular, realize this. They are keen judges of value. That is why they like to wear Styleplus Clothes—the clothes that convey the silent message of quality—the clothes that give style and distinction to any man at the price which all can pay.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over."

Styleplus suits and overcoats are for *all* men and for *all* occasions. They are the New Kind of Clothes for men who want the most for their money. Styleplus are made in a *new* way to satisfy the most critical taste and the most critical purse. If you have not seen Styleplus, you are not acquainted with your *richest opportunity* in buying clothes.

Styleplus save $3 to $8!

This is because we have specialized and concentrated on this one suit and overcoat, presenting *unique* values at the *unique* standard price—$17. Men of every age and every physique, men in all walks of life have learned a new lesson from Styleplus—the lesson of clothes that fit, wear, and please at the surprisingly moderate price—$17! Visit the ONE Styleplus Store in your town and learn *your* lesson!

Style + all wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear.

Every Genuine Styleplus has our Label in the Coat, our Ticket on the Sleeve, and our Guarantee in the Pocket.

Send for our book: "Clothes for All Men, For All Occasions."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.

Founded 1849

Baltimore, Md.

1038
Woolfex
The H Black Company
A Very Smart Cape Suit
No. 1021 has long tunic skirt and jacket richly trimmed in velvet matching large velvet collar $45.00.
Modis
No 1038
med velvet
long skirt
W
the be
Select the co
The

Wooltex
THE H. BLACK COMPANY
Designers and Makers
PARIS — CLEVELAND
Wooltex Week
October 1st to 8th
h Redingote Suit
and belt effect, braid trim-
collar and cuffs. Straight
inverted pleats $45.00.
A Charming Cape Coat
No. 631 has new flare collar and distinctive cape effect, trimmed in rich fur ette. May be worn open or closed $25.00.
A Handsome Utility Suit
No. 1005 plain tailored semi-belt effect skirt has straight lines with ter pleats $27.50.
Smart Motoring Coat
No. 643 with detachable veil Comes in diagonal velour checkave and polo cloth, fancy lining $40.00.
A Distinctive Tailored Suit
No. 1026 with new furette-trimmed collar and cuffs and modish cutaway jacket, cluster pleats in back. $32.50.
1026
O WOOLTEX
est there is in Women's garments
at or suit *you* like best in this picture.—Then, see the actual garment in your own city at
Store That Sells Wooltex-coats-suits-skirts

Never before a Fountain Pen like this

IT'S transparent. You look right through the heart of the pen and see its inner workings. Made of Bakelite—a material clear as amber, yet tough as hard rubber. Hold it up to the light and watch the ink chase down the barrel. Observe how the Lucky Curve Ink Feed (exclusive in Parker Pens) harnesses up Nature's law of capillary attraction and keeps the pen from leaking. No danger of its running dry before you know it—one glance shows how much ink is left in the barrel. An entirely new idea in fountain pens—made for folks who like to "set the pace."—*Geo. S. Parker.*

PARKER LUCKY CURVE

TRANSPARENT

Fountain Pen

So teetotally different from any other fountain pen that you'll warm up to it like a hungry man to a square meal. Watch your neighbors take notice when you start using it. Nothing like it for class and distinctiveness. And for service, it can't be beat. Has the Lucky Curve that stops the leaks and keeps your fingers clean. Smooth, free ink flow makes writing a joy. Saves you time and trouble, for the transparent barrel tells you in advance when it will need refilling.

Get one of these new Transparent Pens **now** while it has the special charm of novelty. Any Parker dealer will show you this pen—$3, $4, $5 and $6. If you can't find a dealer, we will send you the pen on receipt of price. With Level Lock Clip that grips your pocket like a vise, but disappears flat to level of barrel when you write, 25c extra.

Parker New Self-Filler

[illegible]

Parker Jack Knife Safety

Can be carried in a man's pocket, lady's purse or handbag without danger of leaking—a vise-like safety nib shuts back the ink

For complete fountain pen service, Parker Pens—Standard, Self-Filling, Transparent, Jack Knife Safety—are made in over 200 styles. Fifteen thousand "live wire" dealers sell them. Shall we send you free illustrated catalog showing the whole line?

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

No. 4 St. Bride Street, London, England. No. 21 Bredgade Copenhagen, Denmark. Cairo, Egypt.
New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building.

THE REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 15)

on the firing line. Here and there a bearer stumbled or was jostled by a companion and her bundle fell to the pavement and burst open, disgorging its poor contents in the dirty street.

All along the curb fugitives, fainting or worn-out, would fall or sink to the ground, and sit or lie there inert, spent, until a soldier shouldered his way through the press and roused the weary or carried off the ill. Some were bleeding, more were bandaged; all were footsore.

The streets were only partially lighted—the streets of Ostend, which Belgians used to call The White City. Every few paces, his bayonet fixed to his musket, an infantryman stood on guard along the curb. Hussars rode by, scattering the throngs that filled every thoroughfare—throngs, I should earlier have noted, uncannily silent. The market place, the Parc Leopold, and the whole outdoors of the town, from the sea front to the Rue du Claire, and from the Canal to the Avenue de la Reine, were full of these Belgian villagers, disqualified by age or sex for fighting and driven out of their homes by the invasion.

The beach was packed with bivouacking refugees; whole families were huddled about the pile of bundles they had flung together in their Flemish hamlets before running from the cottages that had housed their ancestors for generations, and leaving them to destruction. On the paved streets the newcomers, though they rarely spoke, made a deafening tattoo with their wooden shoes, and in every open space they heaped their hampers, trussed belongings and hodgepodged salvage.

Still others, mixed with a sprinkling of wounded soldiers, flooded the railroad station, sat on decrepit trunks, sprawled, sick or sleeping, on the floor. And finally, from along the seacoast and by every highway and bypath that leads from the southeast, trudged and straggled in those peasants that had been unable to find standing room in the cars or money to pay for it.

Nobody appeared to know where he was going, or seemed much to care, so long as he was going away from the Germans. No provision, so far as I could see, had as yet been made by the municipality to feed or house these seekers for its protection. Of individual charity there was a great deal, much of it touching; but of organized charity none was visible.

The Rich Man's War

Everybody was sure the Germans would come on, out of their prescribed way, to the sea front. With the agrarian's faith in stone walls everybody trusted to this city for protection. The single object was to get as far away from the invader as possible and to remain there as long as might be.

Rumor, of course, was rampant and generally unfounded—the Germans had set fire to Ghent; a party of uhlans had reached Bruges and blown up its famous bell tower; the burgomaster of Alost had been hanged from a lamp post. On only one opinion of the war were these fleeing peasants in agreement; again and again I heard repeated what an aunt of mine once told me she heard from so many wounded Confederate prisoners and ill Federal troops in the hospitals of 1863. "This is the rich man's war."

For these wanderers were despoiled of everything save what they carried in their arms or on their backs. They had nothing—absolutely nothing—besides.

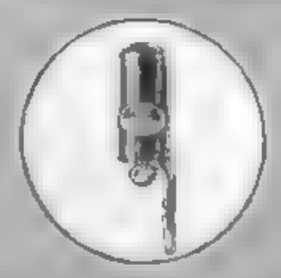
"Where is the Belgian cottager's quarrel with the cottager of Germany, or his with us?" one octogenarian quavered. Two days before he had owned a little house and garden near Auderghem, on the Termonde road; to-night he was penniless and starving. "Does it matter to us whether Russia and Servia killed that Austrian Grand Duke together, or only Servia alone? Are our crops any better or any surer because Germany gains a seaport or France retakes Alsace and Lorraine? Not a bit; but, just as though it mattered everything, we must die for it!"

They felt this, so far as I inquired, every one of them; and yet they were dying without any more complaint than can be put in the compass of a few questions—some in stolid hatred; some stoically; some even gladly. In their own disillusioned way they were splendidly loyal; they were undeceived patriots. It was a significant fact that,

Ford Favorites

So named because of their wonderful effectiveness in adding to the comfort, safety and appearance of Ford cars. Made by the manufacturers of Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers.

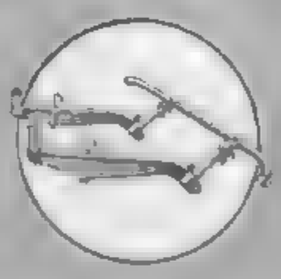
Hartford CUSHION SPRING



SPECIAL FORD MODEL

Actually makes a Ford car ride easy by adding the necessary flexibility to make Ford springs work ideally. Careful tests enabled us to determine to a nicety the degree of flexibility needed. Result: comfort and economy. Easily attached. Price, complete, $16 a set, $8 a pair.

Hartford Bumper



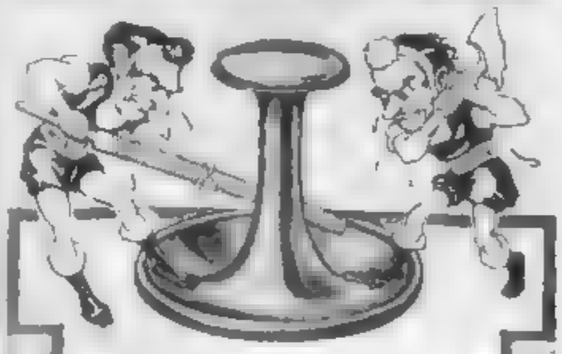
SPECIAL FORD MODEL

Here is a *real* Ford bumper. Adds 50% to looks of Ford. Saves passengers from shock and danger of collision. Saves repairs by preventing crushed head lights, hood guards, radiator springs etc. Strongest made. Attached in a few minutes by tool needed. Price, $10.

GUARANTEE "Money back if not entirely satisfactory" [illegible]

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

190 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.



"*Some* Collar Button!"

WEAR and TEAR—busy little demons of destruction—will find years of firm resistance built into the

Krementz

14 Kt. Rolled Gold Collar Button.

[illegible]

Any of our 21 Krementz Collar Buttons [illegible] Krementz is guaranteed against damage from any cause. Write for "Show Me" booklet.

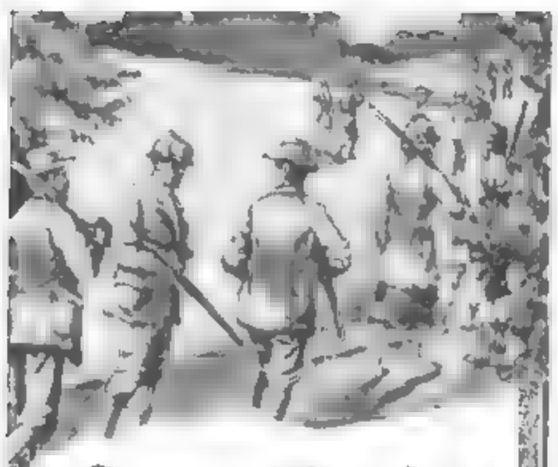
Krementz & Co.
31 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

IF DAMAGED FROM ANY CAUSE, A NEW BUTTON FREE

Blaisdell Paper Pencil

cut costs and raise efficiency

Philadelphia



Go gunnin' with a

FOX

Get into the woods with the thousands of sportsmen who use the Fox because it is the "finest gun in the world."

COL. ROOSEVELT wrote us, *"I am extremely proud to have such a beautiful bit of American workmanship with me."*

And in one of his *Scribner's* articles he said, "No better gun was ever made."

When you get a Fox, you get the best gun offered at whatever price you pay. $25 to $750. See one at your dealer's.

Write today for the Fox Catalog.

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
Dept. S. Philadelphia, Pa.

Unequalled quickness, simplicity and strength of action

[illegible] and superb finish.

Equipped with unbreakable *coil* springs, guaranteed for all time.

Fox taper bore gives hard, accurate shooting qualities

Fox-Kautzky single trigger is positively sure-firing and non-doubling.

Rotary taper bolt prevents barrels shooting loose

Extra short water table makes the Fox ejector especially easy to open.

among all those hundreds of the dispossessed and fugitive, there was not one sound-bodied man of fighting age; they were all at the war.

Women and children and old men—every road leading away from the German advance must be stained with their blood. I talked with a tottering woman of twenty-five whose husband had been called to the colors and killed in the first day's fighting about Liège. She had with her a son of five, who was staggering under the weight of his eighteen-month-old sister; another sister carried a basket as large as herself, and the mother had in her arms an infant that she vowed had been born to her on the roadside only thirty-six hours before.

"What will you do?" I helplessly asked her.

She made the sign of the cross.

"What the good God wishes," she answered.

A few yards behind her a girl, who might have been eighteen years old, was lying where she had fallen a minute before. She was beautiful, with black hair and a creamy skin; and her face was very calm. A wound, some one explained, had reopened—a wound inflicted by a stray shot some days since. I bent over to speak to her: she was dead!

Making my way out of the town, I stemmed the human tide along the Bruges Canal, near Stalhillebrugge. A white-bearded man I passed was carrying in his arms a black-haired little girl of three or four years, sound asleep. I asked whether it was his granddaughter; but he shook his head.

"Surely not your daughter?" I persisted.

"No," he said simply. "She was wandering along the road with us and said her mother had been hurt in a cannonade of their village—killed, I suppose. I do not know whose child she is. My faith! There are many such in these bitter days, monsieur."

Heroes Left Behind

I nearly stumbled over two youngsters, tramping hand in hand—a boy and a girl, the former manfully supporting and encouraging his companion. They spoke French of sorts, as most of these Flemish peasants do; and I found that they were brother and sister, aged respectively ten and eight.

"Where is your father?" I inquired.

The boy's answer came proudly:

"My father is one of our little soldiers. He is, of course, with his regiment. By this time, they say, he is safe in one of the Antwerp forts."

"And your mother?"

The little girl began to cry.

"We do not know," she sobbed.

The boy beckoned me aside.

"It is not good that my sister should understand," he whispered. "While she was at a neighbor's a German shell struck our house. It tumbled the roof down on us. My mother was cooking. A beam hit her and crushed her against the fireplace. She was killed. Jeanne—that is my sister's name—I have not told."

I could multiply these instances by many gathered during that one night's observations; but to what purpose? I have set down only a few, and those merely to give a hint of the whole. Nor have I selected the worst, for the worst may not be told.

One matter, however, merits noting: In England we had been hearing a great deal about the ill treatment the Germans accorded noncombatants. It was biased testimony, of course—and, of course, what I now heard was biased too; but I am bound to admit I heard some that contradicted what I heard in England.

A cripple, whose deformity saved him from military service, told me he had been in a hamlet near Oreye when the enemy entered it.

"I was in my cousin's cottage," he said. "The German soldiers beat me and the women; and when my cousin protested they knocked his brains out with their rifle butts before his old wife's eyes."

A young mother said that, in her village, the Germans had shot several private citizens and burned their houses, but not without first accusing the victims of firing on the passing soldiery.

"Were the accusations true?" I wondered.

She did not know. There had been firing from some of the other houses; but whether or not from those subsequently burned, she could not be sure. Her neighbor, a woman of her own age, had been flogged for tossing a pot of boiling water on the troops; and

Famous Acousticon for the DEAF

You must not confuse the Acousticon with [illegible] instrument you regulate instantly to clearly

Hear Every Sound

near or distant—loud or [illegible] sound by our [illegible] and transmits [illegible] its original tone. Not blurred, not a single sound is harsh. The Acousticon covers

48 Degrees of Deafness

Unless "stone deaf" the A[illegible]

NO DEPOSIT
TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

Write for [illegible]

EASY TERMS [illegible]

WRITE [illegible] deaf—testimonials from ministers, judges and hundreds of others everywhere.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.,
1339 Candler Bldg., 220 W 42nd St., New York City

DEAF
Now Direct By Mail

LEARN TO DRAW Artists Are In Demand

Many of our scholars' services are contracted for before they complete the course

Illustrating, Cartooning, Designing

[illegible] ook on art study

Artist Outfit FREE to enrolled students

Washington School of Art
932 F St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

"The Play's the Thing"
We shall so play our part as to continue to merit your absolute confidence in
Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes
Their reputation for worthiness and exclusiveness of style is fortified by Sixty Years of Knowing How.
The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
Stein-Bloch "Standard" Overcoat and "Saxon" Suit
This Label Marks the Smartest Ready-to-Wear Clothes

I hear a sof' footstep behin' me—
A voice in my ear whispers low
"I've filled up yo' pipe full o' VELVET—
You know what I want, Uncle Joe."
An' the fust thing I know thar's the kiddie
A-climbin' up onto my knee
An' while I'm a-lightin' I ask 'im,
"What sort of a tale shall it be?
Thar's one in my pipe now, a-hidin';
Let's smoke him, and then he will jump
Right out o' my pipe like a rabbit,
From his home in a ole hollow stump."
"Yo' pipe is jus chuck full o' stories;
It's 'most like a book, Uncle Joe."
"Yes, buddy," I says to the kiddie,
"I reckon that's just about so."

Velvet Joe

VELVET JOE is not the only story-teller who smoked stories from his pipe bowl. "David Copperfield," "Treasure Island" and countless other gems of literature owe much to the inspiration of good tobacco.

And what man does not long at times to shut out the world with fragrant smoke clouds, so that he may tell himself the story of his own ambitions, hopes and aspirations—dream his own dreams?

Yes, there's inspiration for you in VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. There's peace in the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of it. There's satisfaction in its old, Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* fragrance. There's *comfort* in this mild, cool, slow-burning smoke.

5c Metal-Lined Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

another friend was treated even worse when she showed herself loath to furnish food to the invaders.

"But what would you?" asked my informant. "My neighbor's man had been killed by them at Liège; and as for my friend, is it that we should feed the enemies of our country?"

On the other hand, a man who must have been nearly ninety, and was mounted on a horse correspondingly ancient, said that the animal had been brought to him by some German soldiers when he told them he had a younger brother in Ostend who would care for him; and an old woman showed me a handful of German money a German lieutenant had given her to facilitate her journey to her daughter's home.

One word I should also say about the Germans as marksmen. My observation of target practice in the German army had given me a low opinion of these men as rifle shots; and, since the war began, the American, French and English newspapers I have read unite in the declaration that this war has shown, thus far, the average German infantryman to be a poor hand with a gun.

Among the soldiers and fugitives at Ostend all the testimony was to the contrary. I heard some remarkable stories along this line, and nearly all the wounded men I saw had been hit in the head or chest. Moreover, the wounds were clean, thus evidencing against the assertion that the invaders had been flattening their bullets. It looks, from over here, as though the Allies would win the war; but they will not win it because of any poor marksmanship on the part of their adversaries.

A Crippled Country

I walked some miles in the general direction followed by the Bruges Canal, dodging sentries without difficulty and stopping to talk with innumerable refugees. I was going along a track that in time of peace is a highway of industry; but, so far as the night would let me judge, that industry has been hopelessly crippled.

Every citizen of Ostend I spoke with substantiated this impression. Mills are empty; crops rot in the fields; commerce is dead. It is as though some tremendous blight had settled on the entire countryside. It is a situation that, if brought about by flood or plague, would cause meetings for succor and open subscription lists for assistance in every country throughout civilization. It means poverty or death to thousands of people who have never seen more than the maps of the countries involved; but we call it the Glory of War.

I turned about and joined the army of fugitives, falling into step between a woman nursing her baby and her grandfather nursing a bullet-shattered arm. The wayside was cluttered with débris—peasants, who had tried to carry away only what was most valuable among their scant possessions, had found that little too much and flung it aside; and other peasants were too heavily laden to assist or rob. Some women had stretched themselves beside their poor treasures and fallen asleep with them for pillows. A few were praying. Others were crying from wounds, illness and hunger.

It was good to get back to the Station Maritime—and my scrupulously returned camera. It was better to feel the engines chugging under my feet and, in the red dawn, the salt spray of the North Sea on my face.

I did not want to look back; but I had to do it. As we pulled out into the open water I fancied I could still see that haggard, silent tide of peasants in their ruined festival clothes, with their only remaining possessions in those heavy bundles—old men, women and children; the chaff of war, ill, starving, despoiled. Overhead there soared what looked like a sinister bird of prey, surviving from some wild antediluvian era.

"That's a German aëroplane," said the mate, who stood beside me. He spat into the blue water. "They say it's costing, in pay, ammunition and food, four million four hundred thousand pounds a day to run this war."

For pay, ammunition and food—for the soldiers, in other words—almost twenty-two million dollars a day! How much in spoiled industries and commerce—in human blood and human life, off as well as on the firing line—in the heartbreak of women and the ruin of children? How much in shattered ideals—in the setback to civilization—in the reawakening of the savage, that sleeps, at the best of times, so lightly in us all?

Earn Your Christmas Money Now

WE will pay you liberally for your spare time between now and Christmas. In your own town, among your own circle of acquaintances, we require a representative to look after renewals and new subscriptions to

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

This is the harvest season for our representatives. During the next two months we will distribute among them over $250,000.

Hundreds of thousands of subscriptions to the Curtis publications, expiring during the months preceding Christmas, must be renewed. A number of these renewals and new subscriptions will be received from persons that you can reach.

Last year thousands of gift givers solved the yearly puzzle of how to select suitable Christmas presents, by sending subscriptions to the Curtis publications to their friends. These renewals and new orders are yours if you ask for them.

Our representatives work on a salary and commission basis. Their earnings vary from $5.00 to $50.00 a week, depending upon the number of hours that they can give to this Company. If you are interested a letter or a postcard will bring full particulars.

Agency Division, Box 625

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE FISK NON-SKID

The Tire that Accepts Any Challenge and Welcomes Any Comparison. Be It a Matter of Mileage, Resistance to Puncture, Anti-Skid Protection, or Traction, *It Ranks With Any Tire Made.*

In addition to combining every one of the above properties to an exceptional extent, it has a most attractive appearance and the quality of running as smoothly as a plain tread. We believe this to be an exclusive distinction found to exist with no other strong traction tread.

A Sidewall That Balances The Tread

A sidewall that balances the tread is a very important item in the building of a non-skid tire—*and we have it.* With a thick tread designed for protection in slippery going and for extra mileage in general use, we have built an exceptionally strong sidewall that prevents trouble from broken fabric.

We Specialize In Service

We specialize in Service, and the sale of every Fisk Tire is backed by the efficiency and courtesy of our big organization and by the Confidence of our dealers that we will always coöperate with tire users.

FOR THE CHILDREN: Attractive poster-stamps reproducing in colors the Fisk "Time to Re-tire" Boy will be sent on request. Please mention The Saturday Evening Post when writing.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office: Chicopee Falls, Mass.

TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES

Gasoline Pleasure Cars

Cadillac Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.	Elkhart, Ind.
Locomobile Co. of America	Bridgeport, Conn.
Lozier Motor Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Marmon Automobile Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Nordyke & Marmon Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Packard Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Pilot Motor Car Co.	Richmond, Ind.
Premier Motor Mfg. Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Pullman Motor Car Co.	York, Pa.
Speedwell Motor Car Co.	Dayton, O.
Stearns Co., F. B.	Cleveland, O.
Stutz Motor Car Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Wayne Works	Richmond, Ind.
Winton Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, O.

Electric Pleasure Cars

Ohio Electric Car Co.	Toledo, O.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.	Cleveland, O.
Waverly Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.

Electric Commercial Cars

Baker Motor Vehicle Co.	Cleveland, O.
Buffalo Electric Vehicle Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Commercial Truck Co. of America	Philadelphia, Pa.
General Vehicle Co.	Long Island City, N. Y.
Walker Vehicle Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.	New York, N. Y.
Waverly Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.

The Companies Timken Keeps

You who have read Timken advertisements realize how important to your safety, to low upkeep cost, to the long satisfactory use of your motor car it is to have good axles and bearings.

You have been urged to ask direct about the service Timken Bearings and Axles are giving. To "talk with the man who rides on Timkens" anywhere and everywhere you find him. To "talk with the repair man" who knows all makes of cars and their parts.

In the Timken Primers, "On Bearings" and "On Axles" (sent free on request), you will read the reasons back of the good service Timken Bearings and Axles give.

The proof of the pudding *is* the eating. *Things* as well as men are known by the company they keep. And by their *place* in that company.

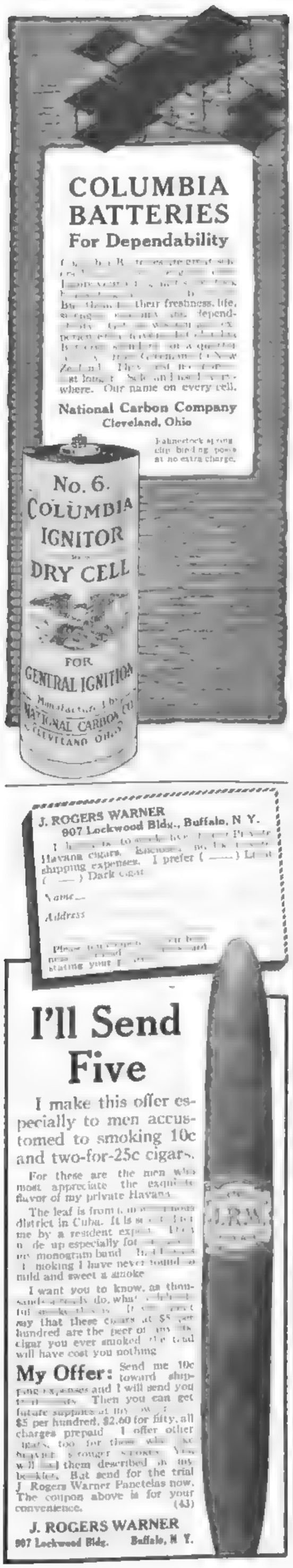
Here are named most of "the companies Timken keeps." All use Timken Roller Bearings or Timken-Detroit Axles or both, in part or throughout, in one or more of their models. A booklet list naming the Timken equipment and its location in each model will be sent with the primers.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Gasoline Commercial Cars

American-La France Fire Engine Co.	Elmira, N. Y.
Autocar Co.	Ardmore, Pa.
Available Truck Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.	Grove City, Pa.
Bowling Green Motor Co.	Bowling Green, O.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.	Wyandotte, Mich.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Dorris Motor Car Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Gramm Motor Truck Co.	Lima, O.
Hamburg Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Inc.	Hamburg, Pa.
International Motor Co.	New York, N. Y.
Kelley-Springfield Motor Truck Co.	Springfield, O.
Kissel Motor Car Co.	Hartford, Wis.
Kleiber & Co.	San Francisco, Cal.
Krebs Commercial Car Co.	Clyde, O.
Martin Carriage Works	York, Pa.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Nelson & LeMoon	Chicago, Ill.
Pacific Metal Products Co.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Palmer Meyer Motor Car Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Reo Motor Truck Co.	Lansing, Mich.
Robinson Motor Truck Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Sandow Truck Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Signal Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Seagrave Co.	Columbus, O.
Service Motor Car Co.	Wabash, Ind.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.	Newton, Mass.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Shaw Livery Co., Walden W.	Chicago.
Speedwell Motor Car Co.	Dayton, O.
Standard Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Stewart Motor Corporation	Buffalo, N. Y.
Studebaker Corporation	Detroit, Mich.
U. S. Motor Truck Co.	Cincinnati, O.
Universal Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Velie Motor Vehicle Co.	Moline, Ill.
Wagenhals Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Wichita Falls Motor Co.	Wichita Falls, Tex.
Wilcox Motor Co., H. E.	Minneapolis, Minn.



"MIGRAINE, No. 3"

(Continued from Page 8

The single word burst from Jarvis in a half roar, half gasp, as he managed at last to find his tongue. A perspiration had broken out on his forehead. As he leaned back in his chair I could almost visibly behold the secret tension of months giving way in the physical change working over him.

"Champagne—and make it a magnum!" he shouted at the waiter.

The curator straightened up with a little jerk of astonishment. Then he smiled at Jarvis. He seldom drank wine, he pointed out, but on second thought this was a festal occasion and deserving of celebration. When the pale Pommery was bubbling in the glasses he lifted his:

"May I say, to the happy chance of our meeting again?"

"Right!" said Jarvis, and he made one quick gulp of his glass.

A moment of silence ensued. The waiter placed soup before us, while Jarvis and I furtively eyed each other, tortured with the tremendous question we were each holding back. I was in dread lest Jarvis should let fly at him in one brutal challenge as to how in the name of heaven he happened to be alive after twenty grains—or even one-twentieth of a grain—of hyoscine.

The curator was gingerly sipping his champagne and eying us in turn with a pleased, complacent expression through his glasses. For the first time I was struck by certain changes in him. Fine wrinkles were etched about his eyes and his face was bronzed from long exposure to the sun. But a pallor seemed to have supervened. There was a thinness, a wasted look about his jaw and hands that I would have attributed to severe illness had he not looked decidedly improved in health from out-of-door life.

"So you tackled the Maccaribo?" I ventured.

The curator nodded. "Oh, yes," he said, and frowned thoughtfully.

"And the butterflies?"

His face broke into a glow of pleasure. "You shall see them," he promised.

"Then you're to be congratulated on a successful trip," I concluded.

Again his face was dubious. "Well, you see," he began, and paused, thoughtfully twisting the stem of his wine glass. Then he looked up at us. "It was something of an experience. But it's a long story ——"

I urged him to proceed.

"I should like indeed to tell it to you," he answered earnestly. "You see"—he made a gesture to indicate the far-distant Maccaribo—"I thought of you very often while out—I mean in—there." His shift of prepositions was almost sinister in its significance. "I couldn't help wondering what you would have done in my case."

"But hold on," interrupted Jarvis. "Tell us first ——"

I kicked him sharply under the table. I could see no sense in precipitating that ghastly fact about the headache tablets just then. That he was alive—miraculously, perhaps—was sufficient for the moment.

"Let Mr. Agnew tell it in his own way," I protested.

Whereupon he did so, to our disappointment plunging into the very middle of his story. He skipped whole weeks with a wave of his hand and an impatient sentence or two to get at the essence of some fact which, I could see, he was laboring to present to us at just the right angle. We were left to infer that he reached the coast safely, and, escaping somehow from the clutches of that rascally Portuguese trader, got himself headed up the Maccaribo, which in its lower course is an easy stretch of traveling. He began by telling us that he left the last trading post—one hundred and fifty miles up the river—traveling by canoe in company with a small party of Indians that were going rubber hunting. He managed to let them understand by signs and what Spanish he could muster that he was going into the "far beyond" and wanted a guide. But no one volunteered.

"At first," he went on, "I judged that I hadn't offered them enough, and the next day—very rashly, perhaps—I doubled the offer. They only grunted and shook their heads, as if they didn't understand. They kept repeating 'Bad country,' 'Bad country,' and this was about all I could make out. And of course I must have been a complete puzzle to them. They couldn't comprehend how any one in his senses would venture into the worst part of the jungle, where they hadn't ever set foot themselves, merely to catch butterflies—*mariposas escarlatas* I had told them I was after.

"Scarlet butterflies! They may have thought that only a pretext to screen some deep, sinister design, but we traveled along sociably enough for three days more. Meanwhile my offer grew daily, but without result. The fourth night I was in despair. We were within half a day's journey of where their route turned off and where the 'far beyond' began. I went down to the river bank while the Indians made camp and started a fire, and I sat there alone as the twilight gathered, watching the sluggish Maccaribo sweep sullenly by. It had already become nothing but a shallow, tortuous stream, choked on each side by rank, encroaching vegetation. Its torpid surface was one vast breeding ground for insects. They seemed to fill what scant interstices of open air there were in that vast network of colossal vegetation. Countless parasitic growths depended from the trees—festoons, streamers, ropelike filaments. It was as if half the vegetable kingdom were ascending from the ground and the other half descending again in one continuous and eternal whorl of chlorophyllaceous matter. As I sat there I could picture how, mile by mile, the Maccaribo would be swallowed up by that tropic forest, until stream and jungle became intermingled and indistinguishable in one impassable morass, a kind of hothouse purgatory, shut off from sky above and solid earth below, where one floundered directionless as in a labyrinth, but where somewhere—fluttered the *mariposa escarlata*."

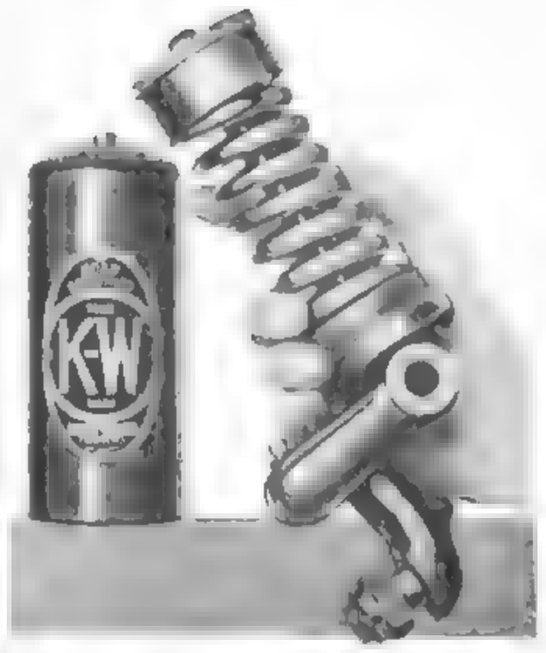
He paused and shook his head. "Of course that's not quite how I pictured it then. You see I'm recalling the vision now after having penetrated the reality, and overlaying one with the other. Not quite fair, is it?" He seemed absurdly conscientious on the point.

"Well," he resumed abruptly, "you know how down there the tropic night seems to jump suddenly at you from nowhere, like a robber. It was dark before I had half framed in my mind that prospect of farther advance up the Maccaribo, alone and single-handed, in my canoe on the morrow, when those Indians would have turned off on their rubber quest. But dubious as the prospect seemed, the scarlet butterfly—the *mariposa escarlata*, as I had got to terming it among those Indians—was always hovering somewhere in the vision, urging me along. I had got so in the habit of dwelling on it, picturing it in my mind, that I could almost see it. When I closed my eyes it would blur before my vision like an after-image on the retina. Curious illusion. But as I turned away in the dark from the river bank I had a more startling one. I opened my eyes to dismiss the scarlet blur of my dream, only to have the actuality starkly, vividly before me. I fairly jumped at the thing, but instantly I saw that I had merely caught sight through the trees of the red spark that marked the fire the Indians had kindled.

"When I returned I found a newcomer among them. I took him to be a half-breed—a taciturn, sour-faced young fellow. How he had come there I couldn't quite make out. He was almost sullenly reticent, and yet I presently discovered that he knew a good deal more Spanish than the Indians. He sat a little apart from the circle, sharing our meal, and once or twice I caught him studying me with his close-set, beadlike eyes. His name was Hugo.

"There was a great palavering among the Indians after supper. Some sort of conference was going on in which the stranger occasionally spoke a word. Then they came to me and said that Hugo would go along with me as guide if I still wanted one. He had been all through the 'far beyond' and knew the jungle well. *Bravo hombre*, they assured me. He knew, too, where the butterflies could be found. But it was a difficult journey and I would have to pay him well. What would I give?

"I insisted that Hugo come forward and speak for himself. He did so, shambling forward like an awkward schoolboy, although he was a lithe, powerful fellow of splendid physique. Would he go along with me, I asked, and show me where the *mariposa escarlata* could be found? Yes, he would go, but the jungle was very bad, and there were evil spirits—his eye uneasily



Checking Rebound

and preventing side motion are just as vital to your comfort and safety as taking up the shock. Insist on these features found *only* in the genuine

K-W TRADE MARK

Road Smoothers

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

SMOOTH riding on rough roads demands a helical spring to take up the shock—an anti-rebound air chamber to check the rebound and anti-side-motion links to prevent side rocking—the motion that encourages skidding and throws your car out of alignment.

¶ Even if you could get another device that had these three features, it would pay you to insist on the K-W, because of K-W quality. K-W Road Smoothers work harder than any part of your car, but they resist the constant gruelling wear, because in every K-W Road Smoother you get—high grade heat-treated drop forgings; electric smelted chrome vanadium steel springs and phosphor bronze bushings throughout. Only such materials, high grade workmanship and rigid inspection could make possible our broad guarantee, and assure you lasting comfort.

¶ Beware of imitations. The K-W is the **only** Road Smoother, and is sold by dealers who know the difference, everywhere, **at one price.**

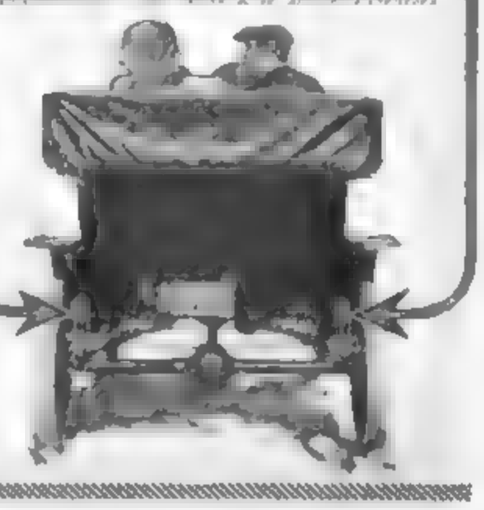
¶ Look for the name "K-W Road Smoother."

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

of price. Write for illustrated booklet "*Taking Out the Bumps.*"

THE K-W IGNITION CO.

2807 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.



TONIGHT—Your skin can be made more attractive

Whatever the condition of your skin you can begin tonight to make it more charming. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin. *This is your opportunity.* You can make this new skin fresher, clearer and more attractive by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to the face, then with the tips of your fingers and palms of your hands work this cleansing, soothing lather into your skin. Distribute it thoroughly over your face always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits of the above treatment for your skin. The first time you use it you will see the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the regular use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after the first cake.* Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

Write today for samples

In Canada

The Woodbury preparations are now manufactured and on Canadian sale by all druggists from coast to coast. The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 2-J, Perth, Ont.

Program

Send and mail today to The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 2-J Cincinnati, Ohio. For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Name

Street

City

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 2-J, Perth, Ontario.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

avoided mine and studied the ground—but he would risk it for a consideration. What would I give?

"I repeated the offer that I had last made to the Indians. I would furnish him food and tobacco, and pay him ten dollars a day in gold. He demurred for a while, but I stuck to my price. I was desperate and prepared to go higher, but I didn't propose to be—held up, eh?—if I could help it. Then an additional inducement occurred to me that wouldn't really increase the expense. I said I would give him my canoe when we got back to the first trading post. Naturally I should have no further use for it then. I pointed to it, lying alongside the much inferior craft of the Indians. There was a sudden greedy flash in his eye. I could see that I had clinched the bargain. Of course, in a way I was tempting him, bribing him, to venture perhaps his life on an excursion that he couldn't possibly understand ——"

"You were risking your own life along with him," broke in Jarvis, impatient at this display of compunction.

"Yes, but with a scientific end in view that warranted the risk. But Hugo"—the curator shook his head sadly—"the poor fellow couldn't understand about science. I was luring him into the hazard by taking a gross advantage of his cupidity. Well, perhaps it's an involved ethical point. I don't profess to be able to solve it, but at times it distresses me. I hope sometime to submit it to a colleague of mine who occupies a chair in Moral Philosophy. Ah, if I hadn't set temptation before him—the temptation!"

He repeated the word with a somber intensity and sat lost in thought, staring out toward the dark expanse of the Savanna. He seemed to be voicing some real and profound regret. Jarvis looked across at me bewilderedly. I could only shake my head and wait for the curator to continue his story.

The curator seemed about to elucidate his cryptic words, and then went on, speaking rapidly:

"We promptly got into the thick of it on the next day—this Hugo and I—after the Indians left us. It was very slow and tedious going. The Maccaribo had closed in on us so that it took our combined efforts to force a passage for the canoe. The jungle pressed us on every side—right, left, above, below. We had to drop our paddles and cut our way with machetes at every step, slashing the green branches that raked our faces, prodding the decayed ones that crooked a sinister claw out of the slimelike water to trip the canoe. We shoved forward by mere inches at a time, hacking, slashing, pushing in an insufferable heat and humidity, sweating at every pore, our arms and faces repeatedly scratched by great sawlike fronds. And the insects swarmed round us in clouds.

"There was but one respite daily, and that was the rain. Each afternoon it came down in gray sheets, soaking us to the skin and half filling the canoe; but for the time it cut short the torture of the insects. And we got forward, sometimes as much as five or six miles a day.

"Hugo had grumbled almost from the start. I could see that he was growing more and more uneasy as we penetrated deeper into that wilderness. I had already surmised from one thing and another that he had lied when he said that he was acquainted with the region. After several days of it he began to expostulate upon the uselessness of going farther and the extreme wisdom of turning back. I reprimanded him into a sulky silence. But he didn't really stop grumbling. He muttered to himself, and occasionally looked back at me with a malevolent expression, perhaps hoping to detect in my face some sign that I was weakening in my purpose.

"You see he was utterly incapable of understanding me or what I was about. To think of turning back when we were almost within a hand's grasp of the *mariposa escarlata!* I was hourly expecting to catch a shimmer of color in the air, a fluttering, twinkling glint of crimson, that would abruptly come to rest and spread its fanlike, indescribable scarlet flecked with gold against the green leaves. I was so enthralled with the hourly possibility of that vision that I paid very little attention to Hugo and his mutterings. One noon, however, when we had halted to rest, the seriousness of the situation came upon me like a flash—yes, a veritable flash—the flash of Hugo's machete grazing my cheek and impaling a tree just beyond where I stood peering

Would you have floors that sparkle with lasting beauty, that are a delight to the eye, and that [illegible] for [illegible] furnishings? If you [illegible] the choice of those who know.

The Solution

of all floor troubles is ELASTICA. It [illegible] under ordinary usage, mar-proof, heel proof, spot [illegible] and [illegible]

TRADE ELASTICA MARK FLOOR FINISH

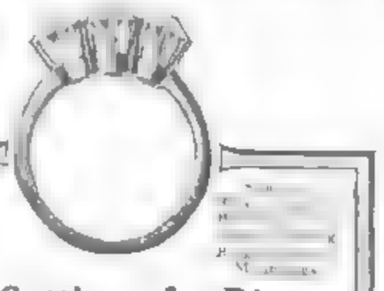
[illegible] Trademark on a Yellow Label. Others are Imitations

[illegible] ntly polished [illegible] trated book entitled "How to [illegible] If you'll send us your name and [illegible] with our compl[illegible] now—it's well worth the time and postage.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Elm Park, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.
2606 Federal Street, Chicago
117 Front St., San Francisco, Cal., or
International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Use SATINETTE, the Perfect White Enamel



The Setting of a Ring

Protection for your valuable gems is guaranteed by the O-B trade mark in a ring.

The O-B factory has had particular [illegible] in making the most famous diamond [illegible] and manufactures more [illegible] settings than all other mounting manufacturers together.

Jewelers everywhere recognize the O-B assay standards as being strict as those of the British Assay Office itself and are glad to point out the O-B mark in their finest rings.

Send for the *O-B Ring Book*, a selection of the newest styles in rings. It is free.

Ostby & Barton Co., Providence, R. I.
Largest Manufacturers of Rings in the World

Address Dept. E

O-B RINGS

Snug Comfort for Tired Feet in

Parker's Arctic Socks

Warm, [illegible] slippers. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric lined with soft white wool fleece. Washable unshrinkable. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent postpaid for 25c a pair. Catalog free. *Lucky for Parker a number in every pair.*

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. F, 25 James St., MALDEN, MASS.

Why Does No Pipe Taste as Good as It Smells?

It was several years ago that a smoker asked himself this question.

The dear old briar that he kept in his desk drawer scented it up with an aroma that was to him, exquisite.

The plush-lined case where his meerschaum reposed, exhaled a rare, exotic odor that it had gathered from association with the pipe itself.

These things gave promise of a smoke of calm, soothing smoothness which was not always realized.

Then began the long baffling search for the right brand, buying strange new kinds of tobacco and making weird, personal blends—going back to the long green and smoking the uncured leaf with all its Gothic strength.

And then came the offer of Edgeworth to him, just as it now comes to you.

Edgeworth Tobacco has made many thousands of pipes taste as they promised to taste, as the owner always wanted them to taste and wondered why they didn't quite.

Edgeworth got its first distribution among smokers by that very method—one friend giving a specimen of it to another. So many men become regular users of Edgeworth in this way that we won't use the brand business ourselves.

Will you let us be your friend to the extent of giving you a liberal sample package free?

All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it, send now or make a note to send us a postcard request, and if you mention your tobacco dealer's name we will be mighty glad to back up our confidence in Edgeworth by sending you a free package for you to test out and see how you like it.

The original Edgeworth was a Plug Slice wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth now comes also in Ready-Rubbed that may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Dealers in every locality sell Edgeworth, but if your dealer happens to have none we will fill orders by mail, prepaid.

Every package of Edgeworth, wherever bought is original and only genuine.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post, at same price you would pay jobber.

Send for TRIAL BOTTLE 20¢

You have never seen anything like this before

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. The most exquisite perfume science ever produced. Not diluted with alcohol.

Trade Mark Registered

Rieger's Flower Drops

$1.50 at jobbers or by mail. Send stamps, money order. Valley Rose [illegible] $1.50 a bottle. Flower Perfume

Paul Rieger, 154-1st St., San Francisco

Extract $3.50 Bottle

P&O

Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. Frequent Sailings, India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Western Ports of Italy, Round World Tours. For full particulars apply CUNARD LINE, 21 State Street, New York

into a thicket. It gave me an awful start—the thing whizzing past within an inch of my face. I jumped back and turned to confront Hugo. Then it was that I was really startled. The man had murder in his eyes, as plain as day. All his repressed animosity and smoldering hate were aflame in his evil face. We understood each other then; I drew my revolver and leveled it at him."

Something in our look of sudden blank astonishment made him stop. But he misunderstood us completely, for he began hurriedly—almost apologetically—to explain away his quick assertiveness in that desperate situation—what we might not have expected from an undersized chap who had never in his life faced anything more formidable than wasps.

"You see, it wasn't as if I had never had experience with firearms before, for I had."

It seemed that at Wishawaka College, where his entomological duties were performed, the students every spring indulged in a field day, and some of the faculty usually participated in an official capacity. "In fact, it was considered a proper concession to the college body, and for that reason I was always ready to do my share. I had the haziest conceptions as to what it was all about. There seemed to be no end of running races, jumping hurdles, throwing heavy iron weights about the field, and so on, all in a frenzy of excitement and cheering. My part in the ceremonies was very simple, however. All I had to do was to take a position up the track behind a dozen or more of those young contestants before the start. They would assume a half-scrambling attitude on the ground along a whitewashed line, tense in every leg and arm, whereupon I would call out in a sort of formula: 'Are you ready? On your marks! Set! Go!' Only instead of saying 'Go!' I would fire a blank cartridge from a pistol I held above my head. And away they would go, a streak of flimsy white suits, naked arms and legs, vanishing in no time in a cloud of dust before the grand stand amidst a great roar and huzzahing and throwing up of hats. And alone, up the track, I would extract the empty shell from the revolver and insert a fresh one, and wait for the next batch to come out and try it. So you see," he concluded, looking earnestly from one to the other of us, "it wasn't as if I hadn't been accustomed to handling firearms, when I jumped back from that whizzing machete and leveled my revolver at Hugo.

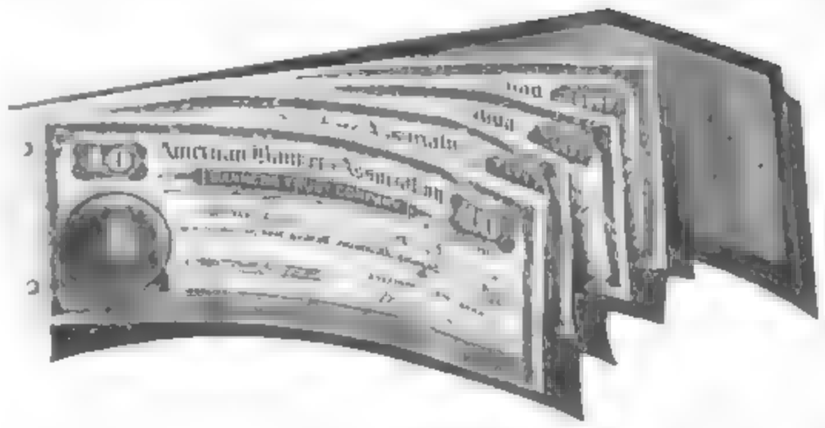
"He had been waiting, I suppose, for some opportune moment to kill me, after he had realized that I was determined to press on into the jungle. It was the only alternative that his half-savage mind could formulate under the stress of circumstances——"

"It was what he had planned from the start," cut in Jarvis.

"Do you think so?" queried the curator. His face assumed a troubled frown. "I preferred to think it was his superstitious fears that had got the better of him. I had bribed him, lured him into accompanying me. You remember, he had been very reluctant to venture foot into that demon-infested region. However, I admit there may be some truth in what you say. I have reason now to believe that he was an escaped convict, who wanted above all things food and a boat to escape across to the valley of the Amazon. He had a curious brand on his shoulder, the significance of which meant nothing to me at the time. Still, in the end he was to have the canoe and a good deal of money besides. No, I'm not at all certain that he started out with the deliberate intention of killing me. I tempted him. For a rich reward he fought his superstitions and dread of the jungle, which later resumed full sway over him. He couldn't turn me back, and if he had tried to go back alone he would have starved—perished miserably. Murder, then, was the only resort, his only escape from I don't know what dreadful, shapeless terrors. And in a moment when I was off my guard he sent that machete at my head."

"Did you shoot him?" demanded Jarvis.

"Oh, my, no! I had no intention of doing that," protested the curator quickly. "You see, I felt that the situation was altogether of my own making. The savage wasn't really to blame. But as the situation was of my making I proposed to see it through, especially since it would work out all right if I continued to have my way. I couldn't think of shooting him. I should have been in much worse plight. How should I ever have got back alone?"



"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques

The sale of "A. B. A." Cheques *for use throughout the United States continues as usual*, and the cheques are affording to travelers in "the States" their customary service of protection and convenience in respect to money matters.

The sale of "A. B. A." Cheques *for foreign use has been discontinued temporarily*, it being impossible to give positive assurance to tourists that travelers' credits will be uniformly honored abroad at all places under conditions which change from day to day.

Through the co-operation of the Officers of the United States Government, Committees of Bankers in New York, London and Paris were enabled in a very short time to perfect arrangements for protecting all forms of travelers' credits issued by American institutions and firms; and holders of travelers' cheques and letters of credit have been by this means relieved from the serious consequences of the sudden paralysis of customary banking facilities abroad.

As soon as conditions warrant, the sale of "A. B. A." Cheques *for use abroad* will be resumed.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, Trustee
New York City

For the Outdoor Man

3-in-One keeps everything of steel, iron or nickel absolutely free of rust and tarnish. And lubricates all delicate mechanisms "oilright." 3-in-One makes a gun work without hitch or hesitation. Keeps trigger, action, ejector in A1 order. Cleans out barrel, preventing leading and pitting.

Try this good oil for keeping your razor sharp and softening and preserving the strop.

3-in-One puts "Gee-Whiz" in a fishing reel. A drop or two on bait makes fish bite better—expert fishermen say so. Try it! Also a fine repellent for mid gets, mosquitoes, black flies. If insects do bite, rub on 3-in-One

3-IN-ONE OIL

is superior for all [illegible] and motor boat magnetos and [illegible] prevents rust on tools, keeps [illegible] perfectly. Write [illegible] keeps keys securely and [illegible] mechanical [illegible] from sticking.

Sold in sporting goods, drug, hardware and general stores. 1 oz. bottle, 10c, 3 oz. 25c, 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, great for campers and all sportsmen, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not keep these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE Sample and Dictionary of uses

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 EUC. Broadway, New York

3-IN-ONE OIL

This is Ink Confidence

When your pen suddenly stumbles and sends a shower of spatters over your page it is trying to tell you something—that you are using an acid ink—the acid roughs the pen. Spl-u-t-t-e-r and your book or letter is a mess.

When your fountain pen refuses to write and you have to go bang-banging around to jolt it into life, it is trying to tell you something—that the ink you use is full of sediment, that it is not a clear, scientifically made ink, and that the barrel of your pen is all gummy.

When you blot a freshly written line or set of figures only to see them vanish, the blotter is trying to tell you something—that your ink is scarcely more than colored water made to sell at a price that sounds economical.

If this confidential talk has made you remember that you have ink troubles, then it's time for us to tell you something—to ask your stationer to show you which kind of the many

Carter Inx

you should use. There are Inx for every purpose, the best Inx that Carter, the best equipped and most experienced ink maker in this country, knows how to make.

Heretofore you have been pleased to call them Carter's this and Carter's that. Hereafter, while each item will have its own individual name, the whole line will be known under the general title "Carter Inx."

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx may be had at dealers' for 25 cents the pair. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and address, with 35 cents, which covers packing and mailing, and we will send you a pair of these interesting little figures.

Pencraft—Two-use Ink

Carter's Pencraft is the cleanest ink made. It is absolutely permanent. It will not ruin the eyesight. *And* it will satisfy every pen want, for steel or fountain pens, in office or home.

Combine on Pencraft. It is unique—all ink and no mud. It satisfies the most exacting, saves trouble and insures against loss.

Just ask your stationer to show you Pencraft—the Two-use Ink—in the bottle with flow-controlling pour-out.

THE CARTER'S INK CO., Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Montreal

Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon Papers.

"Perhaps it was wise to turn back," said Jarvis.

"But I couldn't turn back, not until I had first got the butterflies," objected the curator. "So we went on three days more, and got them."

"Holy mackerel!" ejaculated Jarvis, shoving back his chair with a violent lurch. A head or two turned curiously in our direction for a moment, and then away. We were merely three men at table, as any one could see, and the little fellow with glasses was doing most of the talking.

He showed an evident distaste for what followed, but he spoke earnestly, with a deep seriousness, as if weighed down by some moral dilemma and anxious that we should see it as he did. He seemed to crave justification for his display of bravery, of sheer grit and daring, which he seemed wholly unconscious of as such. He met Jarvis' look of frank, astonished admiration with a naïve disclaimer:

"It wasn't so staggering a business as you may think. You see, I had the revolver and, therefore, the upper hand. I simply kept it. He was forced to do what I ordered, which was to go on—three days more, it proved—till we got the butterflies. And on he went—tractably enough, considering the circumstances—in a dumb compliance that didn't deceive me for an instant. I knew his murderous resolve was stronger than ever, and that beneath his passive obedience he was strainingly alert for the first moment when I should be off my guard, to strike again. He supposed that I would hand him over to the authorities at the first outpost we reached for his murderous attempt on me, and if he were really an escaped convict so much the worse. His only chance now was to make an end of me, take the canoe and supplies, and strike for the Amazon Valley where he would be safe. So he bided his time, waiting for the first opportune moment, and I correspondingly took pains to see that no opportune moment occurred.

"It was a grim fellowship in the heart of that dank, unfathomable wilderness that grew daily more intolerable. Spider monkeys grimaced at us from the treetops. Parrakeets screamed in mocking laughter as if comprehending the irony of our association. Underfoot was always the menace of a darting or wriggling foe—scorpions or centipedes waiting their chance to strike; and in the air the lesser but constant torture of insects that stung and stung our faces into a swollen, burning pulp.

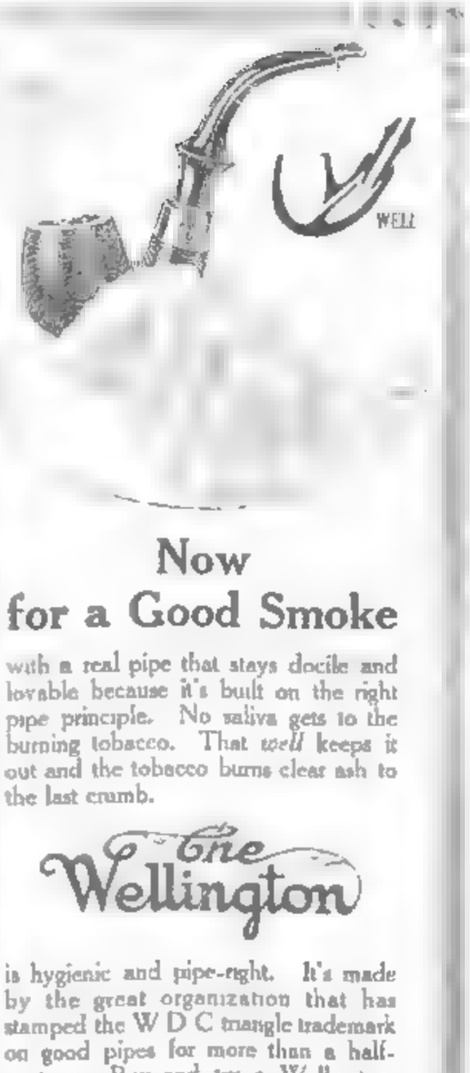
"I kept Hugo always in the lead, so that I could cover with the revolver his movements with the machete, which I was forced to give back to him in order that he might cut clear our path. Occasionally he would venture a furtive glance back at me, a dogged, impassive look glazing his eyes, which whipped my vigilance to renewed effort.

"Paradoxically enough, it was during the night that I was comparatively safe. I made Hugo take himself off while I chose a tree where I could barricade myself against a surprise, and where I took with me the provision bags. These by night, and the revolver by day, were the key to the situation. He might have found and made off with the canoe, which had been cached a couple of days before, but without food he would have perished before he got out of the jungle. My bags of cassava held him to me like a chain shackling his wrist. Each morning I found him stolidly awaiting my appearance, eager for the breakfast I doled out to him. And then the long ordeal of another day would begin."

His words ended in a long-drawn sigh, and he leaned back in his chair as if the fatigue of that grim, toilsome processional were still upon him. Our food lay untasted and disregarded on our plates, until the waiter on his own initiative removed it. Jarvis, intent upon the curator's tale, had been biting at an unlighted cigar. In the pause he struck a match and lighted it. He gave me a brief glance, and turned back to the curator with a look of admiration for his sheer grit.

"Three days of that sort of thing, eh?" he queried. "For a dozen butterflies?"

"I got only seven," answered the curator simply. "By that time things had taken a new turn for the worse. I can't describe just how it began. The unceasing tension of it all, the sheer physical ordeal and exhaustion of worming one's way through that horrible place—all of a sudden it became like an unreality. I seemed to see myself as if stalking in a hideous nightmare; my hand moist and cramped from the



Now for a Good Smoke

with a real pipe that stays docile and lovable because it's built on the right pipe principle. No saliva gets to the burning tobacco. That *well* keeps it out and the tobacco burns clear ash to the last crumb.

The Wellington

is hygienic and pipe-right. It's made by the great organization that has stamped the W D C triangle trademark on good pipes for more than a half-century. Buy and try a Wellington. Guaranteed against burning through or cracking. 25c, 35c, 50c and up. At good dealers'.

William Demuth & Company
New York

Trade Mark

Zinc

in paint makes paint complete. It is the ingredient that should be added to all paint to make the other ingredients more effective.

Send for Booklet, "Your Move"

The New Jersey Zinc Company
55 Wall Street, New York

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Our graduates [illegible] How I Became a Nurse [illegible] ten pages free to inquirers

There is a Chautauqua nurse in your vicinity. Ask her about our training. Her address and the above literature will be sent if you will enclose this advertisement.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
305 Main Street Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N Y

High School Students

Who Want to Earn Money

We have a plan. It is a very unique plan, takes only a little time and can be carried out by any young man or woman who wants to earn Christmas money. It is, briefly, the introduction of our publications, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, as Christmas gifts, and telling of the beautiful Christmas Announcement Cards we send to those for whom the gift is chosen.

We will tell you all about the plan and make it mean $10, $20, or even $50, to you in the next few weeks. It's a splendid opportunity. Any young man or woman, whether in school or not, may write and ask about it. Address

Educational Division, Box 031
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Real **Duluth Mackinaw**

ONCE the crude jacket of the rough "lumberjack" in the north woods who knew the wonderful qualities of this multi-colored blanket cloth—its solute imperviousness to the wind ice or rain moisture

Ideal camping coat Christmas gift. Plaids and plain colors. For boys and $5.85 to $10.85

Send for catalog and samples of cloth.

This Coat $5.85

Duluth Mackinaw Company

301 Superior St. Duluth Minn.

constant clutch of that revolver; my legs floundering uncertainly through the muck of the deep undergrowth; my eyes straining till they watered, following every movement of that half-breed who wielded the machete half a dozen steps ahead. It seemed incredible that this should be me—that it ever was me—that I shouldn't suddenly wake up and find myself in my little room at Wishawaka, surrounded by my books and my cabinets of specimens. A light, giddy sensation had come on in my head. I thought nothing of it until I began to grow hot and cold by turns. I put my finger to my pulse, and I was suddenly aghast at what I discovered. It was the fever!

"The fever! I remember it was about the middle of the forenoon. We were already two days' march on the return journey. My first sinking thought was for the butterflies that I was carrying back. For an hour I plodded on, wondering how this new enemy was to be faced, the most insidious of all. I realized desperately enough that somehow it must be fought off. If I yielded to it an inch Hugo would be upon me in a flash. Could I hold out against it? It was still a day's march to where we had cached the canoe and the bulkier part of my outfit, and fully ten more to the first outpost on the Maccaribo. I was floundering unevenly along when Hugo ahead of me suddenly stopped. Could it be already noon? I wondered in amazement.

"We made our noonday rest, facing each other across a scanty meal of dried fish and cassava. It was a horrible repast. A stealthy giddiness was creeping over me; at times my vision blurred so that I seemed to see Hugo's face through a veil of quivering heat. I could scarcely eat. I made a pretense, however, of doing so. I didn't dare let him suspect what had happened. But he speedily sensed the truth—smelt it out, I suppose, by some savage instinct. Suddenly I noticed he was watching me with a glitter of new interest in his eyes, which had lost their dogged vacant stare. The meal seemed to have heartened him prodigiously. For once he was almost eager to resume the march. I pulled myself together and we started. Very foolishly I had cached my medicine case along with the canoe and other things. They were still a long day's distance away, but they must be reached at all hazards. With quinine I hoped to fight off the fever, perhaps to stay it until we got clear of that pestilential, infernal place.

"We stumbled along at a slow pace, and as usual down came the rain, great misty sheets of water cascading through the tangled complexities of leaves and branches overhead. The whole jungle reverberated under the downpour like some Cyclopean orchestra of bass viols and drums, and when it ended, as abruptly as it began, we crept on through a dripping, steaming atmosphere like two ships laboring in a fog.

"It was slow going and we made camp early. I was fagged out. The fever was racing through every vein of my body—a hot, burning sensation that intermittently gave way to palsylike chills. Quinine! I would have given—well, five of my seven butterflies for a handful of the drug just then. And I knew that the next day would be worse, that the supreme effort was yet to come, and if I didn't hold out Hugo's opportunity would be at hand.

"He was lying face down on a poncho quite played out himself, I imagined. I called to him, but he didn't move. I went over and shook him. He groaned, and as his arm fell away from his face I was startled to see the change that had come over him. He groaned and called out wildly, until a sudden chill set his whole body violently trembling. He seemed stricken worse than I. I unstrapped our bundle in order to throw over him the bit of extra clothing I carried. There was a coat I had occasionally worn. In drawing it out my hand slipped into one of the pockets—the little change pocket inside the larger one. I felt something and drew it out. A white tablet—medicine! It all came suddenly back to me—those tablets you had given me on board the vessel. I had forgotten all about them in my excitement at getting aboard that tramp steamer and being at last headed for the Maccaribo. What a find! And at the same instant it flashed upon me that you had said something about their being good for fever. If I had discovered gold in that jungle the sensation would have been nothing to the thrill with which my hand closed over that bit of chalky white substance. I dove into the

The Toreador's Song

from Carmen

Makes the Pulses Leap, when Played by Instinct

Some Joyous Experiences with the New Instinctive Playing

Read this enthusiasm from the owner of a Virtuolo.

"I HAD been motoring for an hour before sunset over the glorious hill roads north of my country place. I felt 100 per cent. Swooping through the hills was like roller-coasting.

"I came in and put the Toreador song from Carmen into my Virtuolo player piano. I had the music roll behind the sliding panel. I closed my eyes to get the feeling of distance. Playing by Instinct is wonderful—my finger tips and my listening ears are all that is left of me.

"The music bursts forth with a flourish. It is quick as the entrance of a Spanish dancer, whirling, stamping, posing. It is full of the rap and jingle of tambourines.

"I thought of the great stage scene at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. I saw the courtyard of the old Spanish tavern, with its rambling balconies. Black-haired Gypsies and picturesque smugglers mingle together at the tables. The center of all is Carmen, the fickle, fascinating Gypsy, with her soldier lover.

"Then Escamillo, the Toreador, hero of the bull-ring, enters with a crowd of admirers, laughing, boasting. He notices Carmen. Now the music changes, and out of the Virtuolo floats an accompaniment like the softened chords of a Spanish guitar. The Toreador is singing to captivate Carmen.

"Was there ever music that stirs up your feelings like this—romantic, impetuous,—yes, rapturous—I *mean* rapturous! Was ever a chorus so resounding and jubilant? I can't find words to describe how playing by Instinct on the Virtuolo enchants me!" *(Name on Request)*

SEND FOR THE VIRTUOLO BOOK

You want to know more about the "Inner Beauty" of Music—how great souls have sent down to us their feelings of joy, inspiration, pathos, sternness, tragedy, sympathy and love *told in music*.

This book explains in simple language and shows in beautiful pictures, how *anyone* can feel and express these messages of the great masters of music. It explains how anyone—no matter how little he knows of music technically—can bring out all that "Inner Beauty" now that a new invention has come into the world, called the

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

The Virtuolo makes even a novice able to play difficult or simple pieces with ease and understanding. It makes him give personal inspiration to *himself*, as he plays, as much as to his listeners. The "Virtuolo Book" is free. Send for a copy now and take up the bewitching hobby of Music.

UNCONSCIOUS vs. CONSCIOUS PLAYER-PIANO-ING

With the Virtuolo you close the sliding panel in front of the roll; shut your eyes; give full sway to your imagination, and play by *Instinct*, as you can *only* do on the Virtuolo.

This invention enables you to *feel* when to play fast, when slow, when to touch the simple Acrolo buttons which emphasize the air you are playing, when to press the singing pedal button, etc. Don't you see the difference between this instinctive playing on the Virtuolo, and the *conscious* method of playing, whereby the instructions on the roll require your fixed attention?

Music, like every other beautiful thing, is created by Instinct; so let's re-create—play—our music on the Virtuolo with the light touch of instinct.

The Virtuolo is built by the Hallet & Davis Piano Company of Boston, one of the oldest firms of art piano builders in the world, established 1839.

The wonderful tone of Hallet & Davis pianos has been applauded by the greatest composers, such as Liszt, Strauss, etc. And not long ago His Holiness the late Pope Pius X honored the Hallet & Davis with a papal medal.

The Virtuolo can be had in the Hallet & Davis Piano. Or in [illegible] at a reasonable price. Three [illegible]

You say you have a piano [illegible] Virtuolo *on trial* from your music dealer, and learn that your instrument is only dormant. If your dealer hasn't a Virtuolo, send us his name and we'll see that he gets you one on trial quick.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

We have a copy of the "Virtuolo Book" for you—one for every lover of music. Just fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us. We will at once mail you your copy. If you wait till you "get around to it" you will probably forget. Therefore secure your copy by sending today.

BOSTON
NEW YORK
ATLANTA
CHICAGO
UTICA
SYRACUSE

BEST DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

Makers of Upright and Grand Pianos
Sole Distributors CONWAY and LEXINGTON Pianos

Shipped on approval anywhere
Write for Free Catalog and terms

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Dept. 70, 146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Send me your book and [illegible] Virtuolo dealer

Name

Address

Enjoy Real Sleeping Comfort

The "Way Sagless Spring" conforms to the shape of your body, yields readily to the slightest pressure of shoulder and hips, induces complete relaxation.

Never rolls occupants to center.

Has strongly re-inforced but flexible cable edges, which hold the occupants well above the side rails.

Is absolutely noiseless.

Has no loose strands, no open links, no exposed sharp corners to tear bed clothes.

All these desirable features we *guarantee* to you in the

Way Sagless Spring

because of our absolutely new patented construction,—the use of a flexible hollow strand instead of the ordinary solid wire or links,—a construction that can't sag.

Every housewife appreciates the "Way Sagless Spring" because it is perfectly sanitary,—germ-proof. Made entirely of metal. Every part easily reached when dusting.

Fits wood, iron or brass beds.

To Dealers:
Write our Minneapolis office TODAY for our selling plan and order a supply of Springs to meet the demand that is coming from our extensive advertising.

Quarter Century Guaranty

Attached to every "Way Sagless Spring" is our absolute guaranty. Think of the economy of a bedspring with satisfaction guaranteed for a quarter of a century! 9,000 nights of luxurious rest,—that's what our guaranty means.

Thirty Nights' Free Trial

Any "Way" dealer will send you a "Way Sagless Spring" on trial. If it is a "Way Sagless", the name is on the frame. Sleep on it 30 nights and note the delightful sense of relaxation and perfect repose. Your dealer will refund your money, if you ask for it, after this trial.

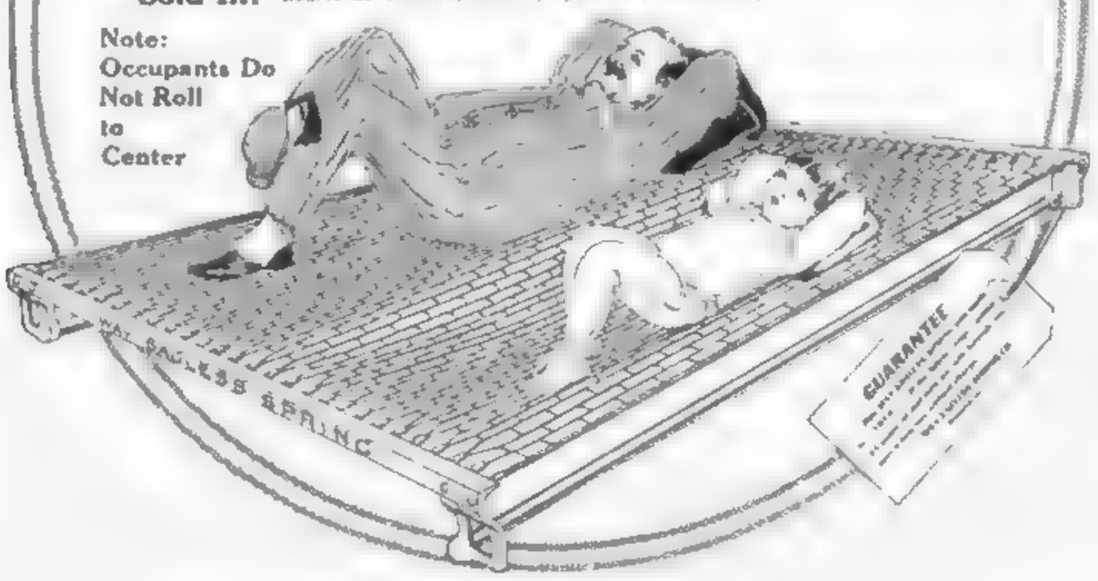
Write for booklet.

Way Sagless Spring Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Branch Factories and Warehouses at Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Memphis, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Denver and Dallas.

Made and Sold In: NORTH ATLANTIC STATES by Dixie Cotton Felt Mattress Co., New York. NORTH PACIFIC STATES by F. S. Harmon & Co., with factories and warehouses at Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane and Portland.

Note: Occupants Do Not Roll to Center



pocket again. One, two, three, four—I drew them out like a miser in a delirium of rapture. Most of them had got crushed and had sifted away through the lining of the pocket, but there were four left intact—four precious, insignificant tablets. In my dizzy, feverish thoughts they outranked all the wealth of the Indies. If they would only tide me over until we reached the cached canoe and the medicine case!

"Just then Hugo moaned, muttered something in Spanish which I didn't understand. Then I caught the word 'Medicine' out of a string of incoherencies. Giddy as I was from the fever, I was thunderstruck at the rapidity with which it had gained mastery over him. Medicine! It was medicine he was whining for, twisting his head round in his effort to direct his appeal at me. In the dusk the whites of his eyes showed vividly. Had he seen what I was about with that coat? My hand closed almost guiltily over those four tablets. I got up and staggered over to him, balancing myself against a clump of bamboo. I had a horrible sensation for a moment, as if everything was slipping, slipping down into some unfathomable abyss, then my brain steadied and I looked down at the crumpled heap that was Hugo. Only his eyes gleamed up at me out of the darkness that had suddenly plunged down upon us. In the clutch of night the whole jungle had become one vast, impenetrable chaos, where one couldn't grope a dozen steps without losing one's bearings. Looking up I could discern a faint glow through the tortured twistings and interlacings of myriads of branches. It was the sky serene, remote, immeasurably removed above that pestilential morass in which we were trapped.

"I sank down weakly alongside of Hugo. I opened my hand, in which I could just discern the four magic little disks showing a feeble white. My first, frantic hope that they would stay the fever fast sapping my strength had suffered a sharp check in the realization that Hugo was worse off than I. If I left him lying there until I could get back with the medicine case it would mean two days at least. Impossible! I would be abandoning him to certain death. His recumbent, inert form smote me. I had bribed him into making this trip. And I had forced him on farther, in spite of his fear and savage instinct to turn back. It was my doing. I was morally bound to get him out if I could. Self-preservation—the first law of life, I know; but ——"

The curator shook his head and glanced solemnly at us. He picked up the cigar that Jarvis had thrust toward him, and turned it over in a sort of vacant inspection, then shook his head decisively.

"The thought of getting out, getting back to Wishawaka with those butterflies from the jungle where I had led—and left—Hugo —— No, if I could drag myself out I must drag him too. How?—that was the question. As I sat beside him there in the dark I could feel his body vibrating under a sudden access of chill. When it passed he raised himself abruptly on one arm and broke forth in a frightful torrent of Spanish. He was reviling me for having brought him to this pass. The fiendishness of his animosity, his savage hate of me, seemed intensified by his physical helplessness. He would have leaped at my throat then and there if he could have summoned the strength. I backed away from him, while he followed me with his maledictions. Why had I no medicine—white man's medicine—to give him? It was all a part of my diabolical plan to murder him. His words died away from sheer exhaustion.

"I stumbled away a few steps, while he continued to gasp out a few words at intervals. I wanted to be honest and square with him. It occurred to me to divide with him; but there was only that meager bit of the stuff—four insignificant tablets. Their efficiency was uncertain at best, and in any case it was hardly a dose for even one of us. And at the moment he was most in need of it, if he was to remuster his strength for that final march in the morning.

"Suppose it did bring him round! It was a startling and uncomfortable thought. If I gave him so much as an hour's renewed strength, and if the fever unchecked in my own body grew worse, that would be his chance. And he would snatch it. One couldn't establish a truce with that poor wretch. His savage mind could never have grasped the idea. I would only be arming my foe. I reflected that I might with as much safety pass over my revolver to him. But he didn't need the revolver and he did need the medicine more than I did."

The curator paused in acute distress. "I wanted to do what was right—whatever my duty was, you know—and yet ——" He broke off again, smiled feebly. "I suppose it was nothing short of cowardice on my part, my hesitation; for I did hesitate. I wondered what you would have done in that sort of fix, you two, who have seen so much of this jungle business. You see, for me it was still an unreal kind of world, a phantomlike existence. One's ideas, even one's moral principles, seemed at times strangely askew in that horrible place—didn't seem exactly to fit. Well, I was puzzled, or, if you like, I was plain afraid afraid of giving to Hugo that bit of medicine, which might prove everything or nothing his salvation, my ruin.

"I came back to where he was lying huddled under his blanket, his mouth half open, his eyes, when I stooped down to peer at him, lighting up again with their evil flame. 'Medicine!' he flung at me, his hands twitching, and he began to rave at me again in his villainous Spanish.

"I sat down beside him, regardless of his tirade. In fact I didn't listen to it. I was debating what I ought to do, meanwhile watching the spasmodic movements of his great muscles, and wondering what change that precious bit of magic in my shaking hand might work in his huge frame and what my own condition would be when morning should confront us again. To my dazed brain the thing appeared in all sorts of ghastly and distorted outlines. I seemed to be gripping in my hand some incredible talisman with power of life or death in the giving or withholding of it. And confronting me were two great realities—the poor wretch's need for what small ministering I could render, and my own sure peril if I did so.

"'Here, swallow this,' I blurted suddenly at him. I suppose subconsciously I had made up my mind to risk it. He was bolt upright at the first glimpse of the tablets I offered him. 'Medicine!' I explained, but no explanation was needed. He gulped them down one after another greedily, like a famished creature, and grunted his savage, uncouth satisfaction. 'Better get to sleep now,' I said, and turned quickly away, stumbling off into the darkness. In my empty palm I could still feel the imprint of the tablets I had clutched there. The thing was done. It was a risk, but I should have to take it. I was too weak to climb a tree and make my usual precautions against the night. I crawled into an obscure spot and waited in a kind of half-palsied dread for the slow approach of daybreak."

He ended, propped his elbows abruptly on the table and planted his forehead in his hands, staring down at his plate in a silence that lasted nearly a minute. We were almost alone on the veranda now. The hum of conversation, the laughter, the rattle of dishes about us, had long since ended. A long stretch of bare, deserted tables surrounded us, and a solitary waiter wandered among them, setting some last details to rights. Overhead the palms drooped languidly in the soft, still night.

Jarvis' chair creaked impatiently, and the curator suddenly looked up. "I forget," he said. "To you I seem to have broken off in the very middle of things, but it was really the end. The poor fellow was farther gone than I imagined. Some rare form of pernicious fever, I presume. Dead before morning. No use." He shook his head mournfully over the recollection.

"Wish I could have done something for him. Nothing to be done though." He made a little gesture of despair with his hands. "Hardly got back myself. They picked me up on the Maccaribo two weeks later. I don't remember much of it. Must have found my canoe and things. Delirious from the fever by that time. Can't even remember if I buried Hugo, but I hope so."

He was inexpressibly distressed, then abruptly mindful of us. "I'm afraid I've made you listen to a very doleful tale," He regarded us solemnly. "However," and his face brightened, "do come upstairs and see the butterflies."

3 kinds of SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH

for 3 kinds of surfaces

Every varnish has a definite service to perform. It must be made to meet certain special demands. Each Sherwin-Williams Varnish has its purpose and no two purposes can be served by the same combination of materials. The varnish for your dining-room table need not be made to withstand the weather or the wear of heel-marks. But it must resist the heat of a dish or the splash of a coffee-pot.

This is an age of specialization.

Years ago, when a man wanted to paint his house or brighten up his furniture, he just bought a bucket of paint. He could have his choice of colors—but the paint was the same!

Here in Cleveland we have realized that the nature of a paint or a varnish should depend upon the surface which it is to cover and upon the kind of wear it is to receive. We have not only made a different product for each separate purpose; we have made the product which has been proven by years of experimenting to be the best product for that particular purpose. When we sell one kind of varnish for a floor and another for a door, we do so because people walk on floors, but only flies walk on doors.

President

MAR-NOT

For Floors

is a long wearing, washable floor varnish of special durability. It is elastic and tough, capable of resisting the constant pounding of heels. It is easy to apply, flows out freely under the brush, dries overnight, and enhances the beauty of the wood. The oil in it was filtered years ago and stored away. Purity is essential for durability, and age is as necessary to varnish as to wine.

SCAR-NOT

For Woodwork and Furniture

is a high grade varnish for furniture and woodwork. The steam from a radiator, the heat of dishes or the splash of boiling water will not seriously affect it. The ample quantity of oil in Scar-not prevents such spots. But a varnish must look well besides wearing well. Scar-not gives such a rich, lustrous polish that the best furniture makers buy it in quantities from us.

REXPAR

For All Outdoor Work
The King of Varnishes

This varnish is waterproof. Whether simply exposed to rain and sleet or submerged under water for a long time, Rexpar holds its lustre and does not turn white. Even splashes of boiling water do not discolor it. Use it for storefronts, rowboats, canoes, outside doors, yachts—for any outside use where a staunch, waterproof surface finish of handsome appearance is required.

Write for Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting and Decorating, showing rooms and exteriors in colors and giving complete specifications
Mailed free on request

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32nd St.; Chicago, People's Gas Building
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere
Address all inquiries for Portfolio to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

SCHLOSS-Baltimore Clothes for Men and Young Men are not "Ready-Made" at all, in the ordinary sense. Every genuine SCHLOSS garment is strictly "tailored-to-measure,"—custom-made to exactly fit a certain figure, and carefully made up in sizes and models to the special order of some good clothing merchant.

The accuracy of measurements, character of workmanship, the style, the fit, and the resulting appearance is on a par with the best "one-at-a-time" custom work anywhere. Ninety-nine men in a hundred conform to certain standard proportions; in all probability you do. *The new Fall models* are better than ever. See them,—at your leading Clothiers' everywhere.

Schloss Bros. & Co. *Fine Clothes Makers* **Baltimore and New York**

AFTER ONCE wearing Carter's the selection of underwear is greatly simplified, in fact solved for all time.

It becomes, with most families, merely a matter of sending in an order for the same size and style, in suitable weights.

The William Carter Company
Needham Heights and Springfield, Mass.

Carter's
Knit Underwear
For all the Family

A DÉBUTANTE'S CONFESSION TO MARGARETTA TUTTLE

(Continued from Page 11)

Harrison Bloomer went away for a few days after our last encounter; so I was spared meeting him. But one night about eight weeks later I found myself unusually tired at the close of the cotillion I was leading; and so I did the thing I always do—I stole off to the library of the house where the dance was being given. If there is a library it is usually deserted during a dance. I had taken a drink of punch first and then thrown myself into a big leather chair, sure that my next partner could not find me; and I think I was nearly asleep when I was suddenly roused by a velvet voice close to my ear, saying.

"If it is not our fastidious little orphan girl—all tired out!"

Harrison Bloomer stood before me!

I have forgotten what I said to him—something about not wanting to talk to him ever again; but he did not go away. Instead he stood looking down at me just as he had looked at me that night at the Eagle's Nest. After a while he began to talk to me. I do not remember it all—I was confused and dead-tired; but it was something about love and loneliness. I do not recall whether it was his loneliness or mine; but I do remember that he said:

"I don't know how all these stories about you got out, but somebody ought to stop them. I particularly resent the one about you and myself, but it can be stopped by our being seen together several times. Suppose you dance this next dance with me, Louise?"

"No, thank you," I answered. "If I am so much gossiped about that it worries even a Harrison Bloomer, one more story will not matter."

He bent over my chair. I could not have risen had I desired to.

"It may not matter to you, my dear, but it matters to me. It matters a great deal, and if you will not help me stop it I shall have to do it alone."

"It is not of the least importance to me," I said as bravely as I could with six feet of angry man towering over me, "what you do, if only you go away from here. If you do not I shall call out."

An Unwelcome Caller

"Ah, some more sensationalism—some more gossip! I have never met a girl who needed a lesson or two—a lesson pretty easy to give—more than you do. And I think—yes, I think it would be rather good for both of us if you were to learn your lesson soon."

It was one of the largest dances of the season and the house was crowded, so that even the library did not stay deserted very long. My partner came in and stopped short when he saw Harrison Bloomer bending over me as I sat apparently quiet in my big chair. I called to him:

"If you will remove Harrison Bloomer from before my chair I will come and dance with you. I have been trying to get away for some minutes, but Mr. Bloomer is bigger than I am and he threatens me with all kinds of penalties if I move."

Harrison gave me a look that was more than a threat; and, without a word, he went out of the room.

By one o'clock the rain was descending in torrents and we had a frightful time with our carriages. Father was not there. He was out of town on the business of selecting for Cara a perfectly matched string of pearls. Cara had come to the dance late in the evening. I think she came with Harrison Bloomer, but I saw neither of them in the rush for carriages.

It seemed an interminable time before my automobile came. I stood in my satin slippers, so tired I could hardly see, while my feet got wet and my white velvet cloak got ruined, until the chauffeur finally drove up with the news that he had had to take Cara home first. He said Mr. Bloomer was with her.

I was furious. Indeed, I was so angry I do not know how long it took to get from the front hall up to my own room. I rang for the maid, but she was not about and the housekeeper was away for the week.

I do know, however, that presently I heard a noise in the library, and that when I leaned over the banister I saw some one moving. Of course I thought father had come home; and, still angry, I rushed downstairs to tell him how I had stood in the rain on his fiancée's account, when, if I had known his arrangements, I could have comfortably waited inside until Cara was through with the car. I whirled into the library and came face to face with Harrison Bloomer.

For a moment I could not move. Then all my anger broke into words, and for once I said exactly what I meant. He was not perfectly sober and, for that matter, I myself was not; but he caught the contagion of my anger.

"No right in your house?" he sneered. "Was your message to me, to stop in on the way home to see what we could do about this gossip, was brought to me just as I was leaving."

"Just as you were leaving in my car with Cara!"

"I did not know it was your car, though it is true that Cara brought me the message."

"I am not on speaking terms with Cara."

"I did not know that. It seemed natural that she should bring me such a message from you."

The Colonel's Advice

"It isn't any of it true," I answered. "You and Cara made it up on the way home, because you both knew father was not here. Will you go at once?"

He only laughed.

"You don't keep long to one thing, do you? This is a better place to discuss our difficulties than a dance and I have several things to say to you."

I went into the dining room to ring for one of the maids and he followed me. My ringing brought no answer.

"What! Nobody to put me out? Well, well! I shall stay."

"If you don't go," I insisted, "I shall call the police on the telephone."

"You will first have to get to the telephone," he answered.

For one moment I had a sense of real fear. Then I made a little rush toward the door into the hall. There were two telephones, one in the library and one upstairs in my room. He caught me by the arm.

"Stay here until I've said what I came to say!" he exclaimed.

We were standing beside the serving table, on which was a pitcher of ice water. I picked it up and drenched the man with the ice-cold water. It dashed into his eyes and down his neck, while the ice fell on his face and all about him in a noisy shower.

He dropped my arm with an oath, and for a moment seemed utterly dazed. I fled up the stairs, my knees trembling. Behind me I heard a sound like an angry animal that almost paralyzed me with fright; then I slammed my door and locked it, and rushed to my telephone. It seemed years before I got my number and then a long time before the Colonel answered me. By that time I was sobbing.

"Harrison Bloomer is here and he will not go away. Cara brought him. Father is not home and the maids seem to be out. I am locked in my room; but I cannot have that man here."

"Where is the housekeeper?"

"She is away over the week-end."

"I will be there in a few minutes."

"The front door is unlocked."

He must have covered on wings the distance between his house and mine; but when he came Harrison Bloomer was gone. We looked through the house together and I went up to the third floor and roused the maids. When I came downstairs he stood in the hall ready to go, and he looked at me a moment in silence. Then he said:

"It is hardly the time to speak to you of these things, but I see you so seldom I think I must risk it. There seems nobody else to say them. Do you not see where you are drifting, Louise? Must you wait for all these hard things really to happen to you before you see? I knew your mother. As a little boy I lived across the street from her when she was your age. She was sweet and lovely. Then, before she was twenty, she married into the set you have been brought up with, whose sons and daughters are your close friends.

"You know how she died! The man who took her hand when she tried to get out of

"I, Personally, Make the Blend for 'Whip'"

[illegible] are great family names with whose [illegible] mention we associate the best in [illegible]. So associated are the names "Goodyear" and rubber, "Steinway" and pianos—"Patterson" and tobacco. For over seventy years the Pattersons have been identified with the best in smoking tobacco.

The pipe smokers of America can thank their stars for the latest product of the Pattersons' activity—the mildest, most fragrant, most satisfying smoke Virginia ever produced.

Mr. M. C. Patterson himself blends "Whip" because he is the kind of man who loves his art and wants to work. The life of leisure does not appeal to him.

Mr. Patterson says: "This art of blending is something unteachable. I can't explain how I do it.

"But I want all pipe smokers to know that at last I have perfected the blend I have been working on for years. I want to tell them that in 'Whip' I have produced the pipe mixture that satisfies me.

"I want to tell them that we're proud of 'Whip' and proud of 'Whip'—that we're willing that these two be judged together."

OUNCE TIN FREE

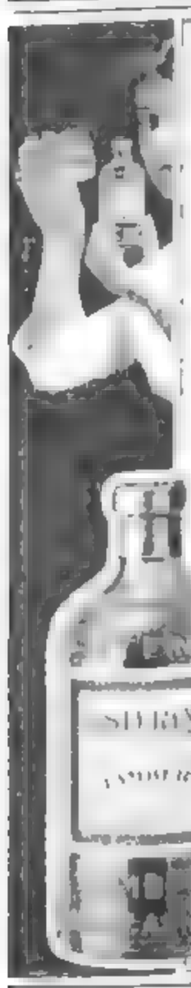
Mr. Patterson will gladly send you a regular 1-ounce can of "Whip" absolutely free, if you will write him a postal card giving your address and that of your dealer.

There is no profit in giving tobacco away, and you may be sure his only reason for doing so is his confidence that you will want to smoke "Whip" regularly once you try it.

"Whip" is put up in 1-ounce tins at 5c, and 2-ounce tins at 10c.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2-oz. 10c tin—a little stronger than "Whip" and, we believe, a little better than many 2oz 10c tobaccos.



LISTERINE

Use it every day

A bottle of Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic, should be included among the traveler's toilet requisites There is nothing like it as a mouth-wash—protects the teeth and sweetens the breath. It is soothing to the skin when used as a toilet wash after shaving. Many other uses given in folder wrapped around the bottle. Don't risk using imitations—they may be unsafe.

All Druggists sell Listerine

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

DRESS BETTER FOR LESS MONEY

[illegible] or [illegible] from [illegible] Send for Style Book

MELVILLE BROS. Est. 1840 Chambersburg, Pa.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

that boat was drunk; he could not hold her steadily. All the other guests were half drunk. She was drowned almost before their very eyes—a sacrifice to an evening's pleasure taking. And now you are going the same way she went. You are like her; you are too delicately organized to touch a drop of alcohol—too highly strung. Will you not see what is before you? You are not yet twenty. You ought to be in school now—in your first year at college, with several years before you of mental training and character development, years that would fit you to take a real place in a real world.

"And look at you! Uneducated, with no chance to grow, you go from one folly to another, from one brawl to another; dancing with men who think they must be half drunk before they can dance; dining with men who must drink before they can talk at a dinner table; made love to by men whose very emotions have to be stimulated by wine; you yourself are driving your fagged brain and your tired body by this very wine that subjects you to veiled insult, and makes of your young girlhood a life that strikes at your mother, dead and defenseless though she is."

For a moment I could not answer. It was so horrible; so much worse even than Harrison Bloomer! Then I gasped:

"But this—this way of living—is forced on me. I cannot help it!"—the old excuse of all weakness.

He bent toward me gravely.

"Only you can help it. Only you can change it. Surely you are not so weak as to accept whatever is nearest and easiest!"

The Truth About Myself

I could not answer. His words kept ringing in my brain—dreadful facts that I had been unable to see because they were so close or I was so blind. One brawl after another—yes! One folly after another—yes! Uneducated—yes! Then somehow these things formed themselves into a monotone that said over and over: "It is true! It is true! It is your own mother you are attacking—your mother, dead and defenseless." Then darkness and silence.

I found the next morning that the Colonel had called one of the maids, had helped her carry me upstairs, and had sent for our doctor. The maid thought the Colonel had brought me home from the dance. The doctor said in her presence:

"Oh, let her sleep it off."

And I suppose that was enough to set all the servants to chattering. I stayed in the house all day and tried to think over what the Colonel had said to me; but my head hurt dreadfully and I was consumed with a thirst there was no chance of satisfying unless I went downtown to the club or to one of the hotels.

Father returned at six. He came straight to my room, and he was blazing with anger.

"It is all over town," he said, "that in my absence last night Harrison Bloomer was here!"

"Wait!" I demanded. "You have got to hear my side of that story first."

"I don't wish to hear your story. Not only Harrison Bloomer, but all the servants on the place are chattering about you and the Colonel!"

I do not know what else he said, save that I had better marry Harrison Bloomer; that I was too much to take care of for any but that kind of a man. But I answered him that I would not marry any man to be taken care of; that I would from that hour take care of myself; that I should take precious good care a coward and a cad like Harrison Bloomer did not come near me; and that my future was not to be arranged by a man who could advise me to marry such a bully.

Then I locked my door, and I thought and thought. What did it do to women and men—this drink? It did something—something strange and curious, even when moderately taken. It lessened self-control; it dissipated all the qualities that were the result of hard effort, and dissolved a man into his primitive elements. It affected the will, the one thing that is most truly the man himself. It made all kinds of relaxed compliances possible. It made coarser living tolerable. It was the great excuse.

I thought of my first experience with it at the races. I had taken it because somebody had told me it would make me feel better. Had I not continued to drink for the same reason, never measuring the cost of the temporary exhilaration? Was not all

Why You Should Own A CORONA
Portable Typewriter

EVERYBODY—*you*—no matter who or what you are—should "Own-a Corona"—the International Typewriter for *P-e-r-s-o-n-a-l Use.*

This is a *reason-why* advertisement. It is meant to induce you to call on the Corona dealer in your town for a demonstration, or at least mail the Coupon for Corona Literature.

The Corona weighs but [illegible] in its case 8¾ lbs.

The Corona has a unique folding feature, i.e. the carriage folds down over the keyboard, greatly reducing the size. When it is in its carrying case it is about the size of a large camera

The Corona is an up-to-date typewriter in every detail, having such modern features as back spacer, two-color ribbon, stencil cutting device, full width universal keyboard, visible writing, high speed escapement, and so forth.

The Corona is in use in practically every Department of the U. S. Government

The Corona has been purchased by many big corporations for their salesmen.

The Corona is used by Business Men themselves [illegible] is the most confidential of confidential secretaries.

The Corona is used by Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Newspapermen, Scientists, Teachers, Scholars, Actors, College Students, Boys and Girls of all ages—by *Everybody.*

Corona Dealers' Demonstration

However, no matter what you read on paper, the best way to appreciate the Corona is to *see it* and *try it.* Therefore, it has been arranged to have Corona Dealers everywhere conduct a special *Telling-and-Showing Demonstration* during the entire month of October. If you attend this Demonstration at your Dealer's show room, you will be given an opportunity of *finding out for yourself* just how valuable a Corona would be to *you.*

Fill in and mail the Coupon—do it before you turn this page.

Corona Typewriter Company, Inc.
Groton, N. Y.
New York Salesroom, 141 West 42nd Street
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Distributors for Canada

A Few of the Principal Corona Agencies

[illegible]

Wichita, Mahon Office Sup. Co.

Coupon

Corona Typewriter Co.
Groton, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Send Corona Booklet No. 10
Also tell the name of local Corona Dealer

Name

Address

New Cloth Top Gaiter Boot $5

REGAL style supremacy is illustrated in this new and exclusive gaiter design. This pattern eliminates the inconvenience and effeminacy of "spats," but combines the prominent style features of Fall, 1914—*Fabric Tops* and *Gaiter Effects*.

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Stores and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Autumn Style Portfolio free. Shoes Shipped, Parcel Post Prepaid, on receipt of Price.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Three Things to Remember

JAP-A-LAC
THE NAME

Green Can
THE PACKAGE

Glidden
THE MAKER

WHEN the furniture of a room does not match its surroundings, when your floors are scratched and scarred, or when your woodwork is injured—you think of Jap-a-lac. For it was Jap-a-lac that made home renewing *easy* to do.

You *know* it's Jap-a-lac you want—but be sure it's Jap-a-lac you *get*. So, remember, Jap-a-lac—Green Can—Glidden—when you buy of your dealer.

Three groups—many colors

JAP-A-LAC *transparent* colored finishes—(in eight colors)—color, but allow the grain of the wood to show through. Also Floor and Interior Varnish (Natural)

JAP-A-LAC *enamel* colors (ten colors, including white in enamel surface and three flat finishes)—color and cover the grain of the wood.

JAP-A-LAC *Gold or Aluminum*—for producing a true gold leaf or aluminum effect.

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores where everything in stock is on a par with it. [illegible] Jap-a-lac booklet will give you complete in[illegible] tions—the [illegible] colors [illegible] yours free on request

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY
Quality Varnish Makers
1010 Madison Ave., N. W. CLEVELAND, O.
FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, TORONTO
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

alcohol taken for the same reason? All these other thousands of people, beset by disappointment, harried by fatigue, burdened with worry—were they not all looking for escape? Did they not all feel that a draught of forgetfulness was a real need?

And what was the cost? Pain is eased at a big price. Burdens are shifted at the cost of strength. Did not all this great army become less able to bear its burdens with each attempt to shift them? Did not every draught of forgetfulness lessen the ability to face disappointment? Did not every sacrifice of the hour-to-come to the moment of exhilaration mean less courage for all the other hours?

Father was marrying Cara because after years of indulgence his taste had coarsened and his will had weakened. Cara could endure to give herself for a pretentious house and luxurious living because for years she had searched for the easy paths. Harrison Bloomer became the primitive measure of bodily strength and bodily desires against those weaker than himself because he had steadily destroyed his inhibitions by the greatest of destroyers.

And I—what had I become? Like these other three, I took the draught of exhilaration moderately. And yet, with every opportunity, with money and health and ease, what was I? An uneducated girl who had lived so carelessly that her very friends were doubtful of her, her very servants gossiping about her, her own father willing to have her leave his house, married to any chance man. I was of no real use to anybody. I could not make my living. I could not even for a week have held a place as housemaid or shopgirl. There remained only a possible marriage with a deteriorated man—a trading on my sex.

And where were all my discriminations, all my modesties? Where was my fastidious taste? I had become accustomed to the story told when a man had had a little too much to drink; to the careless action excused for the same reason. The Colonel was right! But what was worse, at the very moment I said over and over that he was right, I was maddened by my wish for something to drink—a cocktail—a highball—anything to take that thirst away!

I did not leave my room that night, or the next day, or the next. I did not give myself a chance to drink. Then my father came to me again. This time he was cold and remote.

A Fresh Beginning

"Louise," he said, "I am going to be married next week. You had better go on a visit to your aunt. You cannot stay here. The town is blazing with scandal about you."

He went away, and I put on my street clothes and went straight to the Colonel's office. I had never been in any man's office before, and it was all I could do even to ask the elevator man which floor the office was on. Inside the office, when the stenographer gave me a queer look, I nearly sobbed aloud. I had walked downtown and met that look a dozen times. I had to wait a few minutes before the girl would tell the Colonel I was there. He was in some important conference; but she took me into his library to wait and this gave me a chance to pull myself together. When the Colonel came in he seemed to grow a little white.

"I have come to you for help," I said as quietly as I could under the excitement that was pounding in my temples. "I am going to try—never to drink again. For three days I have gone without anything; but it does not seem to get much easier. I thought—I knew you had stopped drinking, stopped it quite suddenly; and I could think of no one else to speak to about it. I thought perhaps you could tell me how to make it easier—not that exactly—but how to make it successful. Is it always so hard?"

"Yes," he said very gravely. "It is always hard; but there are many things you can do to help your will. I exercised to the point of fatigue. Whenever I was restless, or whenever I thought I could not stand it, I used to go on long tramps. I rode a horse half to death. I swam. I even rode a wheel. You are a fine athlete—you can do all this. Then I used to keep two things always near me—apples and candy. I carried them in my pockets, and whenever I thought I could not go without a drink I ate a piece of candy or an apple. The candy helped the most. Then there is a certain amount of body-building-up that must be done—of nervous strength to be reëstablished. You must give your body every chance, so that it will help your will. A good sanitarium will do that for you, Louise."

I shook my head.

"No; I will do it all myself. There is another difficulty in the way of a sanitarium also—I cannot afford it."

"You cannot afford it—you! Why, your mother ——"

I interrupted.

"Father is going to be married next week and there is no place for me in the house. Nor, under these circumstances, do I care to be dependent on him any longer. I must learn something by which I can make my own living. I have some money—four hundred dollars—enough to live on while I learn, but not enough to use on an expensive sanitarium. Of course I should like, best of all, to go to college. Twenty is not too old, and I think I could fit myself for it by the time I am twenty. But I cannot afford that either."

He seemed unable to restrain himself longer.

"Why, my child, all the money, save a dower interest, is yours!"

"All what money?" I asked, bewildered.

"All your mother's money. Has your father never told you?"

"No. I am not of age."

"Your father has only a little money of his own. Your mother's money was left in trust for you, and the income is yours even though you are not of age."

The Happy Ending

For a moment I was too astonished to think. Then slowly all the possibilities of such a condition of affairs began to dawn on me.

"Does Cara know this?" I asked.

"I think not—unless your father has told her."

"Then I have an income of my own?"

"Have you not had one all these years?"

"No." I considered a moment. Then I added: "I suppose I have not been fit to be trusted."

The Colonel was silent for some minutes. Then he said:

"You should require an accounting—at once—before your father's marriage. Money of yours used without your consent should be repaid to you."

A new light broke in on me.

"Colonel," I said breathlessly, "do you think this marriage will make father happy?"

"No," he answered briefly. "I think it will utterly spoil the rest of his life."

I waited a moment to think it over.

"If Cara learns father has no money at all—that most of it is mine?"

I stopped, and he nodded.

"I had not thought of that; but she shall know it—at once."

"Father will never forgive us."

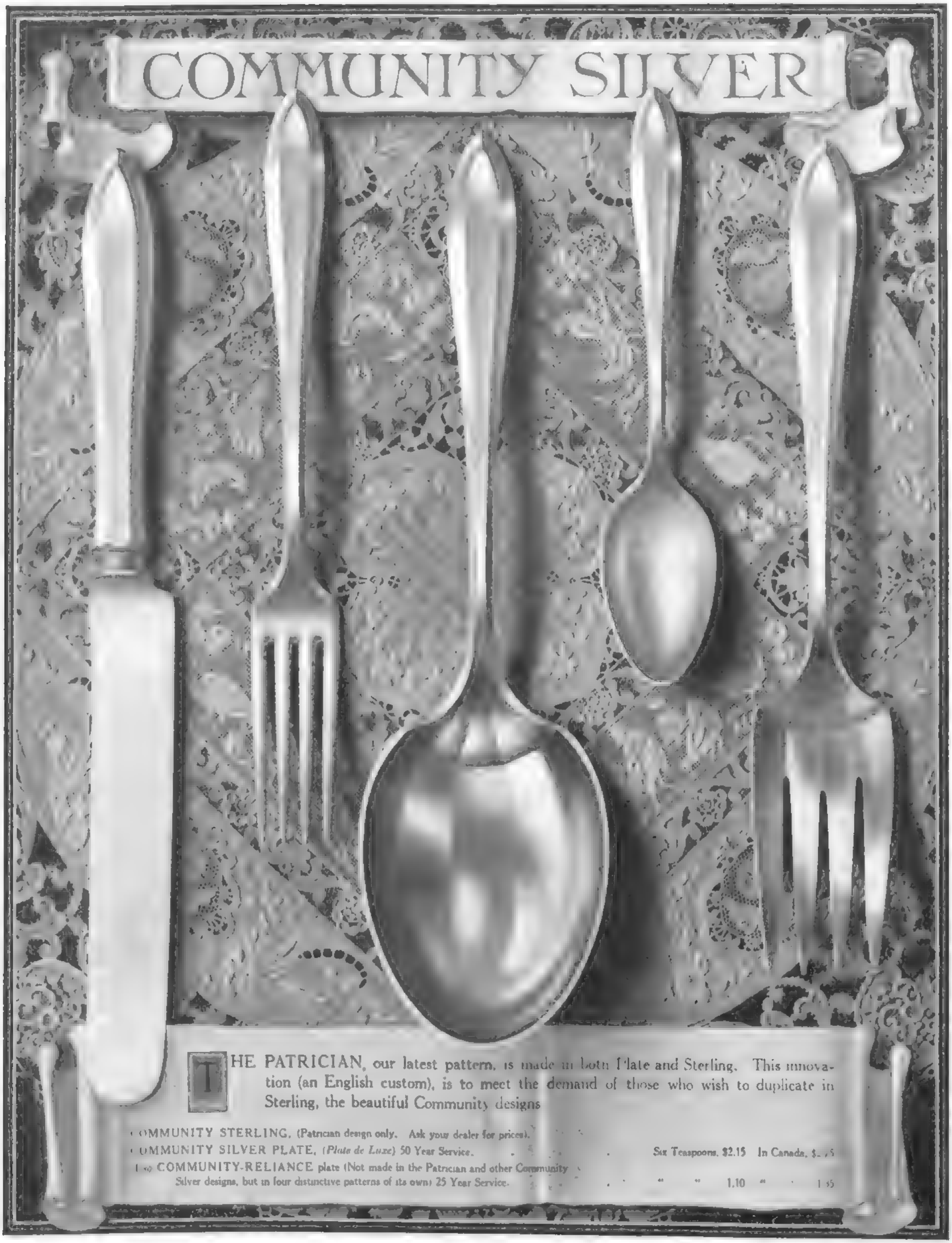
"Eventually he will."

Cara married Harrison Bloomer a month or two after she broke her engagement with my father. She announced that she broke it because of my attitude toward it.

As for me I am now in my senior year at college. I am twenty-four, and I have far too much to do to take time for dances and teas. Some of my mother's money—there was far too much—has gone into a home in that part of our city where a home is most needed for women who have no home; some is helping girls who have no money to get a college education. I have not had anything to drink for three years.

I did not win my fight all at once; in the beginning I went backward several times. The first year was pretty hard, but I pulled out of it; and I think the struggle is over for good now.

I shall be graduated in June. Then the Colonel and I are going abroad to study the way in which some of the cities over there have met this problem that seems so closely our own problem. We are to be married the day after I am graduated.


COMMUNITY SILVER
THE PATRICIAN, our latest pattern, is made in both Plate and Sterling. This innovation (an English custom), is to meet the demand of those who wish to duplicate in Sterling, the beautiful Community designs
COMMUNITY STERLING, (Patrician design only. Ask your dealer for prices).
COMMUNITY SILVER PLATE, (Plate de Luxe) 50 Year Service. Six Teaspoons, $2.15 In Canada, $
COMMUNITY-RELIANCE plate (Not made in the Patrician and other Community Silver designs, but in four distinctive patterns of its own) 25 Year Service. " " 1.10 " 1.35

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
—Gray

The Studebaker Is Essentially The Family Car—The Car That Your Wife or Daughter Can Safely And Easily Drive

THE Studebaker is a safe car—safe in the simplicity and positiveness of its control—safe in strength and quality of materials and integrity of manufacturing practice.

Safe in the engineering skill that gives it its perfect balance and its ability to stick to the road—safe in the abundance of power and perfection of control that enables it to crawl through congested traffic without danger of stalling—or to get away quickly when speed is essential.

And it is this generally recognized factor of safety that gives to the Studebaker car its unusual percentage of women drivers.

The Studebaker is as easy to drive as an Electric car—*almost* as easy to control as a pony cart.

The pressure of a foot pedal starts the car—the touch of a button lights the electric lamps—or dims the headlights for city driving.

The Steering post is short and firm; there is no vibration to affect the nerves or tire the arms—a touch of the hand is sufficient to hold the car steady in the road, or to turn the wheels in any direction.

The control lever is placed in the center of the foot board within easy reach of the right hand of the driver – the gears move easily and quietly into their engagements and cannot slip the brakes are positive and powerful—conveniently placed for quick action.

And the simplicity of control is simply one feature of Studebaker quality—It is a natural result of Studebaker engineering and manufacturing methods—of the ideals that are back of the Studebaker car—of the honesty of purpose that underlies every manufacturing process.

The Studebaker Car is manufactured complete in Studebaker plants.

The steels that go into it are made to special formulæ and are forged and heat treated in Studebaker plants.

The Studebaker motor with its sturdy en-bloc construction and its wonderful small bore, long stroke design is built complete in Studebaker plants.

Every essential part gears, transmission, full floating rear axle, front axle, body, top—is made complete in Studebaker plants.

Is it any wonder that Studebaker cars are quality cars? Is it any wonder that they so perfectly reflect in beauty of design, in richness of finish and sturdiness of structure the ideals and purposes of the Studebaker organization?

The Studebaker Automobile Book is a volume of unusual interest—write for it

Studebaker Prices

FOUR Roadster	$ 985
FOUR Touring Car	985
SIX 5-Passenger	1385
SIX 7-Passenger	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

Studebaker
DETROIT

Canadian Plant, Walkerville, Ont.

Applying to All Studebaker Cars

Full floating rear axle with Timken bearings—Electric starting and lighting Extra size tires Safety tread in the rear—Built-in wind shield—"One-man" type silk mohair top Crown fenders.

THE BUSHER'S KID

Continued from Page 22

use of standing out there in front of the stand so I come into the bench and Allen was setting there and I says Did you know your wife and Florrie was up there in the stand? He says No and I says What are they doing here? And he says What would they be doing here—mending there stockings? I felt like busting him and I guess he seen I was mad because he got up off of the bench and beat it down to the corner of the field where some of the others was getting warmed up though why should they have anybody warming up when I was going so good?

Well Al I made up my mind that ball game or no ball game I was not going to have little Al left alone no longer and I seen they was not no use of sending word to Florrie to go home because they was a big crowd and it would take maybe 15 or 20 minutes for somebody to get up to where she was at. So I says to Callahan You have got to take me out. He says What is the matter? Is your arm gone? I says No my arm is not gone but my baby is sick and home all alone. He says Where is your wife? And I says She is setting up there in the stand.

Then he says How do you know your baby is sick? And I says I don't know if he is sick or not but he is left home all alone. He says Why don't you send your wife home? And I says I could not get word to her in time. He says Well you have only got two innings to go and the way your going the game will be over in 10 minutes. I says Yes and before 10 minutes is up my baby might die and are you going to take me out or not? He says Get in there and pitch you yellow dog and if you don't I will take your share of the serious money away from you.

By this time our part of the inning was over and I had to go out there and pitch some more because he would not take me out and he has not got no heart Al. Well Al how could I pitch when I kept thinking maybe the baby was dying right now and maybe if I was home I could do something? And instead of paying attension to what I was doing I was thinking about little Al and looking up there to where Florrie and Marie was setting and before I knowed what come off they had the bases full and Callahan took me out.

Well Al I run to the clubhouse and changed my cloths and beat it for home and I did not even hear what Callahan and Gleason says to me when I went by them but I found out after the game that Scott went in and finished up and they batted him pretty hard and we was licked 3 and 2.

When I got home the baby was crying but he was not all alone after all Al because they was a little girl about 14 years of age there watching him and Florrie had hired her to take care of him so as her and Marie could go and see the game. But just think Al of leaveing little Al with a girl 14 years of age that did not never have no babys of her own! And what did she know about takeing care of him? Nothing Al.

You should ought to of heard me ball Florrie out when she got home and I bet she cried pretty near enough to flood the basemunt. We had it hot and heavy and the Allens butted in but I soon showed them where they was at and made them shut there mouth.

I had a good nosion to go out and get a hole lot of drinks and was just going to put on my hat when the doorbell rung and there was Kid Gleason. I thought he would be sore and probily try to ball me out and I was not going to stand for nothing but instead of balling me out he come and shook hands with me and interduced himself to Florrie and asked how was little Al.

Well we all set down and Gleason says the club was depending on me to win the serious because I was in the best shape of all the pitchers. And besides the Cubs could not never hit me when I was right and he was telling the truth to.

So he asked me if I would stand for the club hireing a train nurse to stay with the baby the rest of the serious so as Florrie could go and see her husband win the serious but I says No I would not stand for that and Florrie's place was with the baby.

So Gleason and Florrie goes out in the other room and talks a while and I guess he was persuadeing her to stay home because pretty soon they come back in the room and says it was all fixed up and I would not have to worry about little Al the rest of the serious but could give the club the best I got. Gleason just left here a little while ago and I won't work to-morrow Al but I will work the day after and you will see what I can do when I don't have nothing to worry me.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 8.

OLD PAL: Well old pal we got them 2 games to one now and the serious is sure to be over in three more days because I can pitch 2 games in that time if nessary. I shut them out to-day and they should ought not to of had four hits but should ought to of had only 2 but Bodie don't cover no ground and 2 fly balls that he should ought to of eat up fell safe.

But I beat them anyway and Benz beat them yesterday but why should he not beat them when the club made 6 runs for him? All they made for me was three but all I needed was one because they could not hit me with a shuvvel. When I come to the bench after the 5th inning they was a note there for me from the boy that answers the phone at the ball park and it says that somebody just called up from the flat and says the baby was asleep and getting along fine. So I felt good Al and I was better then ever in the 6th.

When I got home Florrie and Marie was both there and asked me how did the game come out because I beat Allen home and I told them all about what I done and I bet Florrie was proud of me but I supose Marie is a little jellus because how could she help it when Callahan is depending on me to win the serious and her husband is wearing out the wood on the bench? But why should she be sore when it is me that is winning the serious for them? And if it was not for me Allen and all the rest of them would get about $500.00 apeace instead of the winners' share which is about $750.00 apeace.

Cicotte is going to work to-morrow and if he is lucky maybe he can get away with the game and that will leave me to finish up the day after to-morrow but if nessary I can go in to-morrow when they get to hitting Cicotte and stop them and then come back the following day and beat them again. Where would this club be at Al if I had of jumped to the Federal?

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 11.

FRIEND AL: We done it again Al and I guess the Cubs won't never want to play us again not so long as I am with the club. Before you get this letter you will know what we done and who done it but probily you could of guessed that Al without seeing no paper.

I got 2 more of them phone messiges about the baby dureing the game and I guess that was what made me so good because I knowed then that Florrie was takeing care of him but I could not help feeling sorry for Florrie because she is a bug herself and it must of been pretty hard for her to stay away from the game espesially when she knowed I was going to pitch and she has been pretty good to sackerfize her own pleasure for little Al.

Cicotte was knocked out of the box the day before yesterday and then they give this here Faber a good beating but I wish you could of saw what they done to Allen when Callahan sent him in after the game was gone allready. Honest Al if he had not of been my brother in law I would of felt like laughing at him because it looked like as if they would have to call the fire department to put the side out. They had Bodie and Collins hollering for help and with there tongue hanging out from running back to the fence.

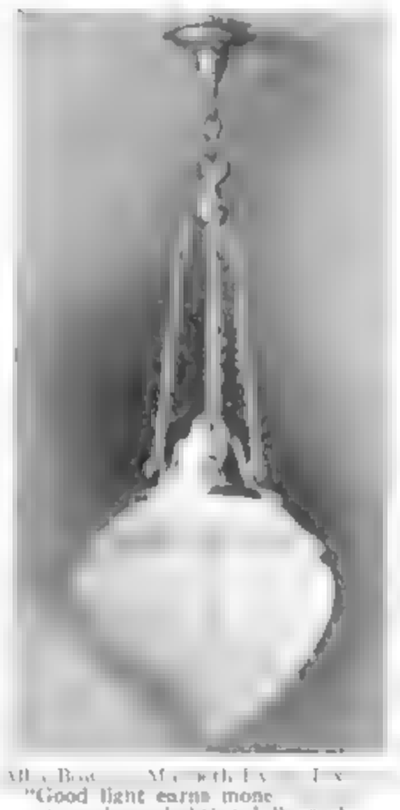
Anyway the serious is all over and I won't have nothing to do but stay home and play with little Al but I don't know yet where my home is going to be at because it is a cinch I wont stay with Allen no longer. He has not came home since the game and I suppose he is out somewheres lapping up some beer and spending some of the winner's share of the money which he would not of had no chance to get in on if it had not of been for me.

I will write and let you know my plans for the winter and I wish Florrie would agree to come to Bedford but nothing doing Al and after her staying home and takeing care of the baby instead of watching me pitch I can't be too hard on her but must leave her have her own way about something.

Your pal, JACK.

There is Money in Good Light

Good light earns money at every counter and desk; in every store, office and factory and can be made to cost even less (less current) than poor light.



"Good light earns money cutting down lighting bills and enabling people to see better and work better"

Earns money in stores by attracting customers; they see better, stay longer, buy better, and buy more.

Earns money in offices by increasing efficiency—more and better work with fewer mistakes.

Earns money in factories by improving the output—more of it with fewer "seconds" and less waste.

Earns money everywhere by cutting down lighting bills and enabling people to see better and work faster, with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain and resultant headaches and "days off".

Macbeth-Evans Lighting Equipment

(with Alba and Decora Glassware)

Good light is mostly a matter of the right globes and shades. Alba or Decora Globes and Shades on Macbeth-Evans Fixtures get more and better light from the current, diffuse and direct the light where it is needed to make seeing easy and comfortable, and turn the harsh brilliant glare of tungsten lamps into a soft, agreeable illumination that is easy to see by, read by and work by.

How to get Good Light—use the Coupon

Determine to investigate—when you know the facts it is usually possible to get good light by a few simple changes in your equipment.

The following pamphlets give the facts and will be sent upon request:

1—HOMES: Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye-strain.

2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

4—STORES: Well-lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more.

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue and without eye strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more.

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors.

9—THEATRES: Good light is subtle, soft restful, and cheerful. It is beautiful in harmony with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the mind of the audience.

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful, and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy.

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable. Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided.

Send for one or more of these Lighting Pamphlets and for a Portfolio of Individual Suggestions for your particular purpose.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Pittsburgh

Sales and Showrooms also in New York
Chicago, Philadelphia
St Louis, Boston, Cincinnati
Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Ltd Toronto

FOLD, TEAR OFF, FILL IN, MAIL

Send me Individual Suggestions and Lighting Information on Subjects

City and State _____

Macbeth Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

POPULAR TRADE HARDRIGHT PRODUCTS

Fine Pipes

½ Actual Size

HARDRIGHT insures *always* a cool, dry, sweet smoke, productive of the *full fragrance* of your favorite tobacco, untainted by any foreign odor or bitter taste. Delightful to *you*, never offensive to others. It cannot become "strong," or stale, or foul, because, *first*, owing to its ingenious and simple construction it just naturally keeps cool; and, *second*, it is made of "Condensite" which is absolutely non-absorbent, the invention of Mr. J. W. Aylsworth, who has been for over twenty-five years chief counsulting chemist to Mr. Thos. A. Edison.

Price $1.50 with Sterling Silver Screw Band, as shown in illustration above, in handsome box. With Sterling Silver Initials on both stem and bowl, in velvet-lined leather-covered case, pipe and case $2.50. Other mountings, $1 and $5. HARDRIGHT [illegible] Avoid imitations by insisting on the HARDRIGHT. Write for booklet. Dealers: Do not get into the "second-hand" pipe business by carrying a line of pipes that [illegible]

Golf DRIVERS AND BRASSIES

Improve Your Game! Much depends on your driver. Have one that suits you. HARDRIGHT [illegible] Driver Heads, 15 to 25 ounces, fitted with selected hickory wooden shafts. It is made of "Compensite." Being absolutely non-absorbent, it is unaffected by the weather, takes and maintains a natural polish, and will not chip or split. It is better than a wooden head with an ivory facing, and is more than equivalent to a solid ivory head, for [illegible] has greater resiliency than ivory. [illegible] shaft and aluminum reinforcement tube moulded and anchored in the head, and the shaft is shrunk, screwed in and glued. Price, with best quality clean grained hickory shaft and leather-wrapped hand grip $5. Either Driver Head or Brassie alone, without shaft, $3.50.

Transportation prepaid.

HARDRIGHT

Money refunded if not Satisfactory

Shaving Brushes

HARDRIGHT brushes are warranted forever against the bristles coming out. [illegible] Anchor" [illegible] HARDRIGHT has ever had anything to do with the perfecting of brush-making. The brush shown here is made with an "Anchor" Ferrule, in a setting of hard vulcanized rubber. It is a strictly first quality Badger brush, and the bristles cannot possibly be pulled out or loosened, not even by boiling the brush to sterilize it.

Price, $1.00, postage prepaid

Write for Illustrated Booklets

The Hardright Company, 216 Main St., Belleville, N. J.

Oh, here's my free sheet of MultiKopy Carbon Paper!

Your employer judges you largely by the appearance of your carbon copies, and even more by their legibility when he refers to them later. What he won't have, and can't afford to have, is carbon copies that become blurred or faded in the file.

Write for your free sheet now

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

In black or blue, MultiKopy *never* fades

Carbon Paper

Play safe. Insist on MultiKopy. The neat, sharp clearness of its copies will win you many compliments at first; and their lasting legibility will prevent criticism later on. Its copies are readable as long as the paper holds together.

Type a letter or postal for your free sheet of MultiKopy now. Show the "Boss" how it gives 100 good copies before worn out, and beats anything he ever saw for manifolding at one writing. Clean and convenient for you, too, because it doesn't soil the fingers, curl nor dry out. If you value the almost unanimous opinion of Public Stenographers—write today.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Address all letters to Home Office

New York: 114 118 Liberty Street
Philadelphia 908 Walnut Street
Chicago, 14 N. Franklin Street
Pittsburgh, 830 Park Building

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 13.

AL: I am all threw with Florrie Al and I bet when you hear about it you won't say it was not no fault of mine but no man liveing who is any kind of a man would act different from how I am acting if he had of been decieved like I been.

Al Florrie and Marie was out to all them games and was not home takeing care of the baby at all and it is not her fault that little Al is not dead and that he was not killed by the nurse they hired to take care of him while they went to the games when I thought they was home takeing care of the baby. And all them phone messiges was just fakes and maybe the baby was sick all the time I was winning them games and balling his head off instead of being asleep like they said he was.

Allen did not never come home at all the night before last and when he come in yesterday he was a sight and I says to him Where have you been? And he says I have been down to the Y. M. C. A. but that is not none of your business. I says Yes you look like as if you had been to the Y. M. C. A. and I know where you have been and you have been out lushing beer. And he says Suppose I have and what are you going to do about it? And I says Nothing but you should ought to be ashamed of yourself and leaveing Marie here while you was out lapping up beer.

Then he says Did you not leave Florrie home while you was getting away with them games, you lucky stiff? And I says Yes but Florrie had to stay home and take care of the baby but Marie don't never have to stay home because where is your baby? You have not got no baby. He says I would not want no X-eyed baby like yourn. Then he says So you think Florrie stayed to home and took care of the baby do you? And I says What do you mean? And he says You better ask her.

So when Florrie come in and heard us talking she busted out crying and then I found out what they put over on me. It is a wonder Al that I did not take some of that cheap furniture them Allens got and bust it over there heads, Allen and Florrie. This is what they done Al: The club give Florrie $50.00 to stay home and take care of the baby and she said she would and she was to call up every so offten and tell me the baby was all O. K. But this here Marie told her she was a sucker so she hired a nurse for part of the $50.00 and then her and Marie went to the games and beat it out quick after the games was over and come home in a taxicab and chased the nurse out before I got home.

Well Al when I found out what they done I grabbed my hat and goes out and got some drinks and I was so mad I did not know where I was at or what come off and I did not get home till this A. M. And they was all asleep and I been asleep all day and when I woke up Marie and Allen was out but Florrie and I have not spoke to each other and I won't never speak to her again.

But I know now what I am going to do Al and I am going to take little Al and beat it out of here and she can sew me for a bill of divorce and I should not worry because I will have little Al and I will see that he is tooken care of because I guess I can hire a nurse as well as they can and I will pick out a train nurse that knows something. Maybe I and him and the nurse will come to Bedford Al but I don't know yet and I will write and tell you as soon as I make up my mind. Did you ever hear of a man getting a rottener deal Al? And after what I done in the serious too.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 17.

OLD PAL: I and Florrie has made it up Al but we are threw with Marie and Allen and I and Florrie and the baby is staying at a hotel here on Cottage Grove Avenue the same hotel we was at when we got married only of coarse they was only the 2 of us then.

And now Al I want to ask you a favor and that is for you to go and see old man Cutting and tell him I want to ree-new the lease on that house for another year because I and Florrie has decided to spend the winter in Bedford and she will want to stay there and take care of little Al while I am away on trips next summer and not stay in no high-price flat up here. And maybe you and Bertha can help her round the house when I am not there.

I will tell you how we come to fix things up Al and you will see that I made her apollojize to me and after this she will do what I tell her to and won't never try to put nothing over. We was eating breakfast—I and Florrie and Marie. Allen was still asleep yet because I guess he must of had a bad night and he was snoreing so as you could hear him in the next st. I was not saying nothing to nobody but pretty soon Florrie says to Marie I don't think you and Allen should ought to kick on the baby crying when Allen's snoreing makes more noise than a hole wagonlode of babys. And Marie got sore and says I guess a man has got a right to snore in his own house and you and Jack has been grafting off of us long enough.

Then Florrie says What did Allen do to help win the serious and get that $750.00? Nothing but set on the bench eccept when they was makeing hum look like a sucker the 1 inning he pitched. The trouble with you and Allen is you are jellous of what Jack has did and you know he will be a star up here in the big league when Allen is tending bar which is what he should ought to be doing because then he could get stewed for nothing.

Marie says Take your brat and get out of the house. And Florrie says Don't you worry because we would not stay here no longer if you hired us. So Florrie went in her room and I followed her in and she says Let's pack up and get out.

Then I says Yes but we won't go nowheres together after what you done to me but you can go where you dam please and I and little Al will go to Bedford. Then she says You can't take the baby because he is mine and if you was to take him I would have you arrested for kidnaping. Besides, she says, what would you feed him and who would take care of him?

I says I would find somebody to take care of him and I would get him food from a resturunt. She says He can't eat nothing but milk and I says Well he has the collect all the time when he is eating milk and he would not be no worse off if he was eating watermelon. Well, she says, if you take him I will have you arrested and sew you for a bill of divorce for dessertion.

Then she says Jack you should not ought to find no fault with me for going to them games because when a woman has a husband that can pitch like you can do you think she wants to stay home and not see her husband pitch when a lot of other women is cheering him and makeing her feel proud because she is his wife?

Well Al as I said right along it was pretty hard on Florrie to have to stay home and I could not hardly blame her for wanting to be out there where she could see what I done so what was the use of argueing?

So I told her I would think it over and then I went out and I went and seen a attorney at law and asked him could I take little Al away and he says No I did not have no right to take him away from his mother and besides it would probily kill him to be tooken away from her and then he soaked me $10.00 the robber.

Then I went back and told Florrie I would give her another chance and then her and I packed up and took little Al in a taxicab over to this hotel. We are threw with the Allens Al and let me know right away if I can get that lease for another year because Florrie has gave up and will go to Bedford or anywheres else with me now.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 20.

FRIEND AL: Old pal I won't never forget your kindnus and this is to tell you that I and Florrie axcept your kind invatation to come and stay with you till we can find a house and I guess you won't regret it none because Florrie will livun things up for Bertha and Bertha will be crazy about the baby because you should ought to see how cute he is now Al and not yet four months old. But I bet he will be talking before we know it.

We are comeing on the train that leaves here at noon Saturday Al and the train leaves here about 12 o'clock and I don't know what time it gets to Bedford but it leaves here at noon so we shall be there probily in time for supper.

I wish you would ask Ben Smith will he have a hack down to the deepo to meet us but I won't pay no more than $.25 and I should think he should ought to be glad to take us from the deepo to your house for nothing. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. The train we are comeing on leaves here at noon Al and will probily get us there in time for a late supper and I wonder if Bertha would have spair ribs and crout for supper. You know me Al.

Famous Authors' and Playwrights' World-Famous Novels and Plays Can Now be Seen in

Paramount Pictures

Hall Caine—on the *Paramount* screen! George Barr McCutcheon—on the *Paramount* screen! Owen Wister—on the *Paramount* screen! Jack London—on the *Paramount* screen! George Randolph Chester—name after name of popular writers could be mentioned here who are now in association with such prominent motion picture producing companies as The Famous Players Film Company, The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and Bosworth, Inc., who produce *Paramount* Pictures.

As a result of the formation of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, the works of a greater number of the best fiction writers and playwrights than were ever before obtainable on a single film program may now be seen in the most attractive picture form. Superb picturizations, produced with infinite care and regard for the affectionate esteem in which these World's greatest story tellers and dramatists are held by the public, are now being presented in the best theatres for the entertainment of the best people.

During the past month such well-known producers as Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Henry W. Savage, Charles Frohman, Jesse L. Lasky and Hobart Bosworth, have added to the motion picture realm such popular productions as H. B. Warner in "The Lost Paradise," Hobart Bosworth in "Odyssey of the North," Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian," Henrietta Crosman in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," Edward Abeles in "The Making of Bobby Burnit," Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen."

These are the *quality* of stories that appeal to the better class of people—these are the *quality* of stories the better class of people will *always* see in Paramount Houses. Just scan this partial list of Paramount releases for the present month (October): Karl Kienlechner in "William Tell," Mme. Bertha Kalich in "Marta of the Lowlands," Charles Richman in "The Man from Home," Max Figman in "What's His Name," Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower," Robert Edeson in "Where the Trail Divides," Marilyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman," etc. Look a little farther on, into November—Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes," Bessie Bariscale in "Rose of the Rancho," John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico," Hobart Bosworth in "The Pursuit of the Phantom," etc., etc.—nowhere are stories so graphically told as on the *Paramount* screen.

The authors and playwrights whose photographs are reproduced above—as well as many others not shown here because of lack of space—offer their productions to the public upon Paramount Programs in Paramount Picture Houses because of their confidence in the Paramount Plan, which, briefly, is to establish a Paramount Theatre standard that will attract people of refinement and intelligence. You can identify a Paramount Photo Play by the Paramount trade-mark, always shown with Paramount Pictures—look for it.

The Story of Paramount

Containing Photographs of Prominent Actors & Actresses

The beginning—the idea—sketches, accompanied by photographs, of many popular Paramount actors and actresses will be found in "The Story of Paramount."

Coupon

This Coupon entitles you to a copy of the booklet "The Story of Paramount."

Sign your name and address in margin below and mail now.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
ONE HUNDRED and TEN WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Only Way to Know that You're Buying Paper Towels of Economy and Quality is to Settle this Question—

HOW ABSORBENT ARE THEY?

What is a paper towel for if not to absorb water and other liquids? And haven't you the right to know whether or not you are paying paper-towel *prices* and only getting ordinary paper instead of highly *absorbent* paper?

If you are the purchasing agent of a railroad corporation, factory, hotel or any establishment where paper towels are bought in large quantities, you will readily see that if you install ordinary paper towels, people will use considerably more of them because of their inability to absorb; so you see that the *real* cost per case or roll of towels can be judged *only* on the absorbent test.

Absorbent

ScotTissue Towels

Are Cheapest in the End—Absorbency Test Proves This

It will pay you to make a comparative test before buying. Take a rolled-up ScotTissue Towel and place it in a glass of water, and see how much water is absorbed in a given time. We court comparison on this vital—this economic—test.

Housewives should also buy on the absorbent test, for the value of *absorbent* paper towels in the home as time and labor savers is fast being realized.

To Large Consumers

Our Service Department is prepared to study conditions in your establishment and devise means for effecting substantial economies in your paper towel and toilet paper supplies. You will be surprised to find in how many different ways they can do this and the amount they can save you—this entirely apart from the great saving which the installation of ScotTissue Towels and other ScotTissue products will show you.

We will send, all charges prepaid, 750 ScotTissue *absorbent* Towels for $2.00. An economical fixture, $1 extra. Or write for interesting booklet on absorbent paper towels.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY **Philadelphia, Pa.**

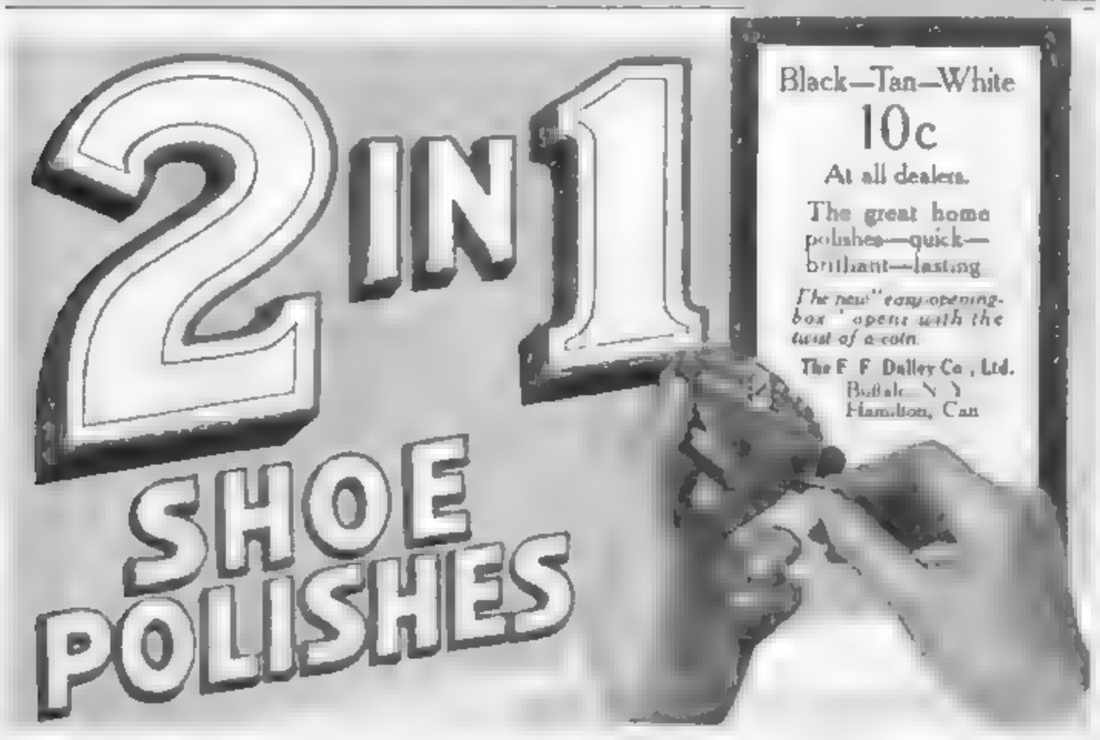
Makers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

Public School Teachers have the advantage of comparatively short hours and of spare time during nearly every afternoon and evening. Most teachers have need of these spare hours to give relief from the nervous, trying life of the school.

Wise teachers by the score are making these spare hours pay them big returns—not only physically but financially. By devoting a few hours each week to looking after the subscription business of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in their vicinity, they acquire ruddy health, valuable experience, and hard cash. You will prove your own wisdom by following in their footsteps. Write for particulars.

Agency Division, Box 620

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

Continued from Page 19

The Heyschotts were not at all pleased, and Geoffrey saw that they were not. Moreover, he was not pleased himself. But he kept his own counsel for a while, hoping that the condition would work out its own solution. But it didn't. In spite of the two best wills in the world there was developing a distressingly placid state of affairs. The Girards had been married but a very short time, and yet they were terribly like others similarly placed.

It was now July and they were still at Claridge's. Geoffrey sat in their little parlor after breakfast, pretending to read the Times, but getting no sense from the printed lines, for his mind was busy with his problem. Amorette, in a charmingly becoming morning frock, was writing letters at a little desk in the corner and telling her friends how infinitely happy she was. Suddenly Girard broke out explosively:

"We are becoming humdrum," he declared, pitching down the newspaper. "We must struggle violently or we shall certainly be lost."

Amorette sprang up in undisguised alarm and ran over to him. He drew her down to his lap, took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Having thus pacified her, he continued:

"If you won't flirt I must. That's certain."

His wife, who was now quite accustomed to being his wife, laughed mischievously.

"But can you?" she queried.

He assumed a hurt look. "I can try," he answered with dignity. "It may be a bit hard at first, but I can ask your advice. You'll give it me, won't you?"

She clapped her hands. "What fun! Oh, what fun! But whom are you going to flirt with?"

For a moment he knitted his brow. Then: "I think I shall begin with Madeleine Ray," he ventured thoughtfully. "I saw Ray yesterday, and he wants us to go down to the Touraine château country with them for a fortnight. Shall we?"

Amorette's eyes danced. Nothing had pleased her more than the friendly way in which her husband had made friends with her friends.

"I should like it of all things," she said. "It will quite wake us up. Who could feel anything but brand-new emotions in Chinon and Rochecorbon?"

"I am going to furbish up my old ones anyhow," promised Girard with resolution. He looked much better pleased, almost satisfied. He held her off a little from him and fixed her eyes with his own. "Well, then," he asked seriously, "is it understood that I tell Ray we'll go?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And you'll help me out with Mrs. Ray, won't you?"

Amorette hung her pretty head. There was just a suspicion of a pout on her perfect lips.

"Dear me," she murmured; "I don't see how you can even joke about a woman like that. Why, she's absolutely ugly."

Geoffrey was inclined to smile, but he maintained a seriousness that was indisputable. "There is a bizarre kind of recherché charm about an ugly woman that always interests me," he told her. "And then, too, she's very sweetly grateful. A pretty woman never gives a man a word of thanks for anything. She looks upon it that to serve her is a privilege for which he should be eternally grateful. You know that."

"Of course I know that," returned Amorette, very much in earnest. "It's perfectly natural too. And the men always are grateful. You know that."

"Yes, I know that," rejoined her husband meekly. Then: "Can I button your slipper, or pick up your handkerchief, or offer you any other homage now before I go?"

A cloud dimmed the brightness of her face. "Go?" she questioned. "You're not going out so early, are you?"

"It's after eleven," he said. "Besides, I think I might catch Ray now at his studio."

"You're very keen about the chance to flirt with Madeleine, aren't you?"

"Oh, very."

"You can't make me jealous, you know; she's too horribly unattractive. Besides, there are the seven children. There never was anything romantic about a woman with as many as that."

Girard paused in the midst of putting on his gloves.

"Why, my darling," he protested in evident surprise, "I'd not the faintest intention to make you jealous. I thought it might amuse us both. I'd love to see you and Gilbert at the same game. Besides, I could get hints from his method. It strikes me the arrangement will be no end jolly."

Amorette pinned in his buttonhole a little nosegay of violets, made up from the bunch she had worn to the theater the night before, and he bent and kissed her hair while she was doing it.

"Madeleine's oldest child is eighteen and they lost two before she was born, so if you have any head for figures you can easily get an idea of her age. The two they lost weren't twins either."

"Then either she was married out of the cradle or she's the most wonderfully preserved woman I ever saw," Girard decided, picking up his walking stick.

"I will say this for her," his wife concluded: "She has a perfectly lovely disposition. She never minded in the least how far Gilbert and I went. Any other wife would have been a cat—and in Italy, too, with the Italian moon and the scented air. She was just a dear!"

Her husband kissed her lingeringly, promised to be back for tea, and added from the door of the room:

"I can see that we are going to have a most thoroughly unconventional time. I do hope nothing will happen to delay us."

Before Amorette could reply he was gone, and the door closed behind him.

Marjorie Blackmore dropped in about lunch time and Amorette insisted upon her staying. To this she consented only because she had breakfasted late and hadn't the ghost of an appetite. So they had merely some consommé, a mutton chop each with kidneys, an escarole salad, cream cheese and Bar-le-Duc, followed by French pastry and coffee. It was perhaps natural that in the course of their long and animated conversation the name of Gilbert Ray should come to the surface.

"No," Amorette confided, "I haven't seen him since the Heyschott dinner. Geoffrey tells me that he and Madeleine are thinking of motoring down to the château country."

"Yes, they're taking the two oldest children, Ermentrude and Percival. I understand the idea is purely educational."

Mrs. Girard's gaze was suddenly bent on her plate.

"I dare say Ermentrude and Percival need it," was her comment. "Of all the stupid old fret—"

"Still," Marjorie Blackmore cut in, "Ermentrude is very beautiful. You would be surprised to see how she has developed. I am told that Edgar Carlisle was quite mad about her. But her father ——"

Amorette's gaze came up in a flash. "Edgar Carlisle!" she exclaimed.

"Edgar Carlisle. Her father disapproved and Edgar went away quite cut up. Now it leaked out somewhere that he is coming back, and it is my private opinion that the motor trip is designed to keep him and Ermentrude apart."

"When is Edgar expected?" asked Girard's bride.

"Almost any day. He had made up his mind to stop in Rome until September. They say he really wanted to get Roman fever and die, he felt so cut up. But something has happened, no one seems to know just what, and he is hurrying his return."

When Girard came in a little after four Marjorie was gone. Amorette met him with a seductive smile.

"I have been thinking," she said at once, directly he had kissed her, "and I have decided that I shall not go on the motor trip with the Rays."

He dropped his hands on her shoulders and held her off from him so that he could look directly into her eyes. They were very frank.

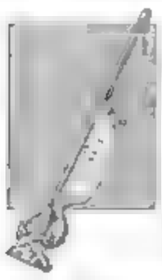
"But I've told Ray that we would."

"We have changed our minds," she announced casually.

"You mean you have changed yours. That is a woman's privilege, and I shall offer no objection. But my mind remains fixed. My decision is unalterable. Of course I shall miss your advice and—well, Ray's example, too, I suppose; but I am not

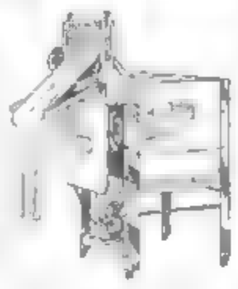
Federal Appliances Make Electricity Your Servant

The Federal Junior Electric Cleaner



An electric cleaner that really cleans; ***patented double exhaust***—takes up double the dirt per second; ***universal motor***—operates on any current; ***double dust bag***—finest dust can't escape; special ***steel suction fan***—7000 revolutions a minute; 20 foot connecting cord, attachment plug and switch. Price, $37.50, with extra cleaning tools, $45.

The Federal Electric Washing Machine



Perforated cylinder clothes receptacle—oscillates in hot suds; washes cleaner, quicker—a few minutes for a tubful. Lever control starts or stops instantly; all moving parts enclosed. Wringer reverses instantly at pull of [illegible] roller. Compact, strong, actually pays for itself inside of a year. Price $85.

Federal Safety First Electric Lantern

No smoke, no danger; wind and rain proof; always ready; clear and steady light. Fine for night watchmen, janitors, trainmen and stablemen; also for use about house or garage. If lantern is carefully used, renewal batteries cost little if any more than oil and wicks. Price, $5.

Federal Safety First Electric Lamp

Uses ordinary dry cells, obtainable everywhere—high candle-power Federal Lamp Better than pocket flasher—brighter, more durable; stands or hangs in any position; good emergency light for mechanics, plumbers, automobiles, motor-boats; a handy bed-side lamp, many other uses. Nothing to wear out. Price $3 including lamp and battery

If you cannot obtain FEDERAL appliances at your electrical dealer's write us direct for catalog and nearest dealer's name. Special inducements to new dealers.

Federal Sign System (Electric)
Lake and Desplaines Streets CHICAGO

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

To educate your children, support a family, [illegible] more comforts, buy [illegible]? Then do as thousands of others are doing. Make money selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town.

No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. Two lady agents [illegible] in home town in California and each made over

$3,000 FIRST YEAR

We sell direct from the mill to the home, thereby giving better value for the money. Our [illegible] and children are [illegible] large [illegible] concern in the world.

Agents wanted in every town. It is a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. Write today for our free [illegible] to agents in territory and make [illegible]

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Dept. 328 BAY CITY, MICH.

Boys and Girls

Send Post Card with your name and address for a Set of

6 Picture Stamps

1¾ x 2¼ inches, in bright colors, all different.

Absolutely Free.

You can easily earn 18 additional Hinds Cream [illegible] Write [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] for a few days if they have not already [illegible] so

A. S. HINDS, 175 West Street, Portland, Maine

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

going to be deprived of my flirtation with Madeleine. I am going to go." His tone was decided.

"And leave me here?"

"You shall go back to Devonshire."

"Have you thought what people will say?"

"I never think what people will say. It makes so little difference. Besides, I thought we were of one mind in desiring to be unlike every other newly married couple. We shall only love each other the more for a fortnight's separation." He dropped into a chair and lighted a cigarette. "But what caused you to change your mind?" he asked, yet his manner was indifferent.

Amorette walked to a window and stood for a moment looking out between the curtains.

"I'm afraid to trust myself with Gilbert Ray," she flung back over her shoulder. "He has always had the strangest fascination for me."

"I don't wonder he has," returned her husband. "He's a very charming fellow. Still, I don't see why you should not indulge yourself. You'd be sure to enjoy it. Better come along."

But she was very firm. "No," she said; "my duty demands my presence here in England. I learn that Edgar Carlisle may be expected in London any day."

Girard inhaled deeply through his cigarette.

"Oh, then, of course!" came with the exhalation.

"You see, Edgar needs me," she added. "I'm his good angel. I think it has been very considerate of him to stop away as long as he has. It shows what a nice sense he has of the real fitness of things. A less delicately minded man would have rushed back directly he heard of my marriage."

"But you weren't engaged to him, you told me you weren't."

"No. But—— That is, I'd never given him an answer one way or the other."

"I understand," said her husband.

"You won't mind if I should have Edgar down for a visit while you are away?" She turned from the window to ask the question.

"Mind? Not I. Why not send him a wire at once?"

"No," she answered; "I must not appear anxious. He'll be sure to look me up directly he arrives."

"And then you'll insist on his coming, won't you? I want you to promise me. I shall feel so much more comfortable knowing that you are having congenial companionship while I am gone. You and he might work in the garden plot together, or catalogue the library."

At that moment there was a knock on the door and a waiter entered with the tea things.

Three days later Mr. and Mrs. Girard left London with the Rays.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Golf at Night

GOLF has been successfully played at night with the help of searchlights. A match of eighteen holes in England recently resulted in good scores and only one lost ball.

Powerful electric head lamps, made for automobile use and supplied with portable batteries, furnished the light. Four caddies carried the searchlights and four caddies carried the batteries. Two of the lamps were used to illuminate the ball and the ground round the player, and the other two were directed down the course. It was found possible to follow the flight of the ball a hundred and fifty yards.

Flagmen Up to Date

AUTOMATIC flagmen are now coming into use to give warnings at railroad crossings as substitutes for the automatic alarm bell, which is often disregarded. Several types have appeared, all designed to give the impression of a flagman waving a red lantern at the crossing.

One has an upright board that flops from side to side, with a red lamp on the board to give the lantern suggestion at night. Another achieves the lantern effect by having a series of red electric-light bulbs in a curved row and an automatic attachment that lights the bulbs one after another, so that a red light runs from one end of the curve to the other and back again.

A Mystery of the Sixth Sense

In the little village at home he had lost her. He had searched for her the world over. He had longed for her and loved her. At last, he gave it up and came to New York to live in a shabby boarding house. There in his own room he found her. In the dust of the corners, he felt her presence. In the bureau drawers—in the very air, he knew her presence. She had been there but a short week before.

Send the coupon for this story and the other 274 stories in 12 handsome volumes that you get for a little price.

O. HENRY

Send coupon—without money—for 274 stories—throbbing with life—with the life of city streets and the life of the Far West plains—of the innocent shrinking with shame, of the guilty who joyously sin, of healthy and jolly fun, of laughter clear and sane—of the weaknesses pardoned by love—and the unforgivable crime.

Send for them all on approval. Send for them at once so you will get the 179 Kipling stories free.

90,000 Own This Edition Already

From the few who snapped up the first edition at $125 a set before it was off the press, to the 90,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—hails him with love and pride our greatest writer of stories. Everybody has to have O. Henry—everybody who reads and loves books—senators and authors, actors and artists and plain people of distinction.

Send Coupon and You Will Understand Why Other Nations Are Going Wild Over Him

why universities are planning tablets to his memory, why text books of English literature are including his stories, why [illegible] are discussing his place in literature, why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories.

Kipling Given Away

And besides to get your prompt action we give you, free, Kipling in six volumes—179 stories—the greatest he ever wrote—the red, red stories of fight and the keen blue stories of peace.

Send No Money Send the books back—the whole 18—if they're not the biggest, the best you ever saw or read. Better than moving pictures—for these are permanent real moving pictures of life. Better than classics, for these are the living stories of today, from Mandalay on China Bay to 34th Street and Broadway, and from Piccadilly to the Mexican border ranch. Send the coupon before it is too late. Get both sets shipped at once free on approval.

[illegible] a week [illegible] The Kipling [illegible] Books [illegible] are always welcome and the [illegible] at least.

Don't wait till tomorrow and be sorry. Send Coupon today and be glad.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
30 Irving Place New York

Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place
New York

[illegible] the Kipling set without [illegible] return both sets at your [illegible]

[illegible] favorite binding. For this luxurious [illegible] or change above to $1.50 a mo. for 13 mos.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS
All Dealers. 50c. Attached.

That Foster Plug prevents slipping.

Makes 'em wear longer.

That Foster Friction Plug stands between millions of people and dangerous, slippery sidewalks.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen [illegible] their [illegible] attached of your dealer or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c and outline of your heel

It prevents thousands of accidents. It makes Cat's Paw Rubber Heels wear longer than ordinary kinds.

But there are additional reasons why you should have all your shoes—old and new—equipped with Cat's Paw Heels.

Extra quality rubber, giving greater resiliency and longer wear.

No holes to track in mud or dirt.

Cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Black or Tan, 50c attached.

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY!

Two months from now you'll be planning your Christmas presents. If the money is not in sight, let us help you. Last year thousands of men and women earned the money they needed by securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Many persons purchase subscriptions as Christmas gifts for their friends. Help us receive these subscriptions from your town. Address your letter to

Agency Division, Box 627 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Penna.*

Protect Yourself
At Soda Fountains
Ask for
ORIGINAL
GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages
Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible
Others are Imitations

Dustless, Sanitary Cement Floors

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL stops dusting of concrete floors. Gives a smooth, tile like surface. Wear-resisting; stain-proof; oil-proof. Easily cleaned by mopping. Furnished in a variety of colors. Applied with a brush.

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL

For Factories, Warehouses, Power Plants, Hospitals, Schools, Offices, Residences, Garages, etc.

FREE: Color Card and valuable suggestions. WRITE TODAY

The TRUS-CON LABORATORIES, 401 Trus-Con Bldg., Detroit, U.S.A.

Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

TURNING ROUND ON A SMALLER MARGIN

Concluded from Page 17)

Economy in business once meant little more than irregular spasms of blind cheeseparing.

Slack times came suddenly. Men were laid off, wages cut, machines covered up to stand idle, orders for materials canceled and branch shops closed. The tide of prosperity having gone out, the business was allowed to rest placidly in the mud, waiting for another high tide. Sometimes in the midst of busy times the yearly inventory showed that not so much profit was being made as had been thought. Immediately the order to economize went forth and all effort was centered on pulling the tail feathers out of the eagle on every dollar that came in sight, without regard to whether the dollar would be of any account after the operation.

As an illustration of such economy there is a story of a big railroad shop where the manager, determined to cut down expense for new tools, issued two shop orders. The first was to the effect that all new tools must be bought on a requisition signed by himself. The second stated that for six months he would sign no requisition.

One day a foreman came in with his resignation, saying he had no alloy steel for making cutting tools and he could not run his department without equipment. The manager talked to him like a father. He said there was always a way round such difficulties, and asked the foreman to go back and think the situation over once more. The foreman did so and in a few days reported that he had all the tool steel he needed.

The story was related by the manager as an instance of economical policy. He discovered later, however, that what really happened was that the foreman hunted through the scrapheap and found an old locomotive tire of alloy steel. Out of that, at a heavy cost for work and time, his men made cutting tools of questionable quality—all to save a few dollars outlay for steel specially sold for the purpose.

The New Economy is a very different thing. It is constructive and expansive. It means intelligent investigation of conditions, not merely when slack times or shrinking profits sound the warning but during the best of times, so that the business may be prepared for anything.

It means the investment of more capital to secure production that is really cheaper, the improvement of design in plant, organization among employees, the raising of standards, and better balancing of the business all round.

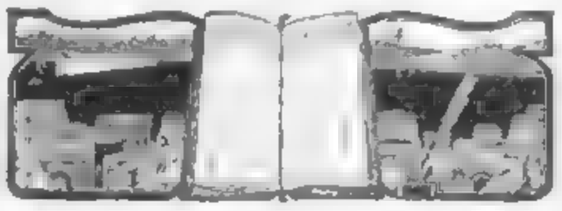
Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early number

Electrocuting Germs

ELECTROCUTION for milk germs is the latest method of providing safe milk. Much of the milk supplied from the large public stations in Liverpool is now treated by electricity. The harmful bacteria are nearly all killed, so that a capped bottle of the electrocuted milk will keep sweet for eight days.

Various methods were tried in the effort to find one that would kill the germs without altering the chemical composition of the milk. A continuous current of electricity would not do it, but a rapidly alternating current at a pressure of about four thousand volts succeeded. Apparently the composition of the milk is not changed at all, and the city puts it out as raw milk.

The operation is simple enough: The milk is allowed to flow through a long glass tube; and in this tube, near the ends, are placed two short copper rods. The electric supply is connected with the two copper rods. The milk flows through the tube so rapidly that it passes the two rods in a few seconds, getting by before it is heated very much, though occasional flashes of current, which would burn the milk, must be looked out for.



"This is the Best Underwear that we can buy"

Every Dealer

well versed in men's wear holds Cooper-of-Bennington Spring-Needle Underwear in highest esteem. He knows Cooper-of-Bennington invented and makes the machines that knit this beautiful, springy fabric and that for nearly forty years he has been gaining an efficiency in manufacturing Spring-Needle Underwear that has never been equalled. Take home a suit of the

Original Spring-Needle Knit Underwear
Made by Cooper-of-Bennington

and get the expert opinion of your wife, or mother, or sister. She knows fabrics almost instinctively. She will know at first sight and feel that this underwear is unexcelled in fineness and luxury of softness and that it will wash beautifully. In the best men's stores and departments.

Wilson Bros

COOPERS CLOSED C CROTCH UNION SUITS

BENNINGTON, VT

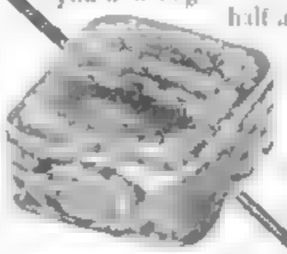
Sole Distributors
CHICAGO

All Cooper-of-Bennington Union Suits are made with the added comfort of the Closed Crotch

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets

Freeman's Face Powder

guaranteed to please you just as thoroughly as any 50c or $1.00 powder you ever used. If you don't agree with us after using half a box, return the balance to your dealer and get your money back. Write for sample box free



25c The Freeman Perfume Co. Dept. 71 Cincinnati, Ohio

A Real Knife For a Real Man

Not the ordinary gift knife, but a genuine hand forged English Razor Steel Knife that will cut and hold the edge—[illegible]

Agents wanted. Write for catalog and terms

Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 552 W. Lake St., Dept. 171, Chicago

WANTED NEW IDEAS [illegible]

Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 [illegible] Our two books sent [illegible] or our Fee Returned

Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Detroit Electric

Announcing 1915 Models

Six splendid new body designs, mounted on a chassis of demonstrated mechanical perfection—simplified, refined and improved, yet not embodying radical changes in principle—make up the Detroit Electric line for 1915. It includes broughams of varying passenger capacity, with front, rear or duplex drive, also a cabriolet

This car has been designed for those who prefer an electric of more business-like appearance than a brougham. It is so arranged that it may be entirely closed, giving all the comforts of the brougham or limousine; yet when desired, the door windows may be lowered and the top folded, making an attractive open roadster.

A Car for Men and Women

The electric car is no longer merely a woman's car. The performances of the Detroit Electric in mileage and speed have dispelled this old delusion. True it has many qualities which make it the preferable car for women, but these features have proven to be the same desirable qualities which men are seeking in other types of automobiles but cannot get, except in an electric, namely dependableness, freedom from mechanical annoyances, ease of operation, quietness, cleanliness, and most of all, low cost of operation, maintenance and depreciation.

If You Use Only One Car in the Family Buy a Detroit Electric

98% of all automobile trips, statistics prove, do not exceed a total of sixty miles at an average speed of twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, which means that 98% of all trips are within easy radius of the Detroit Electric. Don't pay a premium on an entire year's driving for a service required only 2% of the time.

Men Who Have Learned the Utility of the Detroit Electric Never Give Up This Car

To the man or woman hesitating between another type of car and the Detroit Electric this fact is significant: we do not know of a single instance where a man who has given the Detroit Electric a thorough trial and has learned from actual experience the great utility of this car has ever gone back to any other type of car for his ordinary needs. Once he has experienced the thrill of power under perfect control, characteristic of the electric; the consciousness of security from mechanical imperfections; the very real pleasure of gliding swiftly, silently, smoothly, comfortably wherever he may wish to go; the relief from dust, grease and fuel fumes; the freedom from tire troubles; the instant availability of the electric car under all conditions, he can not be induced to give it up

Detroit Electric is the Choice of One-Third of All Electric Automobile Buyers

It is a fact that to be a successful manufacturer of high grade automobiles it requires a certain annual volume to permit the expense of making patterns, tools and jigs, by which method only can they manufacture strong drop forgings, and attain the accuracy and perfect interchangeability of parts which insures working harmony throughout the car. The Anderson Electric Car Company builds one-third of all the electric pleasure cars made today They have met and crossed that dividing line in volume which separates strong drop forgings from heavy cheap castings, perfect accuracy from near-accuracy, first quality from second quality

Quantity Gives Quality at Lower Prices

As it requires quantity to produce quality, so also does it require quantity to permit the giving of greater value at the same or lower price. Our greater volume enables us to offer in the Detroit Electric from $400 to $600 greater value to the purchaser. Our 1915 Models are now in the hands of our dealers everywhere. At your convenience it will be their pleasure to show you the details of excellence in our cars.

Models for 1915

Model 50—Cabriolet Roadster—Worm Gear	$2650
Model 51—Rear Drive Brougham—Worm Gear	$2850
Model 52—Duplex Drive Brougham—Worm Gear	$3000
Model 53—Large Forward Drive Brougham—Worm Gear	$2750
Model 54—Large Rear Drive Brougham—Worm Gear	$2750
Model 55—Bevel Gear Drive Brougham	$2650

Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit

Builders of the Detroit Electric

World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Jam *this* in your old jimmy pipe:

You can't any more drive a man to cheer for a pipe smoke that bites up his tongue than you can grow little blades of green grass on a busy street!

So—when you pike-it north, south, east, west and see men all along the line *going-to* Prince Albert, *natural-like,* figure it out they've hit the trail that leads to the land of jimmy pipe joy!

Now, you all get set

for here's bully sport—this hook-up of a jimmy pipe, some Prince Albert and a match. You can play the game far as you like—and the more you smoke, the greater the joy! That's 100 per cent. talk, but it is a sure-thing bet!

Say, *you* get real fussy with P. A. Smoke it mean-like to prove it out. If your middle name's "Missouri," go to it *four ways at once!* And that will be all right, all right. *Because* Prince Albert never *bit* any other man's tongue—*and it won't bite yours!*

That's because P. A. is made by a patented process that *cuts out the bite!* No other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. That'll be about all.

For carrying conveniently so as to always have a jimmy pipeful or the makin's for a P. A. cigarette there isn't anything better than the tidy red tin, 10c; or the toppy red bag, 5c. But for keeping P. A. at home ready for the boys that happen along about the 10th inning there's nothing to equal the crystal glass humidor which comes with the pound purchase of P. A. Buy a pound of P. A. today for the sake of the glass humidor. Next time buy a pound tin humidor or a half-pound tin humidor to keep the glass jar full.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston-Salem, N. C.

TORRY THE MAN MAKER

Continued from Page 13

Burton turned to Torry. "Do you know the least thing about sailing a boat?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered ungraciously enough, though the entreaty was not yet gone from her eyes.

"Watch here then," said the mate of the Mary Helen, and he went into the stern.

"Ouch-h-h!" roared Tom. "Get off my fingers, you fool!"

"Keep your fingers from under my feet," said Tony Burton slowly; "and speak respectfully when you speak to me."

"You wait until to-morrow when we're ashore," blustered Tom.

But the mate had stooped a little and was staring hard across the sea. The squall his practiced eye had seen coming struck the boat, the wind shrieked, the rain poured solidly, and away behind them the two hundred barrels of distillate roared out in deafening clamor. The Mary Helen, a gigantic, twisted spout of flames, slowly slipped into the sea.

When the squall had blown by the other boats were nowhere in sight. It was not until two months afterward that the news came that they had been carried eastward and were picked up by the Alice R. Tony Burton cleared the water from his eyes in time to see Norman about to heave a water cask into the sea after the meat and bag of bread. He was swearing it had nicked him in the ribs. The mate took a long stride from his place at the tiller, and his big fist shot out and struck hard on his passenger's jaw. Norman sprawled upon the water cask in the bottom of the boat. His four brothers arose and charged furiously upon the man they hated.

Burton could have mastered two, perhaps even three, for he had behind him the steady, strengthening habit of sobriety and the hard, exacting training of the sea. But there were four, and two of his assailants were armed after the fashion of exquisites who are too elegant to play the man's game. For one raging, panting second it seemed that he would win after all. Then he was down. A pain, fine and sharp as a needle, went through and through his heart, and he knew the warm stream against his side for blood. Nausea overcame him, closed his throat and brought him to the black, shuddering abyss of unconsciousness. And as he struggled desperately there upon the brink, a coolness came in his face and some one gently raised his head.

"Don't fight me," said Torry.

The mate's breath shuttled in his throat; his blue eyes filmed again.

"Come, come!" cried the girl sharply. "Wake up, wake up, I need you! I have urgent work to do and I cannot do it alone. Mr. Burton"—it was the first time she had called him by his name—"Mr. Burton, come back and help me."

And Tony Burton heard her as at a very long distance; but her face was close to his when he opened his eyes. She drew back quickly.

"Now you are better," she said. "Please don't faint again."

The mate lay in the bow, and the steamer rug Torry had brought from the Mary Helen was folded beneath his head. The neat bandage on the cut below his heart felt fine and soft to his weak hand. He wondered if it was what she was sewing on the day he had gone to her cabin. The scattered stock of food had been gathered up and heaped close at his side, and the pile it made was pitifully small. Day was breaking in a cloudless sky over a smooth, empty sea.

Then Burton looked at Torry. He saw that she carried in her hand the broad leather belt she must have unloosed from about his waist, and the same warmth he had felt when his fingers touched the bandage strengthened his weak heart. She held it by the tongue and the buckle end dangled in the bottom of the boat. She answered his look with an abrupt question.

"What's to do now?" said she.

"If we had some one to work the boat," said Tony faintly. He cursed the men who had deserted him the night before; he cursed his weakness in letting the girl influence him when he could have had them back. "If we only had some one to work the boat," said he.

Torry regarded him in blank surprise. It was plain she thought he had been assured of that hours ago. "Why, we have," she answered.

Then Tony Burton's wavering glance for the first time took in the sullen, dejected group aft. Norman had one black eye, Dal two. Shane's upper lip was badly cut and swelled to the size of a doll's pillow, and Tom's head as well as Larry's was bound with a bloody rag.

"Did I do all that?" thought the mate. His blue eyes came back to Torry with a flash of humor that her gray ones answered involuntarily. Then she blushed magnificently and bit her lip. She had come to his aid and saved his life. Between them they had wrought that havoc and won the battle. The warmth about Tony Burton's heart increased. He tried to extend his hand; but his fingers fell to the fine, soft bandage against his side and rested there.

"They are to work the boat," said Torry brusquely. She stared at him with a great deal of hostility, and poor Tony Burton, alarmed in the midst of his rapture, felt a silly, overwhelming desire for tears.

"They know all there is to know about sailing," said Torry. "Now?"

"We must go north," answered Tony. He thought: "All right, have it your own way. A woman usually gets treated the way she wants. If you don't want people to be civil to you, why it's all the same to me."

He stopped thinking then. His head felt light as a balloon, and the pain went through and through his heart, as if a red-hot needle were mending a rent there.

"We must get through the Doldrums," he groaned. "I—I—— This is pain! I don't seem able to control myself." He made a greater effort. "Who's to steer?" he queried faintly.

"Why, I am," said the girl bluntly. It was plain that she had planned it all. "You're captain, and it's going to be your job to guard the stores and give out the rations." She stooped forward and placed in his weak, half-opened hand a small silver-mounted revolver and a tin box of cartridges.

"Mr. Blount's advice," she said briefly, and Tony Burton swallowed a shadowy smile.

"Now," said Torry, "we're to go north, and when we can't sail we'll row. Up to this time I am the only member of my family who has at all benefited by this cruise." She paused, and Tony Burton wondered what she meant. "But now," she added, "we're all coming in strong on the finish, the getting back to land." She looked at the mate, and her eyes were burning wells of unalterable determination in her pale, drawn face.

Tony Burton looked at her. He thought of her as he had seen her upon the dock in Boston. He thought of the day she flung away Dal's cigarettes and how she had faced him then with: "I will make them men! I have promised God I would." His throat was dry and his head ached with the hurry and heat of his mind, the words he wanted to speak. And yet he could only lie propped like a stuffed figure and stare.

"Is there something to steer by?" asked Torry.

The mate drew out a pocket compass and held it in his shaking hand. "Do you understand this?" said he.

The girl took it mechanically, her face grave with thought. It did not seem worth while to mention the yacht her father had been kind enough to abandon when he abandoned his family.

"Now about the food," said she; "that is, what my brothers did not succeed in throwing away. Will it last until we find an island or are picked up?"

Tony Burton shook his head. "What's the use?" said he. "You might as well know the truth. Your brothers among them have done for us all. The only sure place is Hawaii, and that's too far away. At the outside we've short rations for twenty days. We couldn't make that distance with our present supply of food short of a miracle."

She said faintly, as if speaking from a great distance with enormous effort: "Clipperton Rock?"

"Oh, a fake," answered the mate wearily. "One of the sporty little things that looks so enticing on the chart. Existence doubtful. There's nothing in this part of the world but water."

Torry moved her eyes from him. Slowly they traveled out to where the empty sea heaved against the sky. She turned, and her gaze went along that hopeless horizon.

Copyright 1914 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Study your clothes

THE map of the world may be ready for change; but the well-dressed man looks about the same in all civilized countries.

If you want to be dressed in correct style, study the clothes question a little. You'll find the models illustrated here, at any clothier's who sells our goods. Get a copy of our Style Book as a guide.

At $20 and $25 you'll find some extreme values in clothes. Look for our mark in them.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Let me be your Hatter

A STYLISH Truly Warner hat will give you that snappy New York look. The classiest dressers everywhere are getting my [illegible] styles. 26 retail stores: 14 in Greater New York.

Address Dept. A, 1179 Broadway, New York City

$2 Prepaid Truly Warner $2 Prepaid

VISIT LOS ANGELES THE MAIN GATEWAY TO THE PANAMA EXPOSITIONS

Spend the winter in California and witness the opening of the two Panama Exposi ons. San Francisco San Diego

Address Dept S, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal

A Handsome Parlor Davenport By Day— A Roomy, Comfortable Bed at Night!

Whether your home is large or small, a Kroehler Bed Davenport will be a great convenience. It has the exact appearance of a handsome parlor davenport. At night it serves as a regular or extra bed.

A gentle pull on the strap at back of seat unfolds a full size, sanitary, all steel bed frame and springs. It closes as easily. Separate, removable felted cotton [illegible] for bedding when closed. Indestructible—Luxuriously Comfortable either as a bed or davenport.

Saves Space, Saves Furniture Expense
Makes 1 Room Seem Like 2

Hundreds of styles. Our huge capacity entitles us to give the best quality at low prices. There are 4 Types of

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports

Unifold, Duofold, Davano & Kodav

Anyone of them will please you. The Kroehler trade-mark on the [illegible] is all you need seeing it before you buy.

For Sale by All Reliable FURNITURE STORES

Don't accept a substitute. If your dealer will not supply you, write us

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Naperville, Ill. Binghamton, N.Y. Kankakee, Ill. Cleveland, O.

Hands Like These

are crippled on a rough washboard. Do you want to do your washing at such cost? Does it pay, when for 3c a week the Thor Electric Home Laundry Machine will wash and wring your clothes, *without wear*, get them cleaner and whiter, in much less time than when done by hand? The

New Thor Electric Home Laundry Machine

does all the hard work of washing and wringing. You merely turn the electric switch. The cylinder revolves and reverses, forcing hot, soapy water through the clothes, washing them thoroughly, whether blankets or fine laces. An average wash is finished in 2 hours. The Thor is a white enameled beauty, with all moving parts enclosed. There are no chains or belts to catch the hands or clothes—even the wringer has a guard to prevent pinching of fingers. The new

Thor

small hotels, hospitals, country clubs, etc. Our dealer will deliver a Thor to your home for

15 Days Free Test

You pay nothing down. If not satisfactory return it at our expense. If you have electric light, write for illustrated folder. An attractive proposition for dealers.

Hurley Machine Company

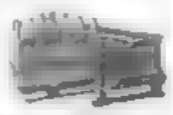
For 8 Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Home Laundry Machines

Executive Offices:
27 So. Clinton Street, CHICAGO

Retail Stores: Chicago, 24 S. Jackson Blvd., New York, 941 Broadway, Boston, Los Angeles; San Francisco; Denver Minneapolis; Spokane, Toronto, Can

$30 to $60 per Week and Your Own Business

Start a business of your own with Ten-Pinnet, the new automatic Bowling Alley. Everybody wants to play. More fun than old-fashioned bowling. Healthful! Thrilling! Alleys 40 to 50 feet long. You can set them up in an afternoon. One customer writes: "My two alleys 506 days total receipts $3541.70." Little expense. No pin-boys. Only attendant needed is man to take in money. Easy to start—easy to pay—under our plan. Write NOW for easy plan.



THE TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 6 VAN BUREN ST., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

PATENT ABLE IDEAS WANTED

RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PLAYS Entertainments, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 20, Chicago

SUMMIT

Knit-Nek Vest

For Outdoor Work or Outdoor Pleasure

Every man who spends any of his time outdoors, whether at work or pleasure, needs a Summit Knit-Nek Vest.

It affords the wearer the best protection against the cold and the wind, yet is neither heavy nor cumbersome.

For working outdoors or for hunting, fishing, trapshooting, automobiling, golfing, etc., it allows you to move around with ease and comfort—keeps you warm without wearing a heavy overcoat.

Notice how the patented Knit-Nek fits around the throat—it keeps out all cold and wind and can be turned down in mild weather. The wool wristlets keep the wind and cold from blowing up your sleeves.

The body is lined with and the sleeves are made of soft, pliable leather upon which water has no hardening effect.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

Illustrated booklet showing styles sent free on request.

Guiterman Bros.
Dept. F
ST. PAUL, MINN.

rendered all the more distant by the dazzling glare of the sun, until she faced the mate again. Indeed it seemed he spoke the truth.

"We must go north toward Hawaii," he added. "Our only hope is that we'll meet some ship. We can never in the world reach Hawaii."

Torry leaned toward him. She raised her hand to hold his attention. "Mr. Burton," she said, speaking so gayly that the mate jumped, "we're off—off to Hawaii." And before he could wink or speak she faced aft.

"Sit up, boys," she cried. "We're going to Hawaii." Her voice rang out across the reaches of that empty sea without an echo, and Tony Burton caught the splendid bravery of her cry and treasured it in his heart.

"I have learned," said Torry, "that loud talking, oaths and silly anger are no more a woman's part than they are a man's. I have been taught what is a woman's part, and, if I am spared, I want to play it. But now I propose to show you lads what I consider to be a man's. I'll steer and you fellows will sail this boat. When there's no wind you'll row. We must keep moving. . . . Oh, yes, we must. . . . Oh, yes, you will! Get up, you Mallorys, we're going to Hawaii!"

And they did go. Burning, empty day after burning, empty day; brooding, silent night after brooding, silent night, the boat moved north. To Tony Burton the hours passed, filing and defiling in a long, delirious dream. He portioned out the food while it lasted, because Torry told him he must. For the same reason he held open the water cask when it rained. Sleeping or waking he saw her. Now imperious, gorgeously colored, full of oaths and fury; then laughing, cheerful and determined, opposing the sullen gloom and wild fury of her brothers with unfaltering courage and a will as strong as steel—and at the last a sleepless, sunbitten, famine-stricken specter, steering a boat across an empty, endless waste of water north, always north, for Hawaii.

And his belt, his leather belt that had hugged so close about his body, she carried in her hand. He saw her swing it by the tongue so the buckle hung free. He saw her lay it over the shoulders of her brothers when they sank down at the oars or refused to row at all. And always with the same cheerful call:

"Get up, boys, get up! We're going to Hawaii!"

One night he was startled suddenly from a feverish doze by her voice, slow, clear and distinct:

"I have the pistol here in my hand," she was saying. "It is loaded and I am a dead shot. You all know it."

Toward the end of that terrible voyage Tony Burton was never quite sure what was real and what dreams. Sometimes the wind blew and the boat flew along, and the five scarecrows that toiled at the oars, often weeping, fell to the bottom and lay where they had fallen, until aroused by the hoarse, inexorable whisper of Torry. Sometimes it rained, and the cool, sweet moisture eased Burton's pain and cooled his fever. Then the realization that all this suffering had been invoked because a woman chose to discipline a pack of vicious schoolboys who were not worth disciplining choked him up with searing rage. The thing grossly offended his sense of propriety, and he wanted to say so. He wanted to shriek it out to the empty sea that heaved and heaved about them like mumbling, toothless jaws. But he was restrained by the eyes of the figure that sat in the stern of the boat and steered forever north. This specter caught a fish, caught another. It got away, and then they all wept bitterly—all, that is, but the specter herself. Tony Burton came to think nothing could quench the burning flames of her eyes. And the thought increased his suffering.

Then those eyes turned upon him in a sort of glory, and he felt in his heart the same thrill as when she cried out, "We're going to Hawaii!" and the sound died across the empty sea. But the message they held he could not understand. There came a thundering in his ears, the eyes that looked into his burned with unearthly brightness. They moved Tony Burton to wild and strange emotions. He stared at her across a piteous heap of things that had been men, and his face was convulsed as if with tears.

A sound of shouting mingled with the thunder in his ears, and the next moment the boat struck and grounded upon sand. The figure in the stern still sat erect, a sun-dried hand upon the tiller; but Tony Burton fell forward upon the little heap of men. He did not know they had reached their journey's end, that they had come to Hawaii.

The men recovered quickly enough, but Torry was ill for a long, long time. And in that time, the Mallory history being still in the making, a great many things happened that Tony Burton believed because he was there to see. At last, at the end of a most amazing year, he was permitted to see Torry again.

She arose when he entered the room and held out her hand, quite as if they had parted only yesterday the best of friends. She had won back all her old, gorgeous beauty, but now serenity and patience blended with the humor in her face. She was younger looking, and there was sunshine where there had been storm.

"It's very good of you to want to come to see me," she said in a pleasant, formal way.

Tony Burton took her hand. "Not to me," he said boldly. "Not that tone to me. There is no need for polite ceremony here. Will you—you know what I mean—will you forgive me?"

Torry's face flamed. "Oh, I've forgotten all that," she replied shyly.

"No, no," Burton persisted. "When you kept your promise to God surely you can forgive me."

Torry looked at him then and drew her breath, and the memory of that time was in her eyes. "You let me make the gamble," she whispered, "and—I—we won. But the stuff to make men was there."

"It took your fine eye to see it," said Tony, and he laughed.

Torry laughed too. "Never mind," said she; "they have all gone to work. And Shane and Tom are both by way of being married to girls that I like. Isn't that some triumph? Have you heard of our shipping business—theirs?"

"I came to see if you would let them take me into the firm," said Tony with his slow, persuasive boldness.

"What do you mean?" said Torry.

Burton looked at her and his eyes accused her.

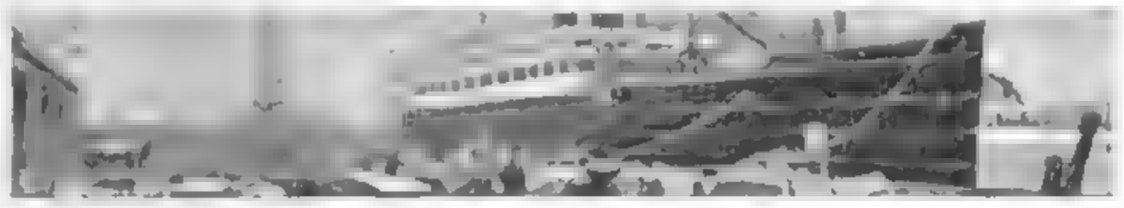
"I—I—— It seems to me you know very well what I have to tell you now." He broke off. "Torry," he continued, putting his hands on her shoulders and speaking in a deeper tone—"Torry, you have made such fine men of your brothers, won't you try your hand on me?"

And Torry stood on tiptoe in a way that brought her face very close to his. "Tony," she said—and looking at her he could not say which was love and which was laughter in her dear gray eyes—"Tony, way back on the Mary Helen I knew that was the part for this woman to play."

Coupling by Magnet

ELECTRIC magnets on a railroad locomotive save all the trouble of coupling the engine to cars, and then uncoupling a few seconds later, in light switching operations. A buffer at the back of the locomotive can be magnetized by having the engineer simply turn a switch that is located beside his seat in the cab. Then the locomotive is backed up to a car and the buffer seizes in a firm grip the coupling gear of the car. To uncouple, it is only necessary for the engineer to throw the little switch.

Enough electricity can be carried in storage batteries on the engine to supply a good grip. Though this method of coupling is hardly practicable for the ordinary heavy switching operations in railroad yards, there are many places where it may be utilized to save the time of a trainman.



2 for 25¢

ARROW COLLARS

"NORMAN"—The new Arrow style. A cutaway front collar that is particularly smart in fit and sit.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. Makers *TROY, NEW YORK*

Combine Obvious Style With Guaranteed Wear

IRELAND'S GUARANTEED GLOVES

Style you can *see* in a glove. *Wear* you cannot always be sure of—unless the wear of the glove is *guaranteed*.

Mocha, Cape, Glacé and Chamois

With every pair of Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves is a Signed Bond. It absolutely guarantees to repair or replace the glove if they prove defective in any way, rip at the seam or tear in the material.

This is the *maker's* guarantee. You return the gloves to the factory if they are not all right—but they *are* all right. They are strong, stylish, well-made gloves

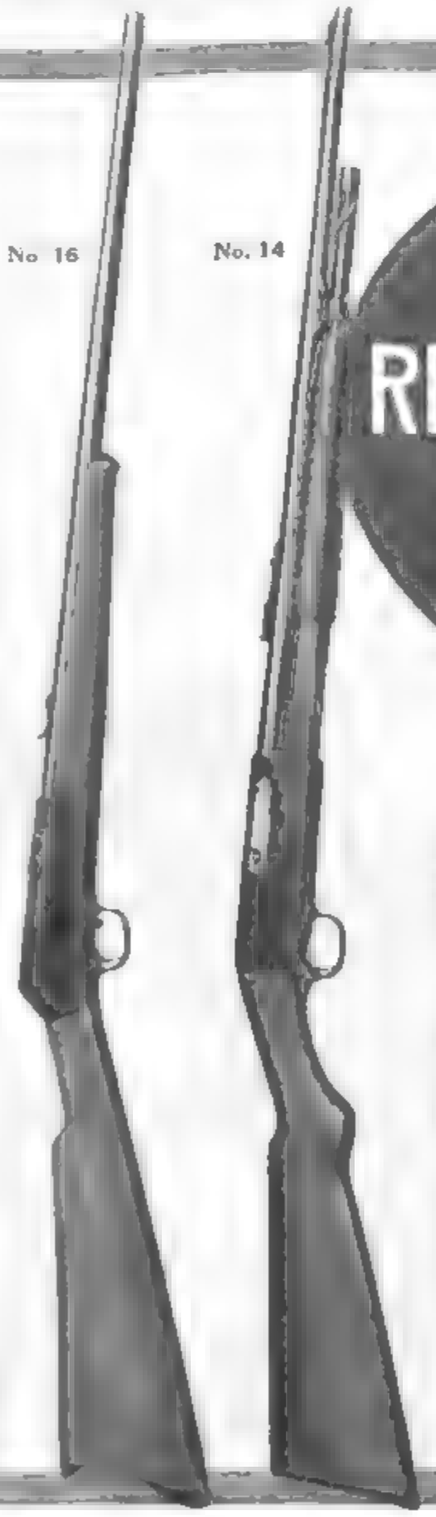
For Men, Women and Children
From $1.50 upwards

If your merchant doesn't offer them, we will fill your order direct and prepaid. Send a post card for our free book, "The Style and Story of the Glove."

The store that displays this advertisement sells Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves

IRELAND BROS., 30 State Street, Johnstown, N. Y.
Chicago Salesroom: Consumers Bldg., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.

RETAILERS—We will send to every retailer who writes promptly a copy of the new book, "How to Make Money Selling Gloves."



Remington UMC

The New .22 Caliber *Autoloading* Rifle—and the Meaning of *Remington-UMC*

No. 16
22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle—16 shots. Handling Remington UMC Autoloading 22 cartridges (*rimfire*). Hammerless. Magazine in stock. Take down without tools.

No. 14
High Power slide action Rifle—6 shots. Made in 25, 30, 32 and 35 calibers. Remington UMC slide action, specially designed for heavy service

Remington-UMC Cartridges made for every standard make of rifle, revolver, automatic pistol and shotgun. All calibers and gauges—all loads—adopted by sportsmen in every part of the globe.

YOU are hearing a good deal about this new rifle—and as a rifle-shot you will share in the interest created by the announcement of a new model of Remington-UMC.

Now, why should Remington-UMC mean so much in the shooting world? Why should eighty thousand dealers feature Remington-UMC and make it their bid for the custom of the keenest sportsmen of the community? How is it that the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC* displayed in the dealer's window becomes the sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town?

Take this little .22 Autoloading Rifle as an example. Look anywhere along the Remington-UMC line—from the .22-caliber single shot to the *heavy caliber* autoloading and slide-action rifles, the autoloading shotguns and pump guns—the metallic cartridges and shot shells adopted by the users of every standard make of arm.

Talk with the big game hunter, the duck shooter, the top-score men of the rifle clubs—ask your leading dealer. On all sides, the opinion you hear expressed is that Remington-UMC is *practical*, and it is *right*.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
London, England 299 Broadway, New York Windsor, Ontario

100 Miles for 40 cents

"I gave my Saxon a thorough test for economy the other day. I put 40c worth of oil and gasoline into my car and made a little over 100 miles before the gas tank was empty. Yet the roads are quite hilly around here."

GEO W. DUNBAR
Amenia, N Y

248 Miles on 7 Gallons of Gas

"Reached home in fine shape. Covered 248 miles on 7 gallons of gas. Had to ford a river where water came up to radiator, but came through O. K. Trip gave me plenty of proof of what the Saxon will do."

H. V. SMITH
Marion, Ind.

260 Miles "On High"

"Arrived in Chillicothe from Detroit O. K. with my Saxon making perfect score. Never went off high gear except to start during run. Averaged over 30 miles to gallon of gas."

L. J. THORTSON
Chillicothe, O.

300 Miles Through Floods

"Recently drove over 300 miles over roads in the worst condition ever known here due to floods and washouts. Passed several new cars under cars stuck in mud but my Saxon carried me around them and to my destination in splendid time."

B. L. HINKLEY
Luverne, Minn.

This Chain of Evidence Proves Saxon Worth

When the first Saxons were shipped we said they were the *greatest two passenger automobiles in the world* for the money.

The letters on this page from Saxon owners are the best proof we can give you that the Saxon *in service has made good* our claim.

Tires Lasted 10,000 Miles

"Covered first 10,000 miles without changing tires. Think Saxon is 'classiest' light car on market. Develops great power and speed and only racing cars can pass me."

H. L. TUCKER
Sydney, Ohio

Takes Roughest Roads Easily

"Although I had never been behind the car, it was easy to learn it was sufficient to enable me to drive it 150 miles from Simcoe to my home. A heavy rainstorm had made the roads almost as bad as a ploughed field. But the Saxon passed large cars which were stuck. I only used 4 gallons of gas."

R. A. HUTCHINSON
Oxbridge, Ont.

Saxon the Modern Car

From radiator to tail light the Saxon typifies the soundest, most modern automobile construction. Many of the features of the Saxon will not be found in any other car outside the high-priced class.

The Saxon is the modern car. It is light in weight—only a little more than a thousand pounds—therefore it is low in cost of keep. Yet the Saxon has roominess and comfort. Only by the best designing skill, and use of the finest materials, can roominess, comfort, good looks ***and light weight*** all be combined in one car.

The Saxon is a better car, we believe, than other low-priced cars because most others were designed from four to eight years ago, while the Saxon was designed one year ago. The automobile industry has developed rapidly. Engineers have learned much in five years. The ***modern machine is best*** in every line of industry. The Saxon is better than many others because Saxon engineers in planning it were able to profit by all the automobile industry has learned since other sensational value low-priced cars were designed years ago.

The Saxon is the best two passenger car at a low price because it was designed purely to be a two passenger car. This is not a two passenger car which is a makeshift. It is not a two passenger body set down on a uselessly heavy chassis designed originally to carry a five passenger body. Of what other two passenger car is this true?

Compare the Saxon point by point with any other two passenger low-priced car. You will easily discover wherein the Saxon is more modern in design, where it is superior to the others. A fair comparison, keeping in mind the service to be rendered, appearance, room, comfort, performance, stability and ***cost of keep***—that is all we ask. Please send post card for catalog.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

2 Miles in 2¼ Minutes

"The Saxon is a marvel for speed. Driving to the factory I 'opened up' over a level piece of road and made a little over 2 miles in 2 minutes and 35 seconds."

M. C. HILL
Fort Wayne, Ind.

37.5 Miles per Gallon of Gas

"Remarkable as have been your advertised statements of mileage per gallon of gas, I have beaten them. Made 150 miles over Montana country roads on 4 gallons of gas."

JAS. CORCORAN
Vandalia, Mont.

The New SAXON – $395

Best Looking Car

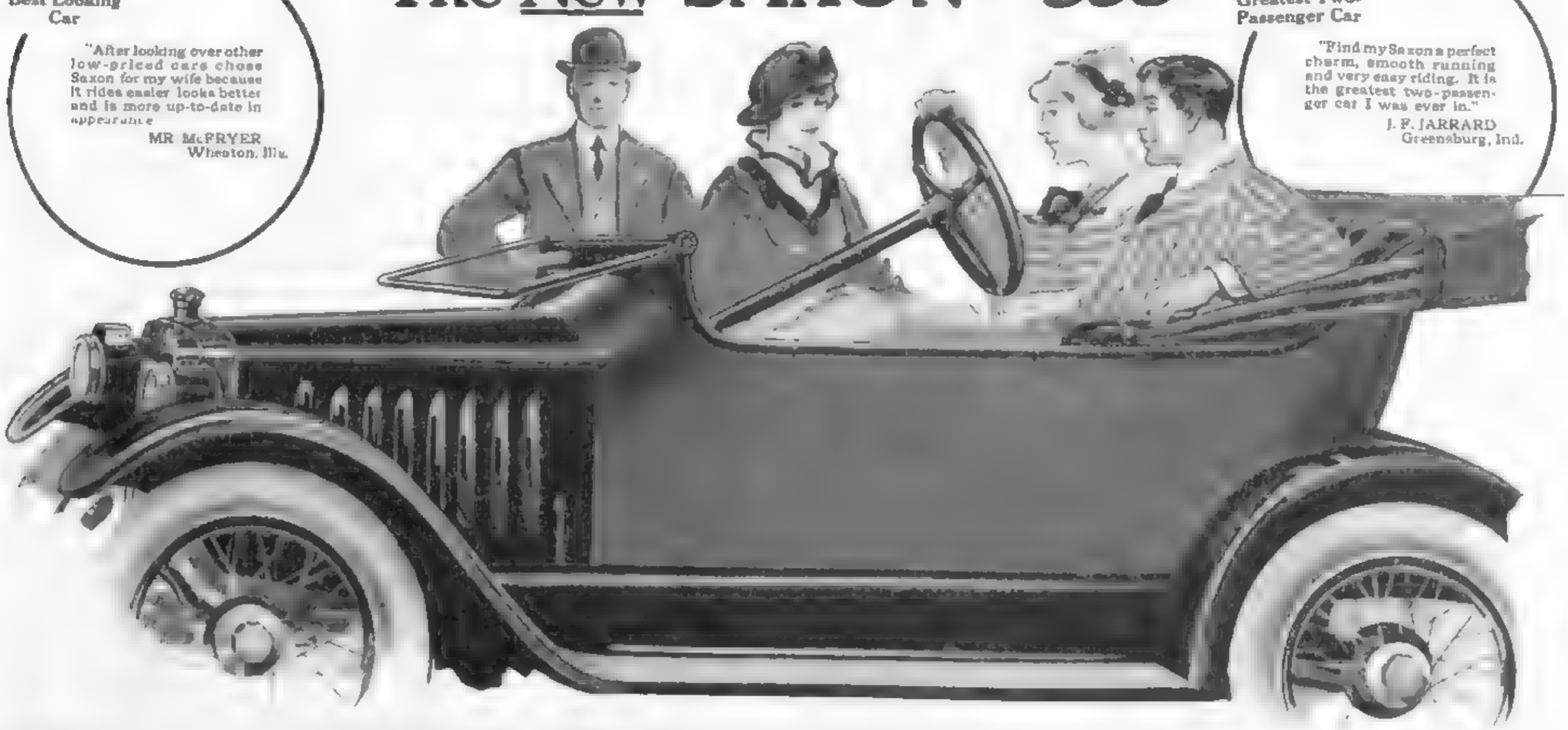
"After looking over other low-priced cars chose Saxon for my wife because it rides easier looks better and is more up-to-date in appearance."

MR McFRYER
Wheaton, Ills.

Greatest Two-Passenger Car

"Find my Saxon a perfect charm, smooth running and very easy riding. It is the greatest two-passenger car I was ever in."

J. F. JARRARD
Greensburg, Ind.



THE KRIS-GIRL

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Ash and I. The native servants, to a loud accompaniment of "*Jonges!*"-"Boy!" were bringing round coffee to the various rooms. Fat Dutchmen loomed in distant perspective, pink-pajamaed, bare feet up on planter chairs; but no one was within earshot.

By the time the harassed boys had got round to our corner with coffee Miss Van den Hofdyk appeared, walking slowly down the white-hot furnace of the road. Behind her came slipslopping a little old Malay woman, withered up like a walnut.

They joined us on the veranda; and then Cristina, without pause for anything more in the way of greeting than a quickly offered cup of coffee, dashed into her subject. There was nothing frivolous or elusive about the Kris-Girl this afternoon. Sharp, hard and keen as her namesake blade, she cut across Richilda Van den Hofdyk's leisurely politeness with:

"Does she understand English?"

"Neither English nor Dutch," said Richilda, looking at the small old woman, who was standing in an attitude of subjection close beside her.

"And yet they say in the *kampong* she was married to your uncle!"

Richilda at this fairly sat up.

"They say the untrue!" she declared, her voice shaking with annoyance. "Not a word in it! My Uncle Hendrik had her for cook a many years. She was the very good cook. She was pretty in those days. A man is not an angel. And this old woman if there was some Malay ceremony it was for her quite good enough, but married we do not call it."

"Still, she was married according to some Malay idea and he was fond of her."

"Oh, fond! That I shall give you," rejoined Miss Van den Hofdyk calmly. "How shall it matter? She has forgot him many years ago; she makes a little cook for my mother and me, and we give her eat and sleep."

"Now, Richilda," said the Kris-Girl, "I want to tell you, if you understand me, that you've been barking up the wrong tree, as Americans say, all this time. I do think there is something in the idea of your uncle's secret, but the way you've been trying to find it out is—just detective-story stuff. And you must remember we aren't in a detective story, you and I; we're here in Banda, in the real world. And things in the real world aren't planned out like funny puzzles that work when you get the right key piece. They're much more ragged and full of loose ends. You must simplify. If I were asked for a motto to be used in this sort of work I should say: 'Select the relevant.' It covers nearly everything. And when you've selected the relevant cut away everything else."

She made a downward sweeping motion with her small hand.

"Cut away," she repeated. "Now let me ask this old creature some questions—one, if you like."

She turned to the old woman and spoke in Malay. I will translate as it was translated to me afterward.

"Do you remember Tuan Hendrik?"

"I remember," came dully from the dried-up old face.

"Was it true that Tuan Hendrik was a black sorcerer?"

The old face became suddenly moved.

"No, no—never! The Tuan was a good man and he was very good to me."

"Then what"—Cristina fixed the woman with her sharp blue eyes and held up a little pointed finger—"what used he to do when he shut himself up in that room and forbade you to come in?"

"Why, how do you ——" began Richilda; but Cristina silenced her.

"Hush! I don't. I am trying to get it. Be quiet!"

The old Malay woman had been endeavoring to speak and now the words came out in a rush.

"I do not know and it does not matter. Why should not the Tuan do so if he liked?"

It was strange to see how her aged face was reviving under the influence of a feeling that must have lain dead or forgotten for thirty years. Already one could understand that this dusky, wrinkled hag might have been lovely once—might have been loved herself and have loved the strength and fairness of the big blond Dutchman.

"But in that room?" Cristina watched the dark, lined face.

"Why should a Tuan not come and cook or drink or sleep in his own kitchen if he wished? I tell you there was no sorcery. He was a good man and he was good to me."

She put both hands over her eyes, withdrew them and looked at them as though wondering that she found no tears on their wrinkled surface.

"It is all so long ago!" she said and, none keeping her, got up and slipslopped away off the veranda.

"Let her go," said Cristina. "That is enough. . . . Now," she went on, turning to Richilda, "you can go up to the House of the Golden Nutmeg, look under the hearthstone of the kitchen and tell me what you find there."

Mrs. Ash put down the Home Gardener, which she seemed to have been reading during the visit, clapped her hands emphatically and said.

"Bravo!" She then immersed herself once more in the Directions for Budding Alpine Roses.

"I do not comprehend," said Miss Van den Hofdyk. "In what way have you deduct ——"

"I'll tell you nothing now," said Cristina. "When you've been to the house ——"

Richilda was buttoning her gloves.

"I have time to go now," she said. "It will not be dark for two hour."

"Take Mr. Garden and a crowbar with you," said Cristina. "I'm going to my room to sleep; and not a soul is to dare to come near me until dinner time."

"Dinner is at half past eight. I'll see to it that you are not disturbed," observed Mrs. Ash, disappearing after her charge.

Richilda was already away down the road, tramping hard, through heat that I cannot hope to describe. With something of a sigh I went to look for the crowbar, and followed her. I did not catch up to her until she was nearly at the House of the Golden Nutmeg. By this time it was getting cooler and the shadow of the woods was grateful.

"What do you expect?" I said, ranging alongside her as she stooped to lever up the door. "Let me, please!"

"Thank you. I do not know. Perhaps the secret of a bank deposit that we know not of. Perhaps hundred-guilder notes. Perhaps —— Oh, I am impatient to know. Come! Come!"

The kitchen—we had seen it the day before among other rooms—was a massive stone building, standing a little apart from the rest of the house. It was empty, save for an old oak dresser that would have brought its weight in silver anywhere on the continent of Europe. The late sun slanted through the broken shutters and made spots of irregular light on the floor, which, like all the other floors in the house, was made of small neat tiles, prettily and elaborately set.

I saw at once why Cristina had come to that conclusion about the hearthstone—it was the only thing that could have been lifted without leaving traces.

And it had been lifted often. Though thirty years had passed since the last raising of the stone, it came away easily enough; the cement was a mere blind, set in a bevel about the edges.

Underneath was a hole in the ground and nine small leather bags, full; also, I do not know how many empty.

"Money!" screamed Richilda on her top note. "Money! Europe, Paris, Marchesi, the Scala, the Opera House! Ah! Ah! Give me your knife—quick!" She was down on her knees on the dirty floor, tearing at the bags. "Money! Ah! Ah!" she screamed.

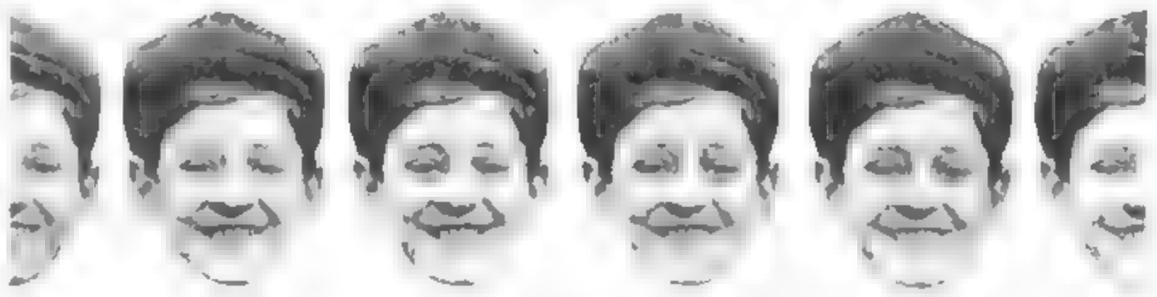
I thought her rather premature. I also thought her prettier than I previously judged; she had such a color in her cheeks—such a scarlet in her greedy lips.

Well, though premature, she was right. When the bags were slashed out came gold—guineas and sovereigns, English every one. They were all dated in the first half of the nineteenth century; none later than 1850. They ran out like water; they fell in heaps. They rang with the sound that only gold in heaps can give. Did I tell you that I had once been employed in a bank? I can judge the look of a lot of coin better than most. This heap I estimated at about fifteen hundred pounds, and I was very nearly right, as we proved afterward.

When I turned my attention from the gold to the girl I was astonished to find Richilda, who had been looking at the

The American Boy

500,000 Readers



"Boost the Boys"

"Big Brothers"—real brothers, fathers, grandfathers, uncles, guardians, employers, cannot do their "little brothers" a better turn than to give them a year's subscription to The American Boy. Clean, but red-blooded. Full of strong, live stories of adventure, business and real life experience. Departments of Novel Inventions and Natural Wonders, How to Build and Make Things, Gardening, Photography, Stamp Collecting, Athletics and Fun.

Business men who employ boys should know about The American Boy as a developer of a boy's best qualities. Advertisers should recognize that because of the boy's influence on his family, The American Boy has no superiors and few equals for immediate returns and benefits, and that for building up a good-will asset for the future it absolutely has no equal.

From these boys must come the future workers—in these boys are the future markets. If all the present readers of The American Boy should simultaneously reach the age of 21 and make an average of $15 a week at that age, they would represent an earning power of $375,000,000 a year and a purchasing power of the same amount. The readers of The American Boy actually range in age from 10 to 20 years and every day some of them cross the threshold into manhood with matured capacity to produce and to consume.

Send the name and address with $1 and we'll send The American Boy, monthly, for a year to any boy you want to boost.

Advertisers will be sent sample copies free, together with rates and data, upon request to our Advertising Department.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers of The American Boy
American Building, Detroit, Mich.

Pajamas Perfected

Made Now in One Piece *Called Pajunion*

H. B. Glover Co., the sleeping garment authorities, have made another great improvement in men's pajamas. They produce a one-piece or union suit pajama, called the Pajunion. ***It is extra in everything but cost.*** There is no draw string and consequently no binding at the waist. Fit is improved. Comfort is absolute. Coat cannot crawl up. You sleep better, for you really rest.

You may have an unlimited choice of materials and patterns.

One of 517 Styles

For Summer or Winter

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

50c to $5.00 For All the Family

The design is distinctively smart. The lines have style. And it stays because the workmanship is so unusually good and thorough. Tailoring, buttons, buttonholes, finish, inspection—the details are perfect. The Pajunion will withstand wear and the laundry.

The price is $1.50 to $3.00. You would expect to pay 50% more when you see the quality.

Several thousand dealers sell the Pajunion. Or it is easy to order from the splendid Catalog and free samples of cloth.

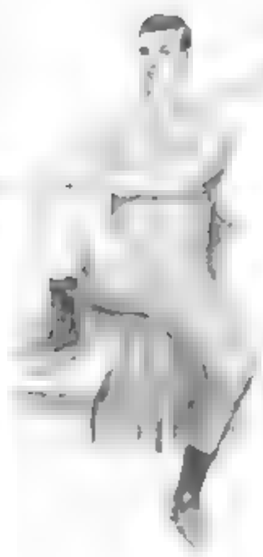
H. B. Glover Co., Dept. 15, Dubuque, Iowa

Note Dealers: If you do not now represent Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear, write us. People demand these garments on sight.

Write for the Free Nightie Book

This is a most valuable book and Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear catalog. Pictures and prices a wide range of sleeping garments and contains a wealth of health sleeping suggestions. You should buy these special purpose night garments for yourself and your family. It pays in [illegible] comfort.

Send us your name



COMFORT
is the first consideration when you buy
UNDERWEAR

COMFORT in trousers depends on the shape and fit and the quality of materials and workmanship. The same is true of Underwear. You get the regular "tailor-made" shape, sensible fit, fabrics to meet your own requirements and dependable needlecraft when you buy

Imperial TRADE MARK

DROP SEAT
UNION SUITS

These garments have only a single thickness of seamless material across the seat with extra fullness where fullness occurs in trousers. The crotch is closed without lap or fold. The elastic back permits absolute freedom of movement, no matter what position you may assume. The buttons are reinforced; they cannot pull off or tear the fabric.

Imperial Union Suits are sold by representative dealers throughout the United States. Prices from $1.50 to $5.00. The Imperial Label on every garment is your protection.

Write today for Booklet showing Imperial Fabrics, Styles and Prices. It is FREE.

SHOULD there be no Imperial Dealer in your vicinity, write us and we will supply you direct, guaranteeing a comfortable fit and all-round satisfaction

We solicit correspondence with the trade.

The Imperial Underwear Company

Box 7 PIQUA, OHIO

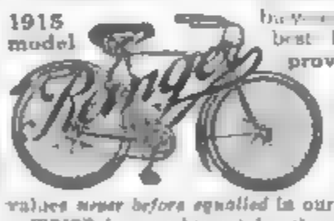
LAW BOOK FREE

Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. Tells how to judge the claims of correspondence schools, also explains the American School's simple new method of home law instruction. Prepared by 56 of America's greatest legal authorities—28 more subjects and 30 more authors than any other correspondence [illegible] Law Library, 10 Text Books and 16 Case Books furnished free. Don't fail to investigate before taking up the study of law. Send postal today for your free book

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 2357, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Ride a "RANGER"

1915 model



[illegible] best. Buy a machine you can prove [illegible]

DELIVERED FREE [illegible] NO EXPENSE [illegible]

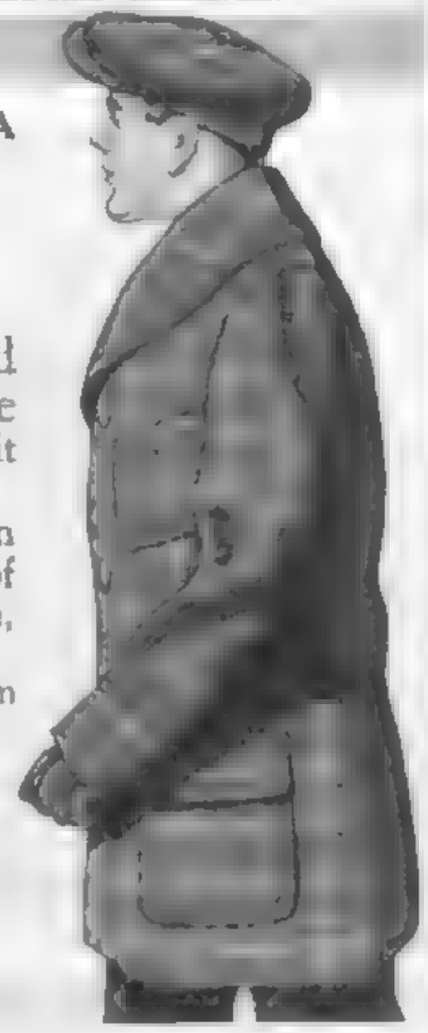
LOW PRICES, [illegible] our improvements and values *never before equalled* in our 1915 offers.

WRITE for our *big catalog* showing our *complete line* of 1915 bicycles, **TIRES** and sundries and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. You cannot afford to buy until you *know* what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-55, CHICAGO

ALL OUTDOORS INVITES YOU IN A

Summit Mackinaw Coat



Winter's clear, cold days and winter's winds bring only pleasure if you're snugly tucked in a Summit Mackinaw Coat.

The long fibre, all wool, western mackinaw is cold-, wind- and wear-proof and cut into pleasing individual styles for men, young men and boys.

The Summit Mackinaw Coat is made from pleasing and exclusive patterns.

Get one for winter work or play.

Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

Beautifully illustrated style book in colors sent free on request.

Guiterman Bros.
St. Paul, Minn.

dates, squatted back on her heels regarding the heap of coin with horror.

"Uncle Hendrik! Uncle Hendrik!" she was saying, and then she added something in Dutch.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The matter it is that I am the niece of a pirate!" said Richilda in low tones of dismay. "And I do not like it. It is a—a disgusting ancestry."

"Pirate!" I said.

"Y— In the early time of your Queen Victoria there was an English ship came by the Spice Islands here. And she stopped at Banda for water. And it was said she had gold on board for the buying of merchandise. In the harbor under the Gunong Api she sank, and it was very deep, and no one knew why she shall have thus sunk in the night; but some persons were saying that the natives it had done, and that was what we were believing. But all those English, they was drowned! And my Uncle Hendrik, he went away the same night with his own ship, and not for a long time came back; my mother she tells me that. And six of his serfs of the plantation, they was dead. . . .

"Herr Garden, it is a clear thing for me. He did that crime and the money he never dared to show; so, all the time when he so rich was, they would say it was the golden nutmeg that on his plantation grew, and none of them did they know the true. I am a pirate's niece!"

"Oh, well, it's none of your funeral, Miss Van den Hofdyk," I said. "You've got money enough there to take you to Europe. Don't you worry about what your Uncle Hendrik did. As for Miss Raye, I think she's wonderful to have found it all out."

"She is my only friend!" said Richilda inconsistently.

By this time she was looking somewhat more lovingly at the gold. She gathered it up in the front of her dress, rose with my assistance, and stood with the coin held to her breast.

"It shall be to art consecrated for to impurify it!" she said. Then she broke forth into the Jewel Song.

I suppose her voice was not placed in those days—she had taught herself all she knew from mere books and a talking machine; but I never want to hear anything better than that Jewel Song, sung as she sang it, with her arms full of gold, the golden tropic sunset pouring through the high stone window on her shining hair. She had forgotten that I existed; she sang and sang, for herself and the treasure.

Dark comes quickly in Banda Nera. I had to remind her that it was a long way back to town and that her mother would be sending someone out to look for her—an unpleasing habit of old Mevrouw Van den Hofdyk's, which was to trouble Richilda no more in the very near future; for she went away by the boat that called at Banda six weeks later.

She came to see Cristina next day, to kiss her and call her affectionate names, which, as usual, Cristina hated.

"Tell me, you wonder-girl," she said, "how was it that you thought this thing? Is there some sense you have that no other "

"Nonsense!" said Cristina crisply. "Here it is in a nutshell—a nutmeg shell, if you like: Of course I saw all that stuff about deducting and following out wasn't going to bring you anywhere; so I just went down to the *kampong* and found out what woman your Uncle Hendrik was in love with in those days. When I heard it was a Malay of course I knew he wouldn't tell her where anything was; but, all the same, she must have been about the house enough to know when he went to look at the stuff if he had any hidden away. So I fished—and I had a bite. And then I only had to reel in the line. That's all!"

"It is magic!" said Richilda sentimentally, holding the Kris-Girl's hand.

"It's something a lot more uncommon, and that's common sense!" said Cristina. "Send me a couple of seats for your first night at the opera, will you?"

"I will send you forty!" said Richilda.

I remember well, however, that when Cristina met Madame Richilda in Paris two years later she had lost all recollection of the Kris-Girl.

"Just human nature!" said Cristina. "There's nothing people hate so much as the remembrance of having been helped out of any difficulty."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The third will appear in an early issue.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

Fashionable Leather Tan Black

WITH a foundation of *quality* materials, the finer points of good **shoemaking** are made distinctive in The Florsheim Shoe. Style first—comfort to the last.

$5 to $7

Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

For Men and Women

You are squeamish about two of your intimate belongings—your *toothbrush* and your *handkerchief*. The thought that another has handled them makes you draw back. Undo the sanitary *sealed package* containing a tissue-wrapped **SEALPACKERCHIEF**. *Your eyes* are the first to see and *your fingers* are the first to touch a snowy-white Handkerchief of the finest quality.

SEALPACKERCHIEF is not harsh and stiff, but soft and sheer, just as you like it to be laundered.

All prices—nearly all stores. Look for the *name* on the package and see that the *seal* is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO., N. Y.

Cut Your Light Cost

LITTLE WONDER the light that costs [illegible] cost oil and is as bright as electricity

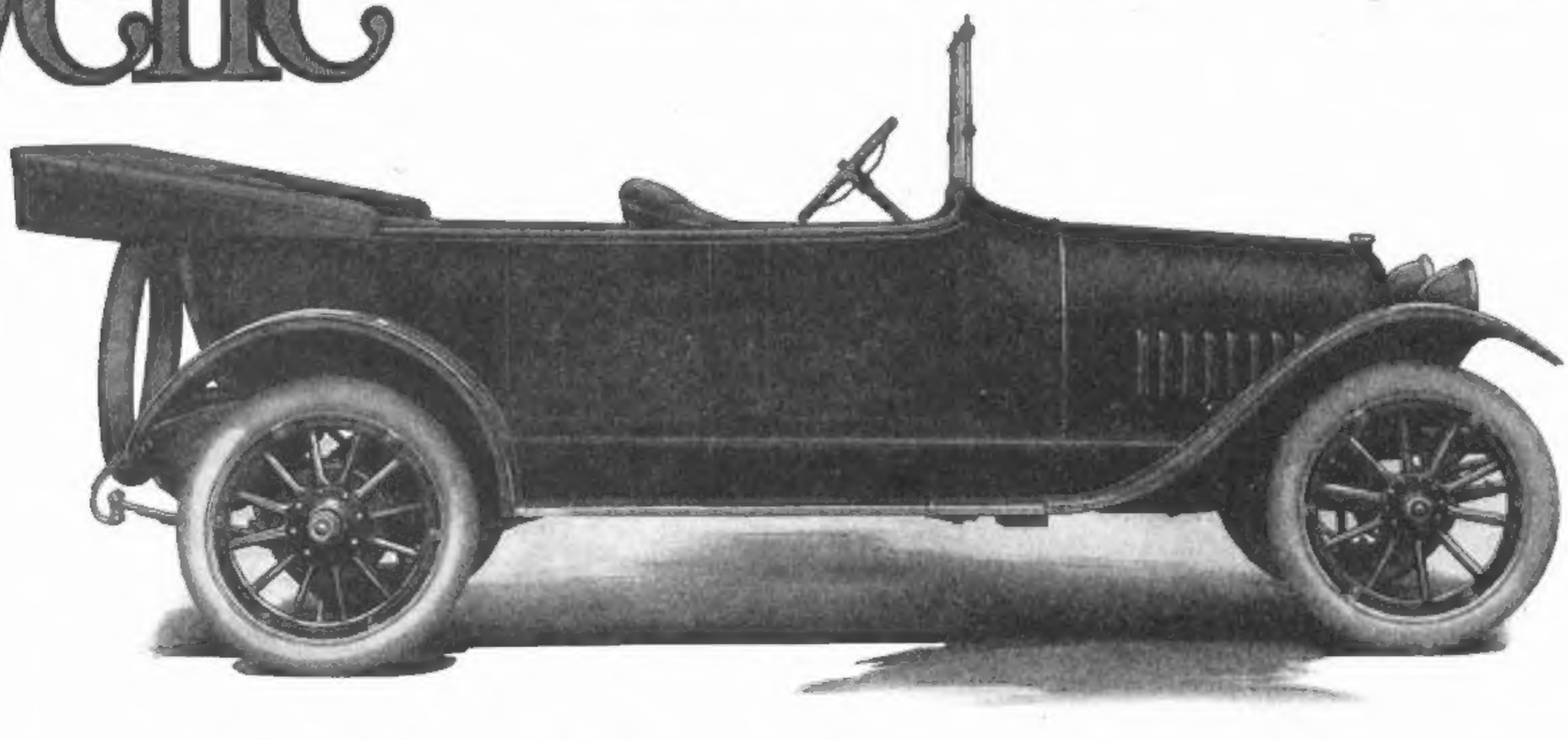
Opportunity for men everywhere to build permanent, profitable business. Better than keeping a store. Write at once

Little Wonder Light Co., 130 Fifth St., Terre Haute, Ind

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT COST

You can obtain a full college education, free of charge, in any institution you choose. We pay the bills. Address *Educational Division, Box 628*
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

Velie "Biltwel Six" $1595



"The Final Development of the 'Light Six'"

A jury of automobile experts passed this verdict. The endorsement of our engineers was not enough. They built the car. Their judgment was biased. We secured unprejudiced opinion from the master minds of the automobile world.

We avoided haste

and sacrificed the early sale of hundreds of these cars, waiting until every detail of design had been perfected.

Until power and weight were in perfect balance we held back, for economy of operation had to be maintained, and with 40 h. p. this new car weighs but 3,150 pounds.

Stamina had to be definitely proven, for the continued satisfaction of Velie owners must be maintained.

Price had to be low, for the Velie has always represented the utmost in real usable value.

Now we are ready. Every detail is right—price, stability, power, equipment, design are all that they should be.

The best we can build

We stake our reputation on this "Light Six." Our best work has gone into it. It is the result of years of automobile building. Big successful years of hard work.

Only the best has been used. Before the first car was built expert engineers examined the working plans. Specialists in every department were consulted.

The experimental cars were put through heart breaking tests. We tried to break them up. We tried to wear them out. We tried to prove them unfit. And they kept on running perfectly. We found unexpected speed, wonderful power on hills, remarkable get-away, and easy riding was a feature we all talked about. You are certain of these qualities.

A car of distinctive beauty

Automobile owners who want real quality demand distinctive body design.

So we searched Europe for the true stream line body, and put it on the Velie "Light Six."

Even the radiator is designed as a part of the body. We know of no other "light six" that has gone this far.

High sides, tapering upholstery, clear running boards, spare tires at the rear—these are exclusive features.

Our jury of experts called them "distinctive notes of real beauty."

The public has approved their verdict.

Advanced mechanical features

The Velie "Light Six" would have been impossible a year ago. The big features have been developed in the past few months.

Motor is of the famous European type—small bore, long stroke, high speed—the motor of maximum economy. Copper-aluminum and pressed steel are used in engine base and oil case. Real engineering design—light weight with great strength.

Drive is by the famous French Hotchkiss system used on the highest priced American built cars. The springs carry the driving power—easily and without driving shocks.

A tubular drive shaft is used. The side members of the frame are not offset. 25% greater strength is the result.

Roomy Bodies up to Six Passengers

Bodies include five and six passenger touring cars, two passenger roadster, two passenger convertible roadster. (Additional price for six passenger touring car and enclosed cars.) There is *more room in the driver's seat* than in any other car we know of. And there is room and perfect comfort in the rear seats. "Unusual Comfort" was the verdict of the jury of automobile engineers who passed on this car.

Specifications are exceptional

Here are a few of the most important specifications: 40 real horsepower; 124" wheelbase; 34"x4" tires, with "non-skid" rear tires; 52" rear springs; 40" front springs; Gray & Davis starting and lighting; unit power plant; spiral drive gears in Timken rear axle.

Send for catalog and new booklet "61 Reasons Why"

Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.

61 New Features

found in combination only in the Velie

Hotchkiss type of drive.
No strut rods.
No torque arms.
Timken axles.
Spiral drive gears in rear axle.
Special Stromberg carburetor.
Dash adjustment for carburetor.
Automatic advance of ignition.
Auxiliary battery for emergency.
Reversing current switch.
Pressed steel oil case.
Aluminum crank case.
Phosphor bronze backed, babbitt lined crank shaft bearings.
Tubular propeller shaft.
Spicer universal joints.
F. & S. annular bearings in transmission.
Junction boxes for easy inspection of wiring.
All electric wiring in metal conduits.
Concealed head light wiring.
Power tire pump.
Self lubricating bushings in steering gear.
Self lubricating bushings in pedal shafts and brake rocker shafts.
Muffler cutout.
Gasoline gauge.
Double acting foot brake.
Hot-air intake through cylinders.
20 gallon gasoline tank.
Vacuum feed.
Rocking gear shift lever.
Double bulb headlights.
Single prop headlight supports.
Radiator blending with body.
Ventilated engine hood.
Rear springs set adjacent to wheels.
25% increase in axle strength.
No offset in frame side members.
Front springs inside frame.
Short turning radius.
"Rest-foot" pedals.
Cowl lamp.
Inspection lamp operated from cowl.
Ventilating rain-vision wind shield.
Wind shield support fastened to body sills.
Extra tire carrier at rear.
Clear running board.
One-man top fastened to wind shield.
Concealed door hinges and handles.
Genuine leather upholstery.
Leather covering on back of front seat.
Crowned fenders.
Extra deep front seats.
Endless demountable rims.
Horn button in center of steering wheel.
Lighting circuit fused.
Any combination of lights controlled from dash.
Dash light and tail light in series.
Storage space under front and rear seats.
Hand operated tire pump.
Motor driven electric horn under hood.
Tools carried in cases in front doors.
Radiator mud apron.

Firestone
NON-SKID TIRES

The Colossus of Roads

THE gigantic power built into Firestone Tires defies wear and tear of travel over all roads, season after season.

Motorists who know would buy Firestone Tires even if they had to pay far more than the ordinary for them. But they don't.

Firestone Non-Skid Tires give double value; they not only cost less at last, but they cost no more at first.

The reasons are simple—specialized production in America's largest exclusive tire factory.

One class of producers—tire experts.
One line of effort—in manufacture and sales.

Firestone users get the benefit of this condensed efficiency in easy riding, car-protection and all that good motoring means—and they get these benefits at only average price.

Have the nearest dealer supply you with Firestones

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

BEYOND COMPARE
MUNSING WEAR

NO GAPPING,
NO BINDING
AT CROTCH.

FAR IN THE LEAD
MUNSING UNION SUITS
STAND EVERY TEST

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR SAY MUNSINGWEAR

MUNSING UNION SUITS MAY BE HAD IN SIXTY-SEVEN DIFFERENT LIGHT, MEDIUM, OR HEAVY WEIGHT KNIT FABRICS IN EVERY REQUIRED STYLE AND SIZE FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. BECAUSE OF THEIR FINE QUALITY AND THE PERFECT WAY IN WHICH THEY FIT AND COVER THE FORM, THEY HAVE BECOME THE MOST POPULAR UNION SUITS IN THE WORLD. OVER 8,000,000 PERFECT FITTING MUNSINGWEAR GARMENTS SOLD ANNUALLY. FOR SAMPLES OF FABRICS, STYLE BOOK, AND NAME OF DEALER IN YOUR TOWN, ADDRESS THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Announcing the New Continental Pattern

The tastes of to-day in furnishings and decorations revert to the more simple lines of earlier times. The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity.

Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate – the trade mark which is an American institution.

Sold by dealers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years

Send for illustrated catalogue "X-90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Company

MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"